

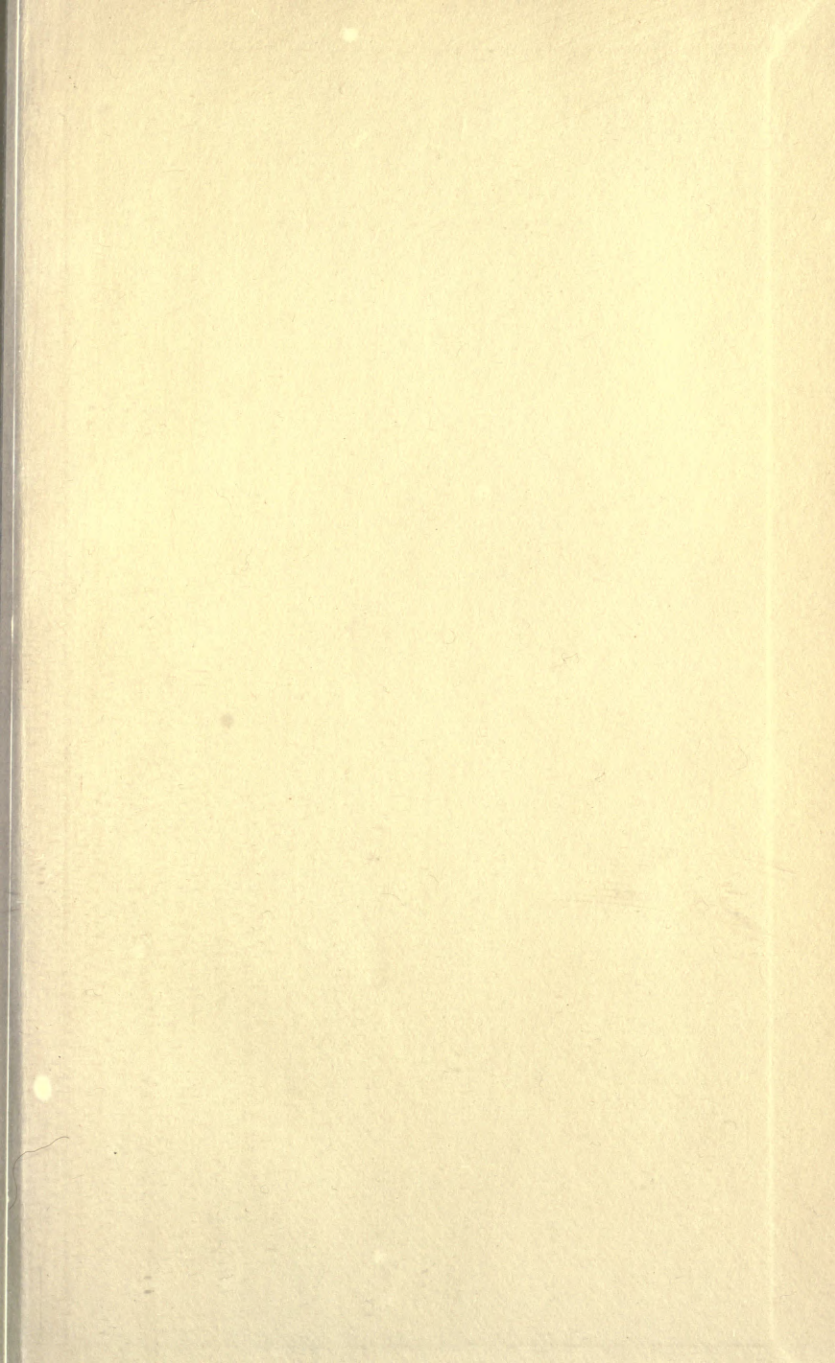


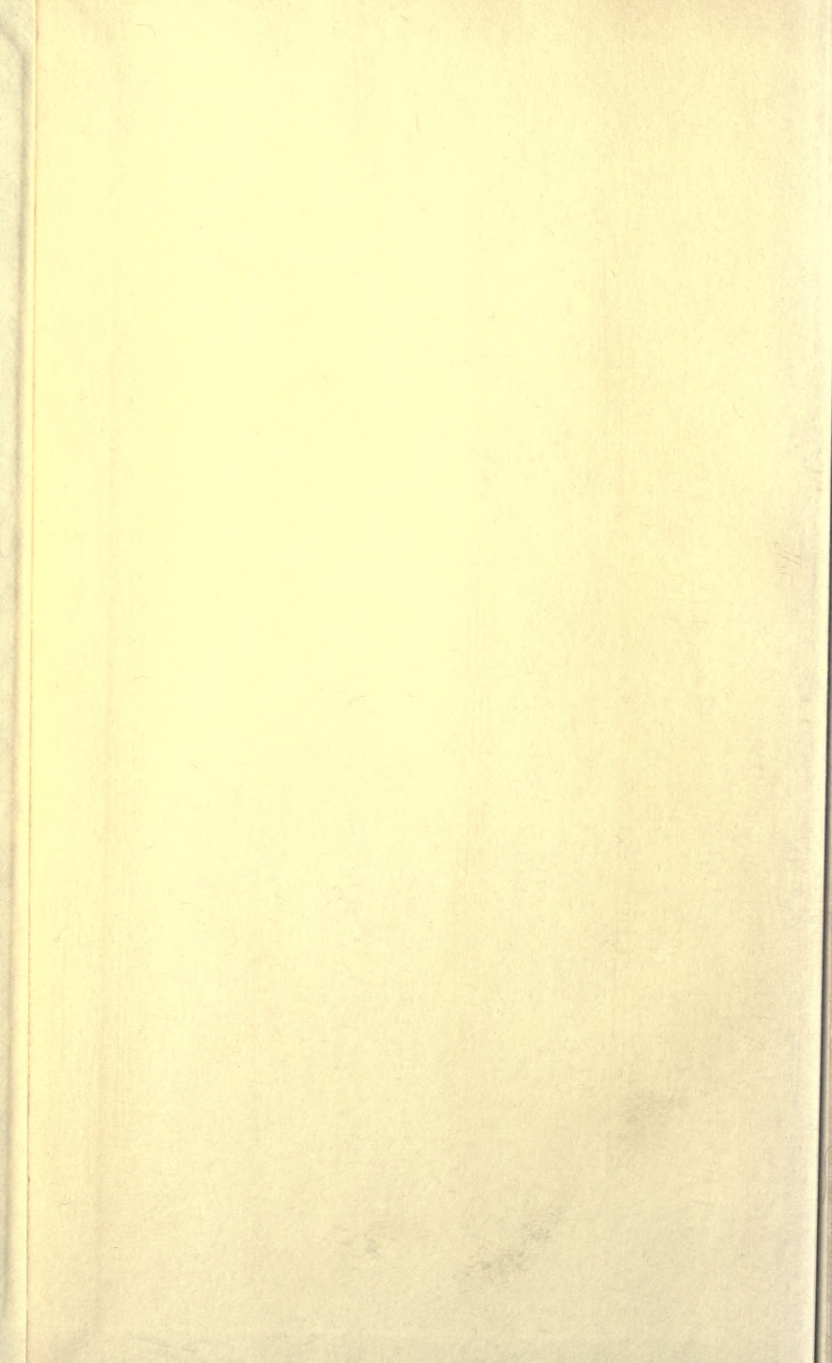
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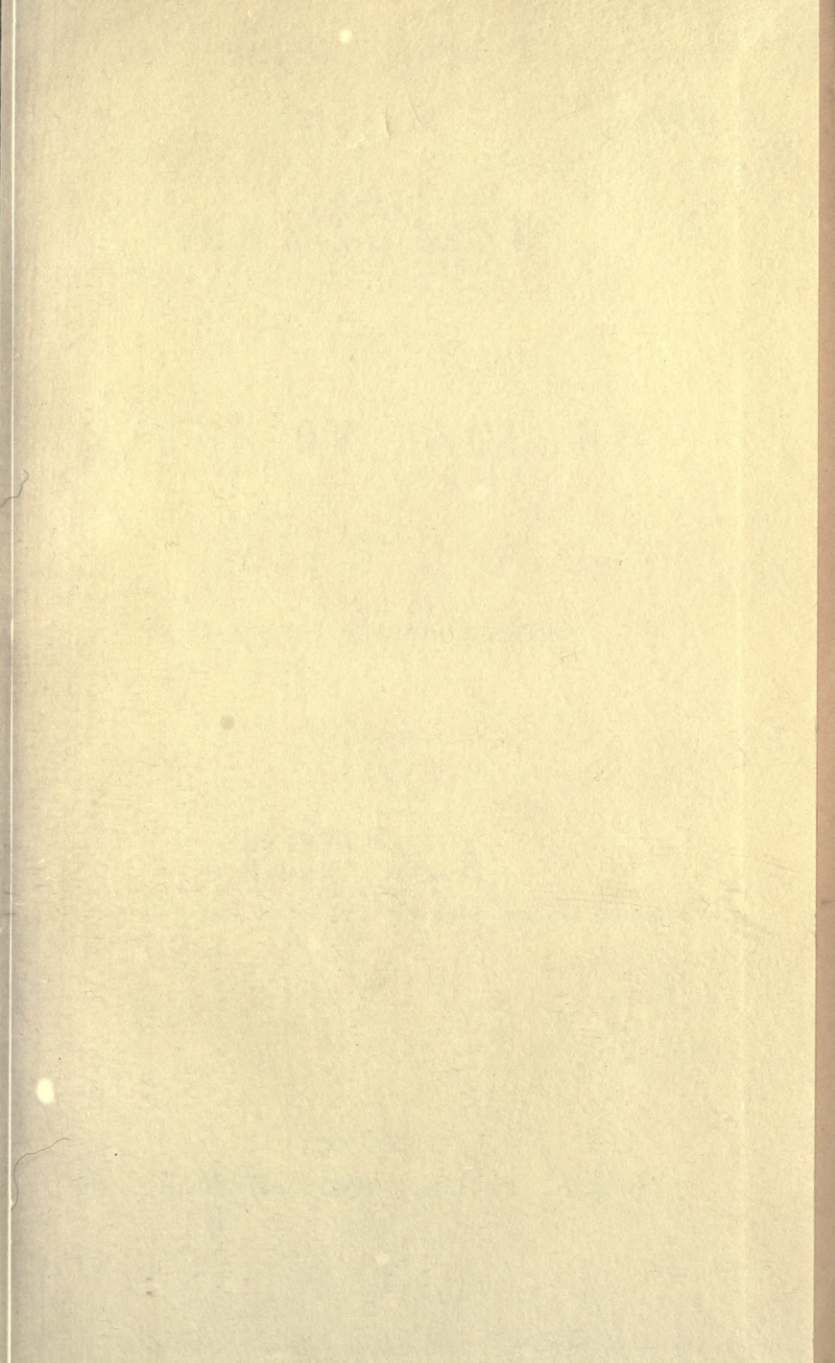
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THE BYE-LANES
AND
DOWNS OF ENGLAND,
WITH
TURF SCENES AND CHARACTERS.



BY SYLVANUS,
[Robert Colton]

AUTHOR OF

"RAMBLES IN SWEDEN AND GOTTLAND, WITH ETCHINGS BY THE WAYSIDE,"
ETC.

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LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.
1850.

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1850



LONDON :
R. CLAY, PRINTER, BREAD STREET HILL.

TO
JOSEPH WHITAKER,
OF RAMSDALE HOUSE, ON NOTTINGHAM FOREST,
ESQUIRE,

This Volume is Inscribed

AS A SLIGHT YET SINCERE TOKEN OF ESTEEM,

BY HIS OBLIGED

AND FAITHFUL FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

studied parade-ground of the gay world. By allowing the motley and many *dramatis personæ* of the Turf to appear in dialogue whenever it is feasible, though much expressive phraseology, peculiar to a considerable portion of them, is, necessarily, rendered inadmissible, it is hoped that we have succeeded in presenting a fair, and not unacceptable likeness to the already crowded gallery of our national portraits.

As it is probable that we are, in reality, much more indebted for our partial reformation in expression and sentiment, to the portraiture of our forefathers in their hours of excess, as depicted in the high-fed, rollicking days of "Tom Jones" and "Count Fathom," rather than to any more serious appeal in print; so, it is possible for the reflective youth of the next if not the present age, to cull a moral from an untrammelled sketch of living characters in this—not over fastidious—era of Turf and *Pace*.

Nevertheless, it is not our intention to preach, — colour unduly, or even advance any recipe beyond a hint towards the acquisition of such lore, but merely to gossip away as a looker-on, giving our own informants the *parole* on occasion, and, if not more dumb than the majority of such pages, to leave our half rustic and urban essay to "speak for itself;" hoping it may prove,

if neither instructive nor profound, at least a not unpleasant vehicle for a half-hour's entertainment to the lover of one of the most noble sports of Old England.

We must beg the reader to jump into our "sociable," and learn how, after wandering once upon a time abroad, till well nigh surfeited, we established ourselves according to our fancy, and succeeded in an attempt at "home-making" as, solitary and unknown, the "Oriental" blew off her steam and disgorged us together with her mails and other strangers on the fair quay of Southampton.

In order, then, that we may make our sporting forays in company, (if such be the reader's pleasure,) we do not hesitate to inform him, in confidence, that after landing from a prolonged foreign sojourn, and roaming a few days over Hampshire, we made purchase of a tidy hack, and headed north about towards a district more pastoral, and altogether more in accordance with our taste and sympathy than any of the portions of our Isle traversed by railway.

We had ever a steady predilection for sequestered, out-of-the-way nooks, especially for those primitive and ancient village-townships—tenanted, under a man distinguished alike for his liberality and family descent, by fishermen and

farmers, and placed on some wild hill-side within a pistol-shot of the sea.

There are numbers of these quaint and healthy spots, which are all but unknown except to the inhabitants themselves, and the few wanderers, who—like the present writer—prefer them to the pert “Well” and flaunting Watering-place.

To these haunts we made our way, hoping to find at least a face we could recognise by the accustomed ingle-nook; though, as we speedily discovered, boys had assumed the massive features of manhood, and young men had grown old and careworn during our absence.

However, in one of these thoroughly rural towns, or rather, upon the outskirts of one, where neither Terminus nor Telegraph, (save the old war-beacon on the “Head,”) is to be seen, and whose very bye-ways inland lie over large, undulating pastures bossed with thorn and hazle, and all but unenclosed,—we resolved to picket ourself and our nag.

We finally fitted up a “den” at an ancient, irregularly built farm-house, the owner of which—an acquaintance of ours in former days, and a genuine specimen of a sturdy yeoman—entered into our views.

The raftered, uncouth chambers allotted to our service soon became, by the aid of a few books,

prints, and other “knicknackeries,” as pleasant quarters as an humble bachelor used to “roughing” it need have desired; whilst the loose-box which we tricked up by knocking two stalls of a supernumerary cow-house into one, matting the walls, and giving a dab of paint to the whole, became in turn as decent a stable as the most fastidiously-bred animal could wish for.

These items in our history are only “entered” to prove to our juvenile friends in what a small compass every comfort may be centred, provided they be reasonable. Our windows opened on a view of pastures, turnip and corn-fields and wold-hills, terminating in a distant glimpse of the ocean, to whose yellow sands a bridle-road serpentine through the farm.

Our love for the Bye-lanes induced us, by the aid of our nag, to prolong our rides occasionally as far as Mickleham Downs in the south, Aintree in the west, and the fair banks of Tweed on our northern border. On our return to our fold-yard we found a boxfull of good wheaten straw, and a pair of clean sheets for our respective limbs; a sturdy son of Tyke strapping and bedding down our Rosinante, a dark-brown animal, of great intelligence and good looks,—whilst a gentle little maiden—the bluff old farmer’s daughter,—waited upon us.

Being thus located, worthy reader, in the unassuming homestead we have introduced you to, we shall make it the starting-point for many a pleasant retrospective gallop over the breezy Wolds and Downs in your honoured society; proposing, as it so please you, to draw rein and bait after this preliminary canter, in the quaint and sporting city of York.

LONDON,
Dec. 20, 1849.

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THE BYE-LANES

AND

DOWNS OF ENGLAND.



CHAPTER I.

Reminiscences of York.—Knavesmire Race-course.—The Manor-house at Heslington.—The Druggist's Shop in Mickel Gate.—Charley Robinson.—“Old Smelt.”—Robert Ridsdale.—Merton Racing Establishment.—Gully.—Captain Frank Taylor.—Scott, the Jockey.—Frank Maw, the Dealer.

THERE is no town in England more thoroughly imbued with the genuine spirit of racing than the grand old city of York; and in none have there been greater exertions or more princely liberality displayed of late years for the encouragement of the noble pastime by all ranks, shades, sects, and sexes, than in venerable Ebor.

The ground of Knavesmire is admirably adapted by nature, and will bear comparison with the most eligibly-situated arena for the purpose in Great

Britain; and now, since the improvements in draining and rounding the elbows of the old line have been effected, may justly be pronounced as perfect a race-course as turf and ingenuity, and, above all, unremitting attention on the part of the race-committee, can make it.

Within a lounge of the city, with a distinct and pleasant route for foot-passengers across the fields, the scene of action is gained without fatigue or expense; whilst the pride of ecclesiastical architecture towers over a series of waving foliage, hallowed ruin, fat pastures, and the winding, silver waters of the Ouse, completing a scene singularly rich in rural beauty, antiquity, and historical association.

York is the metropolis of hospitality. The inns—called, in modern parlance, hotels—are unequalled for sterling comfort, civility, plenty, and moderation in charges. Such glorious examples of the ancient English inn do not exist in the same number in any city or town as here; whilst the old-fashioned shops, filled with the best and every variety of merchandize, luxury, and ornament, display to the lounge a continued bazaar in his promenade, and offer no slight temptation to his powers of self-denial. The cathedral is a theme too lofty to be even touched upon in a roadside sketch, like the present; though the gorgeous

pile, completing, as it does, the "pomp of the view" to the beholder of York, looms too grandly on our memory to suffer us to omit all mention of it.

Within a few miles of York, embowered in the rural, primitive village of Heslington, is situated a glorious old dwelling, inhabited by Major Yarburgh, a steady and stanch patron of the turf, and not unfrequently a successful competitor on it. The manor-house is said to have been a hunting-lodge of the Virgin Queen, and is as quaint, national, and baronial a mansion as the most fastidious antiquary could desire, and is well worthy the high by-gone honour imputed to it.

Embattled, moated, and ivy-grown, the old house, built of red brick and stone, and now become grey and dappled by the mellowing hand of time, is embosomed within high, yet carefully clipped groves of yew and holly, and is as befitting an abiding-place for a true English squire of lineage, and eke a turfite of the patrician school, as can be well imagined. The interior is panelled with dark oak, and famous for its mighty ale; whilst the snug paddocks, sheltered and fenced from the rich pastures of ancient swarth, are celebrated as the "dropping" places of many a once high-mettled racer.

Here, with an ample fortune, and hardy frame,

and innate love of sport, it were meet and in character to see the stalwart proprietor of the domain, peradventure leaning over the hand-gate on a summer's evening, complacently regarding the graceful creature, half buried by her flowing, untrimmed mane, lounging towards him, with the frolicsome foal at her foot,—musing, probably, in dreamy speculation upon his Derby horse at three short years hence. But, if you will step with me into yon druggist's shop in the city, on our return to the patriarchal, home-like hostel—the Old White Horse, in the Pavement—and converse for a quarter of an hour with the feeble, nay, deformed little gentleman (though the plainness of language is intended in anything but a spirit of offence,) who is perched upon yon high stool, and regaling his nose from the huge, coffin-like box of black rappee—possibly making out an invoice for Scammony or Epsom salts—you would not suppose him to be actuated by the same spirit and yearning for sport that moved the stout squire of Heslington. Yet neither in the breast of the latter, nor in the heart of a Mellish or Nimrod himself, was ever the genuine love for a race, or pluck in contributing towards it in money or exertion, more fully developed than in the big heart of that little tradesman of York, seated on the high stool in the murky, drug-scented den in Mickle-Gate!

Poor Charley Robinson! — for who is there, having any acquaintance with the turf, to whom thy name is unknown? Who does not mind thy puny frame and more than manful exertion in the cause of sport? And who does not regret thy premature departure?

From the feudal, turreted old manor-house at Heslington to a smoke-dried, dwarfish druggist's shop in Mickle-Gate, though a wholesale one, is a wide step; but, in the thorough mental attributes of a sportsman; in liberality, in time and money for the good of his native city; in conviviality, drollery, tenacity in backing and sticking to his horse, the little man had ten to one the best of the major.

Emanating from the young, the unemployed, and the wealthy, the love of sporting is tame and of too easy a conquest to bear a comparison with the unwavering affection displayed by the unfortunately-formed individual, occupied in business, whose portrait we are drawing. With him it was a sacrifice, though a willing one, throughout; yet the love of sport was in him, and urged him to do a manful devoir for old Ebor ere he was run to earth, of which the whole country is well cognisant.

“ Little Charley Robinson ” was known to every one, from Mr. George Lane Fox to old Tommy

Lye, and had the *entrée* of the Hall and Saddle-room alike. At a race time, when any of Scott's horses were the favourite, as they *occasionally* were, the little fellow was the gamest supporter in the ring, and would give the quietus to many a burly *leg* by snapping him for a round sum in backing his fancy, when they thought he had "done." Not five feet high, he would face Gully or the devil with equal indifference, and over a bottle of old port could scarcely be beaten fairly. "Walls of flesh," thews and sinews, bone and muscle, were denied him; but the *heart* compensated for the loss of these, and more.

But it was in rousing the city to repair the course on Knavesmire, and to "come out" like inhabitants worthy the second city in Britain; in collecting subscriptions for large stakes, and in subscribing most handsomely himself, in addition to devoting his time to the furtherance of these views, that Charley finished his racing career, and left a name honoured by every one to whom the turf and prosperity of York are of the slightest interest. As an amateur antiquarian, friend to theatricals, music, agriculture, and good citizenship, equally with being an honourable English tradesman, he was alike celebrated for his love for the turf; and when he died, it is safe to say no man was more missed or regretted by all classes in

old Ebor than the worthy little fellow of whom I have thus inadequately etched my slight memoir.

—*Requiescat in pace!*

Besides the little wholesale druggist's, there were, in my day, many retail shops in York, wherein you might purchase half an ounce of cayenne and "get pepper" to a "pony" on any great race pending, from the sedate, tranquil old gentleman who served you,—if known *masonically*, that is. There was a sporting, smellfungi old character, habited in drab integuments and a flaxen wig, who dealt in chemicals, and seemed a very "deacon of the craft;" so methodical and combed into respectability did he appear, as you made known your solicitation in his line. But give him a three-quarter look,—a glance "across the flat,"—and insinuate, "I say, doctor, what can you lay against 'Syringe' for the 'Nursery?'" then wouldn't the old gentleman's eye flash with an *arch*-deacon-like gleam? Or say, "Doctor, I want to back a horse in the Ebor Handicap for a 'tenner,'"—probably one at Malton, a stable lad from the *lot* not impossibly being, at the very moment, in the doctor's little back parlour, discussing a plate of corned beef and horn of October; after having told the worthy old citizen that your fancy was indisposed, and that he might "lay"—wouldn't he *then* make a rush at you over the

counter, and book you before you could say "done!" They were all more or less inoculated with the true vaccine of the John *Bullish* propensity to trade and sport simultaneously. Even the old Quaker tea-dealer in the square would take a point more than the betting on John Scott's Ledger horse; yea, even on the good steed "Solomon" for a "fiver," would he venture—and *stake!* whilst many a bootmaker would give you a pair of boots, and any tailor a coat to "return fifty" on their fancied outsider in Scott's lot for the Derby.

But old Smelt, the "Clapham-town-end" bred, unctuous publican of the Shambles, did the city "business;" he making a "thoosand poond" book, and having a five pound lottery to boot; and it was at his house of an evening that the sporting Yorkites met to read his Tattersall's list, and, if betting was dull—to play a bit of "three card loo," at which the tub-bellied old Boniface was a "dab hand," and an "artful card" on occasion. Yet sometimes he had the worst of it: when, lord! how he would steam and mop his bald, irreverent head! He, once, had only two horses in the Derby who were his losers—though heavy ones—the remaining eight-and-twenty runners, or so, ran to win for him, and the old sweltering publican mounted a wagon to see the result, after laying

the odds to 10*l.* over and above his book to *oblige* a neighbour.

Both horses remained at 40 or 50 to 1, and the "knowing-ones" accepted the price as a sure sign of safety. However, at the straight run in, the two despised outsiders singled themselves from the "ruck," and made a race of it; and it was at the instant of old Smelt getting fully persuaded of the fact, that his face became a study for a disciple of Lavater, as invaluable as it was original. With an exclamation that they were "*both* winning!" and an uncalled-for anathema on his unfortunate eyes, the yokel-turfite dropped from the wagon like a rook from its nest with a ball through his head, and did not recover the shock till after Doncaster, during which time he had the Yorkshire commission from old John Day to console him. Three horses averaging 4½ to 1 in the betting, and eagerly inquired after for four months, and "*all scratched*" on or before the day, helped the rotund little worthy out of a portion of his losses on the great occasion.

But Ridsdale was *the* man of York once on a time; a time I mind right well, and must refer to, for a moral, though a sad one, and no little interest to the narrator and his contemporaries hangs over the memoir of the once triumphant, gallant-hearted owner of Merton. In juvenile contrast to the

ancient manor-house at Heslington, in an equal ratio as the rank or rather origin of the proprietors varied from high to low, Merton was a new, farming, racing, comfortable establishment, replete with handsome red-brick outhouses, white gates, enclosed fold-yards, double fences—kept as clean as camellias in a conservatory, and was, to my thinking, the *beau idéal* of a tasty, sporting yeoman's abode. The cottage was small, yet exquisitely furnished; whilst the table of poor Bobby was not surpassed by those of either the high sheriff or archbishop.

A more liberal, jolly, manly-hearted fellow did not breathe; nor could a bolder or more naturally skilful horseman follow the hounds than he. When in the zenith of his good fortune, after *netting* 47,000*l.* on "Giles!" Ridsdale appeared to be more intent on farming, hunting, and feeding fine cattle, than on racing; and being splendidly mounted, of bull-dog courage, and of a light weight, he was always in the first flight in the field, and equally celebrated for his fat stock at fair time. As I have before hinted, he was of humble origin, having been, I believe, once in service as a groom at Lambton Castle; but he was of an off-hand, gallant, Dick Turpin and Squire Weston-like deportment, which, added to an unpretending air, excellent taste in costume,

and consummate cleanliness, made him always acceptable, if not admired, in the rougher paths of the sporting world; and I confess to having relished his heartiness as a narrator of stirring events on the turf, more than that of any man I ever met on or off it.

At Merton, if you dined there and spent the night, you were always treated as if nothing could be too good for you. Claret from Griffith's, with a bouquet like a bed of violets, you might swim in, if you chose,—or *drown* if you preferred it. Your comfortable "loose box," with a tidy lad in dress stable-suit to attend you, were at your service when you wished it, and not an instant before. The Magazines and daily papers were strewn about the sofas and easy chairs, whilst the chaste and massive plate, picked up with exquisite taste, regardless of cost, together with the paintings of racing scenes by Herring, on the walls, made the cottage at Merton elegant and comfortable in the *extreme*.

Ridsdale had, on one occasion that I visited him, a *hundred head* of blood-stock on his premises, besides hunters and farm-horses, eating hay and corn, and paying taxes; and it would have needed a "St. Giles" and an equal net sum of 47,000*l.* every three or four years to have kept his expenses under. And though he did on several occasions

win enormous stakes, the regular out-goings, at the rate of 10,000*l.* a-year at least, effectually "wound him up" in the sequel; and when he failed to liquidate at Doncaster in the "Queen of Trumps" year, mainly, I believe, through the failure, again, of other parties on whom he had claims, though nearly every member of the turf would gladly have aided him to continue on it, he could not put up with a position on sufferance; and after selling all up at Merton, and paying a very handsome dividend to his creditors, plunged sullenly and recklessly into the dense obscure of the suburbs of London; barely answering when hailed by his oldest acquaintance, if he could possibly avoid him.

This stern determination to abstain from soliciting or accepting proffered favours, argued a breeding in the beaten man beyond the flunkey or his caste; and sufficiently accounts for the taste in claret, cleanliness, and off-hand manners, developed, as we have seen, in the hey-day of his career.

An unfortunate quarrel with Gully precipitated poor Ridsdale's ruin; and when they became at "daggers drawn," in lieu of confederates, from an unmanly assault in the hunting-field on the part of the huge ex-prizefighter, on the slight, non-combatant owner of "Giles," his evil fortune in

the ring seemed to overtake him with redoubled severity. A jury of honest Yorkshiremen gave a verdict against the perpetrator of the outrage, his fighting-fame standing in ugly relief in court; and so anxious were the spectators for the result, and gratified on 500*l.* damages being awarded, that a general view-halloo was given by them, in which the learned brethren of the bar and ermined judge were maliciously reported at the time to have cordially joined.

A singular instance of the flirting jade's vagaries with our Merton friend, when her capricious favours seemed to have left his door for ever, is the fact, that after all was sold off, from "Coriolanus" to the coffee-pot, a wretched, ill-conditioned colt-foal—howbeit with the blood of old "Tramp" in his veins, remained without so much as a bid being obtainable, with a speedy prospect of "the dogs" in reversion. This animal, however, was eventually taken to Newmarket by William Ridsdale, a well-behaved, pleasant, unassuming fellow as ever trod the heath, and as "Bloomsbury" won the Derby, and, for a very fleeting period, put poor Bobby into scant and ruffled plumage.

When in "feather" he was as extravagant as an Irish peer, and as Derbies did not come in succession, nor luck abide with him after his *coup* with "Bloomsbury," our friend "threw out," and

“passed the box,” together with nearly every acquaintance, for the future.

I must relate one instance of Ridsdale’s hardihood in the field, to which I heard him allude over his own mahogany very modestly the day after performing the exploit.

He had had the “Ainsty” to himself, on a late severe run, for a considerable time, from being the only man in a large field who dared, or liked to take a “yauner” to get at them. He was riding his celebrated grey horse “Sedan,” since the property of that genuine gentleman, Mr. Alexander Bosville, of Thorp, when the only outlet from a strongly-barricaded paddock lay over a wide ditch and high staken-bound fence, *into* a deep, weed-covered watering-pool on the off-side. Ridsdale did not hesitate an instant, but crammed “Sedan” at it, and *amphibiated* to his work at the tail of the hounds as unconcernedly as if taking a canter over a grass field.

Another worthy of York appertaining to the turf about this period was Captain Frank Taylor, formerly of the 13th Light Dragoons, and latterly famed for whisker, gout, and being the owner of “Ainderby.” The captain lodged at Pardoe’s, the chief constable’s, in St. Ellen’s Square, and might usually have been seen sauntering, attired in a drab sack of a pee-jacket, and a cloth shoe,

either towards old "Billy Strick's" shop, or Charley Robinson's drug depôt. He was a pleasant, gentlemanly fellow, and perfectly docile before dinner, notwithstanding he made his toilet by the aid of brandy, and swore as they did of yore in Flanders, much to the horror of poor little Charley, when the captain made an inroad upon him in trading-hours, and frightened many a staid old bagman doing business with him out of all shadow of propriety.

The captain generally kept a couple of tidy nags of the cob order for his own riding, and had stables and a saddle-room on the premises of old Lady Foulis, as neat as it was possible to maintain them. His horse "Ainderby," a very second or third-rate animal, once bowled over the mighty "Queen of Trumps" at Doncaster, in a good stake, by reason of the mare's being crossed or heeled by a ferocious mastiff, who ran at her in the race, and caused her to swerve, or change a leg, and consequently to lose it.

They betted twenty to one on the winner of the Oaks and Leger—as well they might, barring accident!—and it was no little surprise and satisfaction to the hairy centurion of the 13th Light, when he was told in the bar of the Grand Stand that he was the winner of a couple of thousands. He very gratefully gave five pounds for his canine

friend, and for ever after kept him on the daintiest fare, and eventually, I believe, left him an annuity. The captain was a terrible martyr to the gout, and absorbed lagoons of brandy per year in the insane attempt at stifling it; but the fell disease stifled *him* in the long-run, and left him a skin full of chalk-stone, colchicum, and cognac, with nothing but his grizzled whiskers remaining intact, by which he could have been recognised.

He once gave us at little Charley's classic den,—his private one, bachelor quarters, in every way worthy his good taste and liberality,—a glowing account of an affair he had with Jack Mytton at Chester, in his sounder days, when he and the high-sheriff of two counties were incarcerated for licking a mob of ruffians in a cellar at midnight.

On the special evening referred to, at Charley Robinson's, we had the company, amongst others, of Bill Scott, the jockey, who then resided in an excellent house most appropriately flanking the entrance to Knavesmire. Bill was then in his palmy days; a winner of more "St. Legers" than any preceding Jock,—of several "Derbies," "Oaks," and other great races innumerable; was wealthy, sound in head, and as hospitable, kind-hearted a fellow as ever trotted through the streets of York.

To an innate knowledge of the race-horse, and a comprehensive judgment in making use of him

when he had "quality" to steer, added to great nerve up to this period, and a correct personal test of his animal in "trial," may be traced the success of Scott's powerful lot under Bill's most accomplished jockeyship. For, at this period, if the state of things showed they were in earnest, and a friend was told to back a horse "on the day," it seldom happened they were wrong; and I know no stable so universally near the mark as John Scott's, when poor Bill was pilot.

No man kept a better house, or was more liberal in dispensing the good things in it, than he; and, at a race-time, lords, legs, cits, country friends, and brother Jocks, were alike to be seen at his well-spread board, and were equally welcome and attended to by the amusing, bustling host; who, whether condescending or not to ride, was accoutred in strict professional twig, and had a jovial word and sly joke for every one passing his door to the course; ay! and a guinea, too, for many a poor quondam friend out at elbows.

When in his best form, no man ever excelled Bill Scott as a horseman over the flat, and as rarely equalled him in his knowledge of a horse's powers. When he won the St. Leger on "Satirist," and defeated "Coronation," the winner of the Derby, a horse his superior on the day by a stone, a more brilliant display of judgment and

fine riding was never witnessed. Patience, hands, and finally the act of "coming" at the precise *instant*, served to land him a gallant winner by a short half-length in advance of his formidable opponent, steered by old John Day. A more splendid race was never seen; and I remember hearing John Scott say on the morning, that if he could not train a two-stone inferior animal to beat anything prepared by a Cockney *butler* in a paddock, as "Coronation" at the last was supposed to be, he would retire from the profession,—a boast which he verified manfully in the time of struggle.

Bill's vocabulary over the table or a "clay" was filled with inexplicable words, as long as a two-year-old course, and I mind especially how solemnly polite he was in the earlier part of the evening to the patron of the stable with whom he was in familiar conversation; whilst the Captain, though he many a time and oft cut into Bill's mutton at Knavesmire Gate, and had him equally often at his own quarters, addressed him in a bland, half-patronising, kind-masterly strain, as "William." But, as the oyster-shells were removed, the pipes replenished, and the strong waters arrived at "flood," the little round-shouldered Jock in the corner, with his feet on the hob, and the gouty, *réchauffered* old dragoon, packed in the huge easy chair, became fiercely familiar, the "William"

having become "Bill," and the "Captain" curtailed into "Frank." Indeed, the former, after running through a coil of serpentine phrases, such as "through the pre-eminence of the feeling of human nature, and *vice versâ*, on the footing of it," offered to run the latter's d—d impostor Ainderby with a grey hunter he had in York (as thoroughbred as "Eclipse!") for a thousand. Shouting at him with a half-savage leer peculiar to him, "I say, Frank, you hairy old devil, do you hear? I'll lay you fifteen hundred to ten, and put the money into Charley's hands."

At this sally from the chimney corner, the Captain, ever self-possessed and perfectly well-bred, retired on the "William" again, softening Bill into a sly triumphant chuckle by saying he should always ride for him, not against him, and getting him to charge his pipe and replenish his beaker.

It was a rich scene! Our host, when seated, could barely get his nose over the table ledge, and, like a sporting gnome, hounded on the dark-visaged jockey to make the match, with mischievous drolery; whilst Simmy Templeman,—worthy, civil little fellow! sat choking with laughter, and egging on the Captain to do the same. The owner of the "Cure" (not by gallons, the "cold-water" one!) set to his work like a galliot under the big crane at Cognac, seeming so intent upon getting a load,

and eventually kennelled under the side-board, with a coal-skuttle for a pillow.

The many traits of charity, generosity, and good feeling which might with truth be placed to Bill Scott's credit, leave a considerable balance due to him in the account current of character; and effectually serve to neutralize his many eccentricities and occasional breaches of *boni mores*, after being exposed to the rays of conviviality.

In concluding my sketch of the *dramatis personæ* from the stable scenes of Eboracum, I cannot resist a passing tribute to the memory of another, "Frank," viz. Maw, the "Dealer;" for, assuredly, a more respectable and respected person could not breathe than himself; nor could any citizen have earned a reputation for unspotted probity in the great mart of horseflesh more complete than he left behind him.

It was a luxury to see Maw in his elegant, comfortable home and well-filled establishment in the heart of the city, and something most gratifying to a man of reflection to behold a calling, usually not the most fastidious or refined, so elevated and unimpeachable as it was rendered by this well-mannered, most honourable horse-dealer.

He was company for the highest in the county, for he had intelligence, good-breeding, and modesty withal; and I can safely affirm that, as a type of

a yeoman-trader, in his portly, tidy, sportsmanlike demeanour and "cut" in general, Frank Maw was not excelled by any brother of the cloth in Great Britain or out of it.

He died suddenly, and in the prime of life, being universally regretted by all who knew him, having left a post open to the emulation of any man of enlarged views and fair principles of dealing with a county full of good people, in which the demand for high-class horses is uniform with the sporting taste inherent in it throughout.

CHAPTER II.

The Excursion.—A Morning Ride.—Langton Wold.—The "Trial."
White Wall Corner.—Our "Household Gods."

THE dewdrops yet trembled unbroken on the neatly-trimmed hedges of the farm, and brightly flooded the large fields of red clover, wheat, and trefoil; through whose vernal beauties a bridle-path, crossed at intervals by white hand-gates, led to the so-called high road, by which route, before breaking my fast, I purposed to gain a small market-town on the Wolds, situated some score of miles inland from my present half-rural, half-marine habitation.

It was in the blush of spring, and an hour or two before sunrise, when I mounted "Hildebrand," bent on a fortnight's excursion to the south'ard, actuated by the hope of finding a friend at his cottage on the Wharfe, who from his *business-like* connexion with the turf, might safely be termed a racing-man, and whom I had no doubt of inducing to adopt my mode of travelling, and then to accompany me as far as Newmarket, whither I knew he would be on the point of starting for the first Spring Meeting.

An autumn and winter had passed away since I returned to old England, and had sufficed by aid of my veteran campaigning recipe for hatching comfort—by ruminating on scenes in contrast—to see me fairly shaken down in my rustic quarters and, moreover, I was *content* with my arrangements, for in *this* lies the secret.

During this period of comparative inertia, I struck off my reminiscence of old Ebor, and now purposed beating up a friend, for whose character I entertained as sincere a respect, from its displaying, as it did, the *true gentleman under difficulties*, when this test of tests was in due course applied, as I had a relish for his society, manner, and sterling tone of mind.

This “ racing-man,” at the time I write of, and to whose cottage I was wending so pleasantly on the sweet, hazy morn of an East Riding spring, was by name George Dallas, the son of an old and highly-meritorious officer of the commissariat department, at whose death, before he had well arrived at manhood, he had acquired a fortune exceeding 40,000*l.*, with complete control over purse and person.

The elder Dallas had married late in life, and after a few years passed as a widower, died before his two children, the one already named, and a single daughter, several years the junior of her

brother, had arrived at an age when their loss could be adequately comprehended.

The intelligent old commissary, during a prolonged career on active service, aided by the many opportunities occurring for profitable investment, had succeeded in increasing his originally small patrimony, so as to bequeath to his only son the handsome amount specified, and about a moiety of the same to his daughter.

The brother and sister were deeply attached to each other, and had resided so long under the same roof ministering to each other's comforts and pleasures, that the idea of matrimony and separation, and a total change of life in consequence, was about the last that entered their thoughts, and had scarcely for a moment been seriously contemplated as a probable contingency by either.

Thus, when the writer departed abroad, the young orphan friends were settled in their paternal dwelling, a comfortable cottage-mansion, girt by a few rich fields of swarth, with ample grounds and gardens that met the sweet waters of the Wharfe in one of the most exquisite of that lovely river's graceful turnings.

And now it was, after the brightest years of life had passed, when youth and its aspirations had sped, and little less than a passive participation in the pleasures of life remains,—for who can repair

the broken chain so as to leave no sign of the missing links, or disguise the newness of their substitutes?—that I mounted my good steed and trotted, apparently gaily as of yore, over the short, spangled sward that invariably skirts the lane-sides in the peculiarly pastoral district over which I was crossing in my journey towards the Wharfe.

At intervals my route lay across large pastures, all but unenclosed, partaking the features of the Down and Prairie, studded here and there with ancient copses of thorn and holly, under whose welcome shade and shelter the numerous flocks and herds retired during the heat of day. Deep belts of fir, dripping in dew, with an occasional covert of flowering gorse, flanked the lanes which led and diverged from these meadow scenes, whilst the keeper's lodge, covered with trophies of his trap and gun, and a solitary farm-house thrown far back on the landscape, were for many miles the only abodes of men encountered by the eye; and from these scarcely a wreath of smoke yet curled.

The sun had not yet risen, and all, save the warblers of the woods, was still. Not a ploughman, nor even a shepherd was a-foot to humanise or disturb the slumbering scene. The cattle and ewes with lamb still reclined drowsily on their night-lairs, such a start had I taken of the early rising world.

The joyous serenity of mind incidental to this supremely soothing, and at the same time refreshing scene and mode of travelling, was exhilarated into a thrill of delight, as I debouched on Langton Wold from a narrow lane overhung with blooming hawthorn, and was instantaneously crossed by a gallant team of race-horses at full gallop, before I had the least warning, beyond the sudden snort and bounding hoof, of their proximity. There were at least a dozen taking a bursting four-mile-spin in their clothes, led by old Hetman Platoff, pulling Jack Holmes double—probably as stirring an incident as could well break in upon a man's reverie before sunrise.

Early as it was, the "touts"—those indefatigable turf-spies—had got scent of a trial that had come off between two of Scott's Derby horses—one engaged and heavily backed in the approaching "Two Thousand Guineas." They had been put on the *qui vive* by the fact of Bill having been gazetted as having arrived from York over night,—a circumstance sufficiently *suspicious*, in their opinion, to induce a lynx-eyed vigilance over every part of the wold.

That there had been a "taste" I was fully convinced when I got a sight of Bill Scott, with his carefully *gauged* saddle, on which he had doubtlessly ridden the young'un, strapped to his back,

and returning to White Wall, under the lee of the hedge bordering the lane which led to the stables.

Harry Edwards — perhaps, the most accomplished finisher of a race—and, in fact, one of the finest horsemen ever seen, was then engaged for Scott, and rode the trial-horse, Bill needing all his eye and expressive vocabulary in command to insure the “schoolmaster” being properly ridden, so that the merits of the case did not escape him, as well as all his consummate talent to disguise the quality of his own animal from the acute, dangerous jock, cutting out the work in the trial.

This he did by discharging volleys of oaths at Harry to “send him along!” and “to look straight before him;” as well as by, many a time, carrying a few pounds overweight, unknown to any one but himself—not barring the trainer! When he wished a trial to be seen by the racing-quacks, who he knew were on all hands of him, he simply won or lost as he liked, though the performance was so artfully managed as to mystify every one alike. Bill was a *nonpareil* at this game. Harry Ed’dards, as he was called, *could not* go straight! and soon had to quit Scott’s employ, at a time when he could barely get a mount from “selling” Bill in person, most audaciously, on Epirus at Wolverhampton. He would not *try* to get through his horses—as Bill, *riding the favourite*, saw from

the rear, having no intention himself to be elsewhere!—though the “outsider” from the “lot” was heavily backed by the “colonel” for the “party.”

This Harry cared nothing for, and unscrupulously threw over the “whole family,” tempted, it was believed, at starting by some paltry sum from one of the many atrocious “legs” and ruffians with whom he was ever in league. He would rather “nobble” for a “pony” than get a hundred by other means; he so enjoyed doing a bit on the quiet on his own account, and by putting the “double dodge” on the “swells,” as he expressed himself. Yet was he truly a magnificent horseman, though he had only one eye. Harry lived at this time at Carlisle; and latterly, when become *too unparliamentary* for the English turf, at Nantes, in La Vendée, where he trained, rode, and “nobbled,” *à la Française*, in a small way.

To return to Scott’s lot of race-horses on the especial morning we are describing. A complete squadron of these docile, elegant creatures, of various ages, was on the ground. Some were walking in single file; others were undergoing the operation of rubbing after a sweat; all of which the intelligent chief of the establishment—seated on his haek—was superintending with eye and voice, ordering his forces about the field in the

“preparation” they were undergoing, and personally prescribing the needful, discriminating treatment applied to each animal entrusted to his charge.

The Wold was alive with man and horse; for, besides John Scott’s splendid “lot,” at least eighty strong, there were the teams of other smaller trainers on the ground, though it was sufficiently large to accommodate them and more, without the chance of clashing or unpleasant proximity.

Langton Wold is surely the abiding-place of health and longevity, and as a training-ground in all essentials, especially in moist weather, is unequalled. It belongs to Colonel Norcliff, who makes a pretty addition to his income by letting these noble downs to the trainers, whose residences and stables lie on the outskirts of Malton. The view from the summit of the Wold embraces a magnificent rural and picturesque *coup d’œil*. Highly cultivated lands, fox coverts, wooded heights, fair meadows, mansions, and village spires, lie in sweet *mêlée* at your feet.

The house of Mr. John Scott, the trainer, is situated snugly under the brow of the downs, and is, nearly at all times, open to the sporting wayfarer, and the multifarious claims of hospitality. Anything more substantial, liberal, yet strictly in unpretending keeping with an establishment devoted to training, could not be well

imagined than the then economy of "White-Wall Corner."

Stable-time, dinner-time, hours of exercise, and for a plentiful enjoyment of the good things of life, were regulated by clock-work; and it was quite immaterial—or rather, the same thing—to John Scott whether Lord Chesterfield drove up at "grub-time" in his britchska, or the "Old Vicar" (of Wakefield), the jock, shuffled up on his asthmatic pony. Both were equally welcome to a seat at his well-filled table, at which you neither saw high places, nor heard excuses. Though Scott was an *employé*, he was in his own castle, and manfully deported himself as its master; whilst, for the good-natured nobleman alluded to, it is only fair to say that if there *was* pride on either his or the "Vicar's" side, the "Parson-Jock" had it, and not the "Prince of Derbyshire!"

No man could dispense a gracious affability, or put his inferiors more completely at their ease in these chance *rencontres* over the stable-flags, or trainer's mahogany, than Lord Chesterfield; nor was any colour seen in the van, or fortunate number beheld signalised as winner, with more sincere satisfaction by the majority of spectators than were those of the jolly, handsome owner of Don John, and Bretby Park.

Malton has long been famed as a breeding-place, as well as nursery for race-horses: Mr. Allen, of the "Lodge," a fine specimen of an ancient English country mansion, *well-tenanted*, having bred many noted winners, though the horses mostly got into other hands before they ran as three-year-olds. Amongst these may be mentioned Tarrare, Fitzallen, Belle Dame, Rockingham, and others, who found their way into the stables of Mr. Watt, of Bishop Burton, also another very successful competitor about this time on the turf.

Mr. Watt had Barefoot, Memnon, Old Tramp, Whalebone, and many other first-rate animals.

Of late years he has been out of luck, the last horse I remember of his being a wretch called Voltri, a black, tiring, four-legged impostor, that they managed nevertheless to make into a great favourite for the Derby at one time of the year, less than ten to one being greedily taken. Since this, I have scarcely seen Mr. Watt's name in print.

After leaving Langton Wold and the town of Malton to my right hand, I arrived, after an hour's smart riding, at our place of baiting, when, having seen my "noble friend" well groomed, clothed, and bandaged, given him myself his water and half-peck of oats, and handful of old beans,—the latter to act as his *petit terre*, or "*chasse*," to speak

more in accordance with his sympathies, — we locked the door of his loose box, put the key in our pocket to insure an hour or two's undisturbed repose, and straightway attacked our eggs and rasher like a very wolf.

Into what a snug, consoling little room was I inducted! yet how humble in its garniture and arrangements. It belonged so thoroughly to the country, was so clean and English in its features, that I experienced all the old appeal made by our household gods, after any considerable absence from their rites, and felt more home-won at the sight of the old highly-burnished yew chair, and well-remembered adjuncts of a countrified hostel, recalling "old familiar faces," than I could have thought credible, after having been so long a stranger to them. Believe me, the insignificant items in daily use, and viewed as part and parcel of our home and home-thoughts since childhood, have not assumed the title of deities without possessing some of the god-like attributes by which our chastened temperaments and sympathies are involuntarily touched to a greater extent than we rough pioneers of life would willingly allow.

But it is by these small, yet gushing streams of fancy, that the wild-flowers of the heart are irrigated and kept in bloom; whilst, by their ever-trilling agency, the deep pool of affection which

we bear towards our father-land,—in spite of absence and the most luxurious contrast,—and to the spot of our birth beyond all, is kept brimful of life and freshness! This most pleasing sadness ever accompanies the twilight of the mind, when the gentle dew of retrospect falls soothingly on our senses, and infuses on well-regulated temperaments a tranquil enjoyment and repose, to which the most boisterous happiness of youth cannot be compared. It, moreover, in no respect prevented our discussing a hearty repast at the “White Hart,” in the small town wherein we had stopped to bait; on the contrary, it rather increased the sober relish with which I viewed all and everything around me, doubly enforcing the entreaty of hope, that I might never again be compelled to cross the Channel whilst I retained the mortal coil, whose material was grown and spun upon lands so broad and fair.

Hildebrand, bright as a star, and equally refreshed with his master, with his stirrups tucked up in due accordance with accomplished groomcraft, and playing with his snaffle, is walking before the windows, held by a true type of the curry-comb, evidently impatient to be off to the excellent quarters in store for him at Thorp Arch, once a sweet village, now overbuilt and deformed into a town.

Here we intend passing the night, and, as we would not willingly pirate from Paterson or other learned compiler of our public ways, we shall beg the reader to imagine us to have dined, slept, and breakfasted at our genuine host Farrar's, to have strolled through his well-known garden, and by the banks of the fair river, every shallow, pool, and overhanging bluff of whose beauteous course we equally know and love! and to suppose us again *en route* to the dwelling of our friend Dallas, stirred into a sling gallop by the anticipated pleasure in store for us.

CHAPTER III.

A Cottage Mansion. — Amusement before Breakfast. — The Stabling, and Fold-Yard. — The Lady of the House. — An "Old Maid!" — A Gentle Yeoman. — Racing; its Pros and Cons. — The "Leg" *en voyage*. — Departure for Newmarket.

AFTER passing the substantial mansion of "Old Kit Wilson," the then existing "father of the turf," encountering by the way the venerable sire of sport, mounted on a sweet-stepping cob, and leaving Harewood Bridge on my right hand, in the course of half-an-hour's ride, I diverged from the main, yet scarcely to be called public, road, and entered one of those short private lane routes which lead so frequently to the houses of those of our gentry who,—thrice happy lot!—take station between the squire and farmer.

The lane, probably, some quarter of a mile in length, sound and carefully tended, with deep borders of short verdant sward, hedges trimmed *to a twig*, and cleaned at root from every weed, with flourishing young elms and beech shooting at intervals of twenty yards from the line of hawthorn, led to the small, yet valuable, domain

of my friend, and was finally closed by a handsome, yet simple, white farming gate, that swung at the slightest touch, and refastened itself with a musical click, denoting the master-hand in this trifling, yet, to the horseman, most essential and gratifying matter.

The lane sides were beautified by a countless variety of spring flowerets, and had more the appearance of a carefully tended pleasure-ground,—as it *was* in fact a “pleasure-ground,” we opine, somewhat difficult to excel,—than a mere bye-lane.

The primrose and violet were in such profusion, that you imagined them to have been planted by the gardener, rather than by the tasty, bountiful hand of nature; but, in the deep rich soil peculiar to this rural and picturesque district, every inch teems with her incense and beauty. On passing through the entrance-gate, I instantly encountered my friend Dallas, in the midst of congenial, if unusual, occupation, and was greeted by a halloo! as hearty as it was melodious.

He was in the act of personally bridling a strapping colt by Gladiator,—having the graceful, curveting creature circling to his eye and hand, occasionally bounding in the air like a mad thing, and needing all the strength of the amateur-breaker to maintain his footing in the equestrian studio.

It was a scene truly yeoman-like and pleasing, thus to behold the owner of the fair estate habited in stout laced boots and rough shooting costume contrasting with his handsome, refined cast of features, marking as they did in every line the gentleman—amusing himself in this wise before breakfast, by administering the first rudiments of tuition to the promising animal he had bred from his favourite mare Kate Kearney, and hoped ere-long to see struggling in the, to both man and horse, *delicious agony* of the race. But on my riding up, he instantly, if reluctantly, relinquished the long line by which he played his colt, to a stout, middle-aged, respectable looking man at his side, clothed in leathern gaiters and fustian coat, denoting the half keeper, half stud-groom, in the thorough rustic personage, merely giving a farewell touch with his tandem-whip to the disdainful beauty, ere he delivered the needful implement into his servant's hand, and bade him "give him another half hour of it, and then walk him to stables."

Leaning his hand on the pummel of my saddle, and walking by my side, my host now took me by a near cut through the planting and "early lambing ground," to the back of the house, and soon hallooed a tidy lad to take charge of Hildebrand, cautioning him to treat him as if he were

winner of the Leger *at least*, on his peril and allegiance.

There was ample stabling for hunter, team, and blood-horse, with the neatest fold-yard imaginable in the centre. This last was walled round and drained into a valuable pool, covered from the diluting influence of heat and rain, and was very differently arranged from the majority of such neglected essentials to a farm-yard. You got to the stables under shelter of an overhanging ledge, and found a good pavement for your foot in all weathers.

The hunters' and "fancy" nags' quarters were easily discernible by the tasty doors, adorned by "plates" of winners of the Derby and Leger, as well as other great races; gifts doubtlessly from the several trainers who had had the lucky animals who had won them in their keeping.

A neat and well-stocked saddle-room, with an adjoining building containing all the apparatus for steaming potatoes and canine cookery, left little to be desired in the outer department of my friend's establishment.

From this part of the premises a stout door opened into the kitchen garden, from whence a path, fenced by espaliers, led to the front of the house, through a shrubbery again a little on its left. On the right hand, and to the extreme front,

paddocks and green fields joined "the grounds," and were naturally, as well as effectually, bounded by the Wharfe, whose heather-tinged waters flowed for half-a-mile or so in a straight course, and opportunely made a *détour* so as to form an elbow, and completely moat and divide the estate from the neighbouring, more extensive, and equally beautiful domain.

The prospect from the well-kept lawn was rich and varied. The laurel and rhododendron shot up to the height of forest trees, whilst the lilac, then in bloom, towered in the back-ground of the shrubberies, all evidencing the luxuriance of the soil and climate in which they flourished so gigantically and gaily. We found Miss Dallas in the breakfast-room presiding at the hissing tea-urn, ready to dispense the duties and courtesies of lady of the house, and minister thus early to the comfort of her brother and his guests.

She welcomed me with genuine frankness and hospitality, and, though it was many years since I had last seen her, assumed unaffectedly and kindly all the manner of an old acquaintance.

Kate Dallas was what the young misses and unfledged heroes term an "old maid," she having just passed the mystic age of thirty—*infra dig.* and ungallant as it may seem to specify so pointedly. She was, nevertheless, just as bonny and blooming

a *woman* as eye ever rested on; and was natural as the light of day. With a meditative, deep grey eye, luxuriant brown hair that struggled beneath the meshes of her pretty morning cap, a bust of living alabaster, full and round as a Hebe, and delicately-turned hands and feet, this "old maid," attired in chaste simplicity, presided at her brother's table, and poured out the fragrant tea.

Recommend me to *such* "old maids!" was the inward grace I uttered, and as fervently repeat. George, with his stalwart frame, and noble brow, slightly moistened by the effects of early out-door exercise, was, as we have previously said, some ten years the senior of his sister, and appeared to my eye the very *beau idéal* of a gentle English yeoman; for I am one of those who dispute the fact that this sterling British title appertains solely to the boor, labourer, or spade husbandman.

The "yeoman" I take to be a man living on, and farming, his own acres—few or many—ready and willing to boot and saddle in the service of his queen; capable of mental enjoyments, as well as equal to all the duties of his farm; and I look upon him as the main buttress to our religion and constitution, and the genuine staple of our British Isles.

The old commissary's ancestors were for some centuries of this grade of life; and, taking into

consideration the ample education and fortune possessed by his son, together with his agricultural occupation, it is not going too far to claim for the latter the title of a "gentle yeoman," preferring it, as I do, and yet trust to persuade our smaller land-owners and gentlemen-farmers to prefer, to the spurious title of "esquire," a title prostituted to the lowest stage of imposture, and amenable to nought but ridicule.

But as Dallas would "none of this," and did not rank with grand-jurymen! or take precedence with the "county men;" being neither a renter of land, nor trader, what was he but a yeoman? And his sister a handsome country lassie, well taught in accomplishments, yet a housewife, and premature matron in thought and heart, though unmarried, what was she but a yeoman's sister? or fit to be, but a *gentle* yeoman's wife?

I love this word! and will yet try to revive its *prestige* with our country folks of *descent*, if humble, untitled, and unpretending, but of ancient reputable name, however moderate their fortune and attainments.

I can imagine no life more enviable than the cultivated denizen of his own few fields; farming in the morning, reading at night, and mated to a woman like Kate Dallas.

Such were the brother and sister; such their

abode and circumstances. And it was this man, reader, who had formed a business-like connexion with the turf! What he had to gain, and what to lose, we shall see as we proceed with our narrative.

The whole appointments of the breakfast-room, our host's snugger, in fact, savoured of the pursuit to which he was, unfortunately, addicted, or rather wedded. A fine painting of the dead-heat between Cadland and the Colonel for the Derby, hung over the mantel-piece; others of "Old Touchstone," his sire Camel, Velocipede, "Old Bees-wing," and St. Giles, garnished the walls. A book-case, all but filled with racing calendars and other sporting works, occupied one niche in the room; the one parallel to it being filled by a gun-rack, containing an assortment of the best doubles and singles that London could produce.

The window, a large bow, or bay, opened on a lawn, on which some tame pheasants disputed the walk with a beautiful breed of bantams, not larger than a partridge. A brace of spaniels reclined on the hearth, and an old superannuated setter flattened his nose against the window-panes from without, wagging his tail wistfully and begging to be admitted.

After the first salutation had passed between

the fair mistress of this cottage-mansion and myself, we sat down to breakfast; when, it is superfluous to add, that my early ride from Thorp Arch had inclined me to do full justice to the ample Yorkshire meal that immediately made its appearance.

A racing sheet-calendar and several letters lay on the table at George's elbow, which having glanced at, he threw aside, and said, "So you passed over Langton Wold, old fellow, eh? Did you see Meteor out?—was Attila in work?" with many hurried questions having reference to Scott's horses, and particularly his Derby "lot," evidently denoting the fixed bent of his earliest and latest thoughts. Having answered these rapid queries to the best of my scanty lore, my host gave me to understand that in a few days, at furthest, he purposed, if agreeable to myself, to show me Newmarket Heath, and a bit of turf life; being quite willing to adopt any mode of travelling the most pleasant to me.

The very name of Newmarket, methought, paled the sister's cheek, and called the slightest perceptible sadness to her eye, as she exclaimed, "So soon, George! Do these hateful races commence so early? I fancied—nay, I hoped, they were not yet near at hand; or that you had given up the idea of going to Newmarket for the future.

I know not how it is," continued she, "but the name of that racing-place always makes me anxious for many an hour after I hear it. Oh!" concluded poor Kate, "*do* endeavour to persuade my brother not to go this time, but to take me for a month to Harrowgate instead; I shall be so lonely when you both leave me."

"Pooh, pooh, Kate!" retorted Dallas, taking his eye from a *palpable betting-book*, to look affectionately on his sister, and reassure her. "We shall be back immediately after the 'Two thousand' are over, and will not leave you again till—Chester!" laughed he in good-natured perplexity. "Our friend here *must* see the 'First Spring Meeting,'" added he, considerably making me into the convenient scape-goat, and getting me a thousand pages into the lady's "black books," as I doubted not.

"You did not hear whether Meteor had been doing good work for any of those accomplished scoundrels the 'touts,' you were sure to fall in with on the Wold?" recommenced Dallas; "I have laid heavily against him for both his races," he rather indiscreetly let fall, "and fancy his pins will not stand much of a preparation."

"I saw him gallop," I replied, "and thought he went remarkably well; but the other horse you named, Attila, a bay, with a blaze in his face, is,

in my humble opinion, in outward appearance and action, a race-horse all over."

"But pray, Miss Dallas," said I, trying to reassure her equally with her brother, "why are you so seriously averse to racing? It is surely a glorious pastime, and of great service to an immense number of persons who are absolutely maintained by the breeding and training of race-horses, as well as benefited by the many indirect channels into which the money spent in the pursuit circulates."

"I do not deny anything you assert in its favour on this score," replied the young lady, "for I am unable to refute or gainsay your argument. I only know that George leaves me gay and in health in spring for this hateful Newmarket; and, excepting the short interval between the Goodwood and Doncaster meetings, is absent from his home for many, many weeks together, returning at length anxious, aged in appearance, and altogether quite a different man to what he was when he commenced the 'season,' as it is called, I believe. His very voice and eye seem changed, after participating in this 'sport' for any length of time."

"Pshaw, pshaw, Kate!" exclaimed the brother *rather* testily, and rising from the table at the same moment, "this is preaching too early and too solemnly, especially on the advent of an old school-

fellow. We will all walk out or drive to Bolton Bridge, and then return to dinner; and, if Meteor loses the two thousand, I will stand treat for a fortnight at the 'Dragon,' if they will receive such plain country-folks as the yeoman and his sister. *Allons!* let us to the stables, and have a squint at the stud, whilst Kate puts on her shawl and bonnet, and recovers her temper."

And away we went, just in time to encounter in the stable-yard a man of middle-age, and that flashy, offensively-familiar, *bedfellow-like* air, that so distinguishes the lower *dramatis personæ* of the turf. This worthy, dressed in a gay cutaway coat, and blue-spotted cravat, with one of those atrocious, glistening, hellite hats, surmounting a countenance redolent of cunning and late hours, and riding a hired hack, accosted Dallas with,

"Good morning, good morning, Mr. Dallas! how goes it, eh? Just returning from Tom Dawson's, and thought you would be glad to have the last 'office' from Middleham. Tom's team's got the 'doldrums,' *as* usual, and isn't worth a bunch of cat's-meat. I can lay a thousand to twenty against anything he has for the Derby, though I want to back Meteor *for a friend*, for the two thousand, for a rouleau, or fifty, by the way, if it suits you," concluded the red-faced audacious-looking man in the blue cravat and overgrown hat.

I thought that Dallas seemed somewhat annoyed at my being thus witness to this unexpected interview; for, without calling a servant, he requested the intruder—for I can call him by no other name—to put his hack in the stable, and then to take a turn with him in the shrubbery, begging me, by way of an excuse, to ask them in the house to get some lunch set out in the “gun-room;” for if “Jack Ketch” had called, he would not have been sent empty away.

I found Kate all ready for a stroll, and shortly informed her of our temporary detention, giving her brother’s message, at the same time, for a “tray” and bottle of sherry to be produced.

Looking from the window, she quickly observed the “two betting men,” for it is needless to attempt to disguise the sad fact, that George was *claimed* by one of the fraternity, walking slowly and stopping occasionally in the paddock joining the outer garden. On seeing them she exclaimed, “There is that horrible person again! Oh, why will my brother—how *can* he associate with such coarse suspicious people as this dreadful man? He swears before *me*, and uses such expressions of slang and vulgarity, that I may well give vent to my fears as I do, when I know that George contemplates another racing excursion.”

“Who is he?” I inquired.

“Why,” replied my fair informant, “he became acquainted with George somewhere—I think at York, from having, as he says, once been of service to him in giving him some information on racing matters. On this he presumes, and rides up to our gate as if he were my brother’s equal in birth and education. I fear more than I dare say, for I am convinced no good can abide in a heart whereof such a sinister expression of feature and ruffian-like manners are too surely the index.”

I could say nothing, but hope that my friend’s natural acuteness and knowledge of horses would serve to neutralise any attempts to deceive, or plunder him; so little did I know of the craft and subtilty of black-leggism at the time.

The fellow who had given cause for this short dialogue, after lunching and finishing the bottle of sherry, and trying Dallas with some farewell offer of a bet, lighted a cigar, mounted his sorry hack, also refreshed in the interim, and, Heaven be praised! departed; yet, turning round in his saddle at the gate, and shouting something about “nobbling the Crack,” and “comparing” at Newmarket!

Dallas was silent and thoughtful for a short time after this scene closed; leaving myself to chat with, and willingly, if I could, amuse his sister, on our stroll by the banks of the Wharfe.

By way of essay, however, I pitched racing and all allusion to it to the devil and his angels! The ruffian leg was forgotten,—Newmarket was not for the time remembered,—George recovered his spirits. We dined. My host and I discussed a single bottle of exquisite port after Kate had left us to open her piano, and prepare tea, during which congenial hour we conversed of—*racing*! for Dallas could neither speak nor think of aught besides!

In a couple of days, during which we made our excursion to the sweet ruin at Bolton, and enjoyed ourselves, as old friends of equal age and congenial tastes should do, in a comfortable country-house, our portmanteaus were packed in a dog-cart, and driven by a groom, with orders to precede us a stage *en route* towards the Eastern Counties. We then mounted; bade Kate farewell!—for a short, short time, we reiterated in her ear, as she accompanied us sorrowfully to the end of the sweet lane I have described; and after a day or two's riding, we dismounted in the stable-yard of my friend the Duke of Limbs, to introduce whom I shall indulge myself and readers with a fresh chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

“Barnby-Moor,” and its late owner, Mr. George Clark.—The Duke of Limbs.—*His* Amusements after Dinner.—The “Blue-eyed Maid.”—Attack by Highwaymen.—Coming off
• “Second Best.”—The Opera, and Tom Spring’s.

WE had a delightful ride thus far, having little to comment upon *en route*, beyond the fact of making a call at Barnby-Moor Inn, then kept by Mr. George Clark, a true sportsman, gentleman, and roadside landlord of—his *own* school; for, without disparagement to the worthy order of Boniface, I have seldom if ever met a man in the same walk of life, actuated by views so enlarged, or possessed of manners so perfectly unobjectionable, as the gentleman-innkeeper at whose house we remained half a day and night; Dallas having diverged considerably from a straight course, in order that he might converse with him on some racing or farming subject.

I never enjoyed a dinner, and rest, more in my life, than on this occasion. We dined in Mr. Clark’s own room; had everything that hospitality and

good cookery could suggest, with a bottle of the primest "black-strap" that ever a man tossed over a grateful tongue.

George Clark was famed for anecdote and conversational powers; and, when free from gout, was a tough customer over the mahogany. He had, from time to time, many horses in training, mostly in the hands of Mr. John Scott, and was equally famed for his matchless and enlightened notions in farming and breeding stock.

I have described poor Frank Maw, of York, as a perfect specimen of a "yeoman-dealer;" my friend, Dallas, as a gentle, or aristocratic yeoman, repudiating all fulsome and spurious meaning in the high-sounding adjective; and now give my friend, the late George Clark of Barnby-Moor, the palm of the "yeoman innkeeper," *par excellence*.

The mental bias and dispositions of all were alike above everything petty, mean, un-English, or unmanly. The mere *manners* of the publican and horse-dealer were a glowing stanza from the true "Poetry of Life," exalting the men, as they did, so far above their respective occupations, as to render them an honour to the society of which they were members.

No man was ever more missed or regretted by a large circle of friends and acquaintances than

the well-known landlord, coach-proprietor, farmer, and sportsman, Mr. Clark.

From Barnby-Moor we headed straight away to our friend the Duke's, he being, probably, the head of the yeoman class I have portrayed, as well by reason of his exalted rank, landed possession, and extent of farming, as by virtue of the true love he bore to everything straightforward, sportsmanlike, (not *sporting* merely, in which there lies a vast difference,) and unadulterated English country taste.

He was heart and limb devoted to manhood and good-fellowship, and is by far too worthy and ornamental an inhabitant of our Bye-lanes to be named anonymously for the future.

Accompany us, then, reader, to the abode of Joe Whitaker, of Ramsdale House, on Nottingham Forest, or, his Grace of Limbs, as you may prefer the titled or untitled acquaintance.

We remained a day or two at Ramsdale House, and enjoyed ourselves, as may be imagined from the attributes so justly awarded to our host. One day we rode to Nottingham-market, and dined with as good a set of fellows as ever swallowed a bumper, at the "George the Fourth." Here we met Mr. Lacy, of Colwick, the breeder of many noted animals on the turf, and, without exception, one of the neatest and most game "old

fellows" I ever knew. He talked of having seen fifty Legers run for, and looked as if good for fifty more; his lady having, as he informed us, "dropped a colt foal" that very morning, and offering to take five to one in hundreds, that she "foaled" a colt or a filly again within the year! Nobody would lay him the odds, the old "brick" looked too fresh to make it a "good thing." They were a prime set, these Market-fellows of that day, and formed a jovial division, that "finished" alternately at the "Ram," and old "Sam Bestow's," in the Shambles, called the "Duke's Own."

Another day Joe gave us a dinner on the Forest, and a copious one! after a ride to Mansfield-market; inviting all the "George the Fourth" brigade, and filling them with his "Fifteen" port to their souls' content.

In proof of this, three or four *slow* men! who could no longer "stand the candles," (Joe always lighted up terribly, and furiously stirred the fire when he contemplated serving his friends out—it taking a very good man, as he asserted, to face port and a strong light for a continuance!) slunk away—not upstairs—this they had tried before—but into their coach, which stood waiting, though unhorsed, on the gravel walk in front of the house, and quickly fell into sweet oblivion.

Then the mighty Duke girded up his loins, took the pole of the carriage in one hand, and backed the freight of skulkers into a fish-pond, that yawned in the pale moonlight under their lee, immersing the vehicle as deep as the head of the steps.

In an hour or two, a fat gentleman woke up, and feeling inclined for a grilled bone and drop of "cold without,"—the latter of which he quickly got!—stepped with considerable dignity into the night lair of carp and eels, and floundered under the keel of the carriage, tally-ho'd by his Grace, who kept a bright look-out for his victims "breaking covert." The others followed the fat man, and scrambled ashore as best they might, none the worse for their snooze and hip-bath, or half fathom's experience, not to steal away for the future from the mahogany on the Forest.

The Duke kept a stud of four-legged fiends under the guise of horse-flesh, for his own and friends' especial riding: brutes seventeen hands high, rushing, hard-mouthed, vicious devils, that no man durst mount but himself, were ever grinding corn at Ramsdale, and most courteously at the service of any tranquil gentleman staying in the house, enulous of seeing the Meet.

Then Joe was in his glory, especially if he could manage to combine "market and hounds," and contrive to remain till past dark—as when did he

not?—and have the honour of showing the way home by a near cut!

I mind how once on a time we left Mansfield about midnight in winter, I having, like a maniac, bestridden a wall-eyed, eccentric animal of a blue-black colour, with a blaze in her forehead, that Joe always rode after dinner, having long accustomed her to his own ways, and called the “Blue-eyed Maid.”

On this occasion he rode a brute as high as a house, with capped hocks and a string-halt, called “Big Tom of Lincoln,” and set off at a gallop from the very yard of the “White Swan,” followed by the bucking, shoulder-less maiden with the blue eye, on whose back I thought—God help me!—to amble homewards. The Duke had kindly recommended her to me as something between a “shooting-pony and lady’s pad;” “Big Tom,” he allowed, “required hands,” though he assured me he was “a sweet nag when a man knew him,” a fact I was too glad to take his word for.

After passing “the Hut” like infuriated night-imps, Joe crashed through a fence, having unaccountably missed the “gap,” shouting to me to follow—it was pitch dark—and to “’ware the rabbit-holes.” The blue-eyed devil sprang at the bank on hearing the sticks fly, having, as I believe, a letch for Big Tom—the brute was a “rig,”

with the disposition of Satan—and very quickly superseded me in the command. His Grace knew every inch of the way, intricate as it was, from some twenty years' experience, whilst I could not see a yard before me for my very life, and fortunately at length I refrained from all interference with my wall-eyed steed. After passing through several plantings, over a warren crenelled like a cullender, and divers stubble fields, we arrived at our quarters, covered with foam, where Will, the "night-man," was waiting for us with hot water, a cold ham, a large tankard of home-brewed, all of which, with "nine corns" of the weed, Joe partook of before he retired to rest; the next morning he was up, shaved, and dressed before I had scarce soothed my agitated bones into a fitful slumber.

He was, in sooth, a terrible fellow, and far beyond the temerity of the most audacious highway-man of the district. Once, on returning from Nottingham-market, the Duke *was* attacked by three or four fellows, who had mistaken him for another "customer." His Grace instantly "retorted," beating out the brains of one ruffian with a whip-stock he always carried, mounted with a solid silver fox, as heavy as a sledge-hammer; trampling a second all but to death in a deep ditch, into which he threw himself and "Blue-eyed Maid" without an instant's hesitation, just catch-

ing the words of a third as he exclaimed in horror, "By G—d, it's Whitaker! we shall all be killed, and no mistake!"

This is as strictly true, as "truth has been of late," and hardly exaggerated, the circumstance really occurring. The Duke was a giant in strength and constitution; and, when mounted on any one of his angelic quadrupeds, and primed for action—I never saw him intoxicated, the country did not exist vast enough to produce the vineyard capable of making him so—he would be an overmatch for any three skulking cowardly footpads, as we have seen. He was a man to whom Dick Turpin or Paul Clifford would have given a free pass from respect to pluck and manhood: and, moreover, one whom the women—God bless them!—ever loved and relied on—for—glorious discrepancy! with an outside of granite and the note of Old Lablache, his overgrown heart was every whit as true and tender as their own.

In earlier life he was a "bruiser" with hounds, and, up to this date, always went well in front.

I shall not readily forget the Duke making up a toilet for the chance of visiting the Italian Opera on one occasion, when we left his house for Epsom, I having warned him of the necessity for something "black" in his outfit, much to his disgust and astonishment.

“Will!” shouted he from the head of the stairs, “are there any black breeches of mine in the house?”

“There was a pair, sir,” answered Will, “got for poor Mr. Burgess’s funeral, but I never seen ’em since.”

“Look ’em up, Will; and put a dress coat—not a *red* one, as you did before—into the carpet bag,” replied his Grace.

“All right, sir,” said Will.

When we met at dinner in Covent Garden at the “Piazza,” I found Joe “got up for the play,” regardless of expense. He had a long-waisted light-brown coat, with a buff waistcoat, and gilt buttons ornamented by a fox’s head, *the* inimitable web of cambric carefully folded, and, if I remember rightly, drab continuations, with a row of buttons at the bottom, the black pair being long since moth-eaten and useless. No style could be more thoroughly gentlemanlike or countrified, or in better taste for a *morning*. The waistcoat floored him, as will be seen in the sequel, it having, besides the foxes’ heads, flaps, and being quite as long as some fellows’ night-shirts.

We dined on the quiet, and then set off to our stalls, for which we had tickets; Joe assuming an air of ineffable satisfaction with his rig, as I thought, though he quizzed me openly for my

sober entire black suit, saying, "I might pass for a Methodist parson, but for nothing *human*."

However, we at length got to the first barrier, after fighting our way inch by inch, during which "passage of *arms*" Joe contrived to squeeze the starch and "set" out of several swells who essayed a shove with him; when a pale-faced, supercilious personage took my ticket, and instantly, after passing me, lowered the barrier in my companion's face, saying, after a rapid survey of his toggery, "Beg pardon, sir, but dress don't admit you."

"Not admit me!" shouted the Duke; "what the devil do you mean, you scoundrel? I shall take the 'post and rail' at a rush, if you don't stand clear. Look out, Madam, for, by G—d, I'm coming!"

And a pretty "diversion" he would have caused amongst the *bouquets* and patent leather on the off-side had he landed amongst them: but another fellow hove up, and assured his Grace that it was *impossible*; apologizing so blandly, and giving the sign for half a score of the A division to close up, that, after cursing them all for a crew of vile snobs and French barbers, he shouted to me to "cram on," as he was rather pleased than otherwise that it was so; preferring infinitely to blow a cloud with his friend Tom Spring at the

“Castle” in Holborn, where I should find him after the “foreign caterwauling” was over.

This was true enough, for at the “Castle” I found him seated between Caunt and Bendigo, trying all in his power to get up a fight between them; offering to go a hundred of the latter’s battle money to induce Caunt to stand another drubbing. Joe was a great patron of Bendy’s by reason of hailing from the same neighbourhood; and a very few years previous to this era in his life, would have had a “cut in” at the “big ’un,” for love and a bellyful himself, quite as soon as not.

Joe Whitaker, though far from being a turfman, was, nevertheless, dearly fond of a race, and generally backed his fancy for the Derby or Leger for a cool hundred or so, but seldom or ever exceeded that amount. And, could he but win sufficient to purchase a hunter, stand treat at the Trafalgar at Greenwich, or Star at Richmond, and pay “ex.’s” liberally in town and home again, he was amply content with his luck.

His house at Ramsdale was as comfortable, well-furnished a mansion as ever man put foot in; nor was it possible to meet with more undeviating kindness in look, as well as in act, than every inmate and guest experienced at the hands of the lady of the house, Mrs. Whitaker, — a lady in

every respect worthy to be mated with the stalwart Duke of Limbs, but now, alas! no more. But, not to lie rusting in some dismal nook—like the disjointed-utterly-useless moiety of a pair of shears, was formed his Grace of Limbs! and joyfully do we avail ourselves of the opportunity accorded through the correction of our “proof”—for offering our sincere congratulation to him on his again winning the greatest prize in life—viz. a good wife!

It would be superfluous to state, saving for the information of the “respectable aggregates” of society, whose seat may not be adapted to the paces of Big Tom, or even the Blue-eyed Maid, that my portraiture of the eccentricities of character, is given as painters favour us with light and shade, and that I could run into many sheets of paper with accounts of Joe Whitaker’s charity to an extensive neighbourhood—his universal popularity, by reason of his unspotted reputation—did I but feel the inclination.

But I have a motive in giving an impression from a type of Englishmen, who, I hope, from their manly, sound-hearted attributes will flourish intact amongst us; and, as I premised at starting, leave to the discerning reader the task of sifting the moral to be deduced, possibly from an unvarnished *tableau vivant* of familiar life.

As for my characters, and any charge of lugging them before the public, should such be made, I can only point to yon dense, bawling, reporter-appropriated mass surrounding the betting post on the hill; amongst whom every one alluded to in these sketches is to be found on occasion, and thereby exonerate myself with the justly sensitive and closeted lictor, from being guilty of adding to their publicity.

Did I believe, indeed, for an instant, that any capriole of *my* pen would cause the slightest shade of annoyance, rather than a gleam of amusement to the many esteemed friends I have taken the liberty to name and sketch as denizens of our Bye-lanes, I should regret it from my heart! On the contrary, intending no offence and some good, I shall strive to make the winnowed character into something like an intelligible face to my sporting barometer, and, with health and long life to the Duke of Limbs! clip the end of my forest spun yarn.

CHAPTER V.

Our Ride to Newmarket, by Ely and Mildenhall.—The Heath.—The “White Hart.”—Appearance of Newmarket.—The Merry Monarch.—Old Crocky.—His Mansion—and “Cut.”—“Throwing out.”—“Orlando’s” Year.—The Partial Settling.

STILL keeping the Bye-lanes, whenever a turnpike could be possibly avoided, and drawing rein at the “Old Yew-tree,” “The Green Man,” and other rustic hostels, according to our fancy, where large loose boxes of sweet wheaten straw, white-dimity-curtained beds, and rosy rashers generally awaited us, we crossed, after leaving Nottingham Forest, over a portion of the counties of Leicester, Northampton, and Cambridge, till we arrived at the ancient city of Ely; having made a slight *détour* for the purpose of viewing the cathedral and fenny district, preferring it to the university line, by reason of its greater novelty.

From Ely we diverged again to Mildenhall; being neither pressed for time, nor amenable to aught but the dictates of our own whim. Hence we rode by which route we fancied most, and baited when and where we pleased.

Here, in the paddocks of Sir Henry Bunbury, Smolensko was foaled and bred. A racer of the old school; and, probably, more esteemed in those days than he would be at the present time.

At length "the Heath" appeared before us in all its health-inspiring, expansive reaches of gentle rise and fall, and quickly revived the slightly way-worn courage of both man and horse by its freshening breath and foot-soothing verdure.

It being the hour of afternoon exercise, we encountered numberless teams of high-bred cattle walking, in their gay clothing, on various parts of the Downs, as we headed across them to the town.

The many hollows of the Heath were in shade, whilst the western sweeps of coursing-ground, unequalled in Great Britain, lay basking in sunshine and brilliancy. Old Joe Rogers was jolting after his lot, in a gig with springs repaired with rope-yarn, and volunteered to point out his Derby winner, rather *too* amiably to induce us to back him. Young John Day—as well-behaved and accomplished a Jock, to our notions at that period, as was ever lifted into pig-skin—was riding old St. Lawrence as a hack; the grand old horse being unusually docile and kindly.

But, as we purposed surveying the Heath at leisure, with the dew on it, and then taking a squint at the nags, we made our way, without further

stoppage, to the White Hart, in Newmarket; where the smiles of Mrs. Bottom, a snug apartment, a *nice* bit of dinner, and a change of clothing, renovated us so completely, that, after a stroll through the town, and chat in the bar with our handsome hostess, midnight found us by far less fatigued and disposed for bed, after our long ride, than when we got into the saddle in the morning.

Refreshed and gay, we sprang from our lairs with the sun, mounted our hacks—equally renewed and blooming with ourselves, and again made for the Heath, whereon we anticipated getting a sight of the great northern trainer's lot, which had arrived the preceding day; as well as a view of Dilly's, Stephenson's, Kent's, Old Forth's, John Day's, and other trainers' teams. Nor were we disappointed; for, before we returned to breakfast on Newmarket sausages and water-cresses, we saw several hundreds of race-horses out, of all ages, including the favourites for the "Two Thousand," and "Derby;" both of whom were, of course, the "observed of all observers."

The town had filled rapidly during the last twelve hours, and had now more the appearance of being a slice from the West End than the tranquil, thoroughly countrified place it was four-and-twenty hours ago.

Newmarket is composed of one main street, and

in the "First Spring"—has an air of freshness and cultivated rusticity about its features peculiarly its own. The few large mansions built by gentlemen and noblemen for racing residences, have in no way impaired this simplicity, being, with the exception of Old Crocky's draft from St. James's Street, mostly walled round, and arranged in quiet taste; whilst the many quaint houses of entertainment for "man and horse," small, old-fashioned, excessively clean and full of comforts, serve to "illustrate" the country town by their motley signs and thronged yards and doorways.

The "White Hart," kept by Bottom, is the head inn, and on most race-meetings is crowded by the multifarious votaries of the turf. On these occasions everything is in high order. Stables, hacks, dinners, beds, servants, are all personally attended to by the clever host and hostess, in their several departments, so as to leave little solace to the habitual grumbler.

There are an infinity of lodgings, at all prices, all equally clean and homely, to which numbers resort by choice; though the prices of many are exorbitant in the extreme, and highly detrimental, I should imagine, to the true interests of the place.

In addition to the "White Hart" there is the "Rutland Arms," also, I believe, an extremely well-conducted hotel; though, for the many good

things I have enumerated at the "Hart," I can speak practically; of the other, only by hearsay.

The merry monarch, Charles the Second, had a house built expressly for himself during the races at Newmarket; an example, as I have before stated, followed by many of our nobility.

Old Crocky, the "father of hell and hazard,"—ye fiends! what a title! yet truly his own by infernal right,—built a splendid den in the main street, where many an orgie worthy of the Pandemonium—to which it was a "shooting-box"—has transpired over his gold-absorbing board; and many a scion of a noble house has flirted with the elephant's tooth. The country is *so dull*, and a race over, what *could* they do but set Old Crocky at a "bit of chicken?" and *he*, good worthy man! how could he better entertain his youthful friends than by indulging them in their *attempts* to fleece him.

Rolling in a melodiously hung chariot, and assisted up a flight of steps, which led to a mansion as large as Apsley House, by one or more of his powdered lacqueys, the old *ci-devant* fishmonger, and the aristocratic hell-keeper, entered his gorgeous *Web* as we passed, from our gallop on the Downs.

We well remember the old gentleman, as we will endeavour to show by a draft upon memory.

His cheeks appeared whitened and flabby through constant night-work. His hands were entirely *without knuckles*, soft as raw veal, and as white as paper, whilst his large, flexible mouth, was stuffed with "dead men's bones,"—his teeth being all false, and visibly socketed with his darling metal, as was foully developed when indulging himself with a hideous laugh with his friend Gully, or other "congenial," over the delicious flavour or odour of some little "plant," or lucky *coup*.

On a settling-day, old Crocky sat him down at the seat of custom, and generally had some thousands of Bank of England notes pinned to the table before him by the dainty, flexible fingers we have noticed; having the heavy figures secured by the thumb; the fifties, twenties, and tens, under his three longer "prongs," and a sheaf of "fivers" under the guardianship of his little finger.

I mind me, on *first* entering a betting-room on the settling-day, to have looked on with a feeling of disgust, and *want of faith*, as I beheld this old man possessed of thousands upon thousands of pounds sterling, who fed upon "fat venison," sipped "*lachrymæ Christi*," was swathed in fine linen, and rolled in a chariot padded with down and silks.

But, the day before I had parted from a *scholar*, a generous, high-minded man, to whom one of

these little "fivers" would have been as a healing-balm and temporary salvation, and I became a sceptic for the moment.

Old Crocky loved to coax the tyro with an offer of a "thousand pounds" to some *ten* of the youth's pocket money, against his naming the winner of the three great events, viz., "Derby," "Oaks," and "Leger;" he would paddle his way into the ring, with a fin turned behind him, spreading out his death-like fingers, and working his flabby jaws, suffused in well-assured security and consummate coolness, which had been acquired through half a century's practice. Many a hundred, ay, a thousand, he picked up in this way, leaving the simple *taker* of the odds to gloat over the four grand figures *on paper*, thus: $10/1000$; whilst the astute layer invariably pocketed the "reality."

They served him out with a Ratan at last, and sent him to his final settling, killed by nothing more or less than sheer anxiety—corroding, gnawing, incurable anxiety!

It is an old tale, and too well known to bear more repetition than may be necessary to inform the modern reader, that the horse, Ratan, a splendid animal in all respects, a tried and *proved* racer, with temper, form, and every essential for success, was "made safe" the very evening before the "Derby." We ourselves *saw* him grinding his last

supper previous to the race, with a skin like satin, and muscles of iron. We saw the jockey, Sam Rogers, locked up with him, his bed being made up in the adjoining stall; and we saw Ratan hardly more than twelve hours afterwards, unable to make a gallop, with his coat blue and shivery, and standing in fright, and finally beaten by wretches he could have distanced, had not villany marked him for her own.

Then the old dicer's hours were numbered! he could not "stand the torturing hazard of *such* a die;" he withered away, without exaggeration, quite perceptibly, and fell a martyr to that "black-leggism" of which he so long had been recognised as the honoured and patriarchal chief.

This affair made some *slight* sensation. The Jockey Club interfered; held a court, in fact; and reprimanded two or three "gentlemen of the ring," *begging* them to be more "guarded" for the future.

• The jockey, and an accomplice or two, were formally banished from all courses in her Majesty's dominions, but have since been graciously pardoned, and allowed to practise in full swing again. However, Old Crocky "threw out." Running-Rein came in first, but succumbed eventually to Orlando, the second horse, by decision of a jury, who pronounced the former over-age, from the

evidence produced. The judge—a Yorkshireman—clenched the thing by ordering the horse in litigation to be brought into court, requiring neither Field, nor any one, to tell *him* his age. After putting his classic finger in his mouth, and barely looking into it, he winked at Sergeant Wild, and said, “He would lay three to one he named the winner!” Up to this moment, the odds were upon Running-Rein. This was a droll Derby. Old Forth’s “Pot,”—a terrific caldron!—boiled over, and scalded the whole stable! The German nag, that ran in the names of Mynheer, Lychwaldt, and of any age you pleased, *over four*, broke his leg in the race, and was buried at Ashted on the sly. But, a jolly gang of revellers, who were celebrating the “Oaks” victory, at John Scott’s, at Leatherhead, headed by poor little Charley Robinson, resolved upon looking into the dead horse’s mouth, and disinterred him for the purpose. But, when they came to the stiffened corpse of the veteran, lo! and behold, his lower-jaw was gone! Old Forth being rather too wide awake to leave even this remote chance of the damning evidence of his age to be brought against him.

A pretty nest of robbers was dispersed on this occasion! every wire in the atrocious plot broke, and cut their fingers to the bone. Yet, after all, the whole blame and indignation was showered

upon the foreigner, even his very trainer abusing him, in his *subdued, respectable* way, for having so “grossly *deceived him!*” and the ball went merrily round as usual!

The most cruel and unfair proceeding, in reference to this Derby, was the partial settling that was ordered by the omnipotent Jockey Club, prior to the result being known whether Orlando or Running-Rein would get the stakes. Many members of the ring *drew* heavily on the first settling; and on the second muster were not to be found, by reason of the verdict not suiting them. That this might occur was evident to a child from the very first, and might as easily have been prevented. But, because a “little ready” was indispensable to a few of the party in power—bills *will* become due!—the edict went forth to settle partially; just as an act was passed, in defiance of all precedent, that old Crocky’s “dead-reckoning” should be recognised because there was a balance in their favour.

CHAPTER VI.

The Arrivals at Newmarket.—Lord Miltown.—Colonel Anson.—The commencement of “Business.”—My introduction to Mr. O’Fay.—Turf Illustrations.—Lord George Bentinck.—The Marquis of Exeter.—The Earl of Eglinton.—The Professionals.—The Milesian Swell.—Mr. Harry Unwell.—The flash Bet.—The “Dollar.”—What’s in a Name?—Heraldic blazon.—The Break-up of the Ring.

IT was the evening previous to the “Two Thousand.” The main street in Newmarket was alive with lounging turfites, “touts,” lords, squires, and jockeys. All had dined; and, being as yet *unhit*, were in high good-humour.

It was the first great muster of the season, and the meeting of all others that might possibly give a clue to the mysteries of the approaching “Derby;” consequently, a vast number of men who did not attend the “Craven,” contrived to make their appearance on this interesting occasion, and were now in full force from all parts of the three kingdoms.

Vehicles of all descriptions were pouring into the yard of the “White Hart,” filled with country

speculators, London legs, City traders, flash West-enders, itinerant hellites, a stray jock — whip in hand—and every other human ingredient of the turf, who had managed to join giblets at Chesterford, Cambridge, or Bury St. Edmunds, and make up a freight for the heath.

The old questions, of “ Well, what’s the betting ? —Who’s to win ?—Has Meteor broken down ? ” with hurried salutations to acquaintance crowding round the “ arrivals,” were showered on all alike ; and, in most instances, were answered according to the *wishes* of the respondent. There were no public betting-rooms at the period we allude to, at Newmarket ;—the Ring being formed in the centre of the street, and, in wet weather, adjourned under partial shelter of a cheerless kind of half-open arcade, where Lord Miltown, if not seated in the old shabby black-and-yellow shandry, generally shook his shaggy whiskers through the grating at the passing throng outside.

His Lordship, from the waist upwards, was a very handsome man ; but below, he fell off sadly from his fair proportions, being formed, or mis-formed, like our friend Punch, about the legs and thighs, and quite unable to shuffle, even across the room, without assistance.

His servants, two brawny Irish fellows, usually carried him out of his seedy britska, and set him

down to play hazard, bet, eat, squint at the ballet, and other sedentary occupations, as if they were carrying a sick baby.

And a nice baby was he ! I have seen him break the bank at a hell, and “ bonnet ” a four-legged Patlander into a favourite in “ quarter-less-no-time ; ” *malgré* the loss of his lower limbs, I said nothing about any deficiency in leggism.

On mounting, or rather on having surmounted the long flight of stairs of the Royal Hotel at Chester, on one occasion, his hairy Lordship slipped and rolled to the bottom like a ball of worsted, and was with difficulty stopped at the doorway from bouncing across the street. Lord Miltown was a very staunch patron of the turf, especially of the Curragh sod ; and, at different times, was the possessor of several fairish horses, though, I believe, he seldom, if ever, owned anything really “ first-rate.” For a very short time, he managed to get into Scott’s stable—no doubt for the advantages accruing from a peep behind the scenes : he was as quickly *out* again ! from having reported—*rather* unparliamentarily—that the favourite of the stable “ coughed,” he being, as a matter of course, dead against him. A *scene* ensued on this unstable-like episode transpiring, between the Milesian peer and Colonel Anson ; the latter of whom was the very last person safe or pleasant to trifle with, and a

man far too resolute and *au fait* at the game in which he was a partner, to suffer the noble tout to train in his company for the future. The Colonel—at that time a very distinguished, gentleman-like-looking man, just on the wane—had long enjoyed an uninterrupted run of good-luck on the turf, having possessed the winners of most of our great races; training on Langton Wold, with John Scott, and being deficient to none in acuteness and stable accomplishments.

In the morning of the race for the “Guineas,” the Heath was crowded by spectators on foot and horse-back, anxious to get a last glimpse of the animals so shortly to contend for them. After breakfast, the Ring was formed in earnest, in whose dense folds I beheld my friend Dallas encircled, book in hand, and hard at work. But prior to his commencing “business,” he was good enough to introduce me to a friend of his, named O’Fay, an extremely neat fellow, dressed in a sober suit of the best cut, saying, as he brought us together, “O’Fay! this is my friend from the East Riding, an amateur collector of character, and no turf-man; if you can spare him half-an-hour, pray point out the lions and curiosities like a good fellow.”

“O’Fay knows every one,” continued Dallas to me, “from Nat the jockey to the Duke of Beaufort; and is the very man to assist you in making

your collection. We dine at Gully's to-morrow, mind ; that gentleman having kindly sent you an invitation," concluded my friend, as he left me, bent on far more serious matters.

Left with O'Fay, I soon got to know most of the striking personages who crowded the street and causeway, by sight ; my pleasant tutor replying to all my interrogatories with perfect readiness and the most racy vocabulary imaginable. I could not have had a more accomplished cicerone, and shall endeavour to give his amusing instructive chat, with as little mutilation as possible.

The first personage who *commanded* notice was a tall, high-bred man, about middle age, of the true Anglo-Saxon tint and countenance, dressed in a loose maroon double-breasted coat, with club buttons ; a large cream-coloured muslin cravat, and leather (buckskin) trousers, who seemed to still the Ring when the quiet, rather womanish tones of his voice were heard, offering some mighty sum against a horse in the Derby. He had the genuine cut of an English gentleman—so countrified, yet refined—so quiet, yet determined in his air.

"I see whom you are looking at," said O'Fay, before I had well inquired the name of the person I was regarding. "That is Lord George Bentinck—a lion of the turf, and a very dangerous customer ! He is a profound calculator ; an excellent judge of a horse,—spares no expense in

training, vanning, and in keeping up his stud from the best blood, and will some fine morning give the Ring such a shaking as will make it tremble, or fly in pieces."

"He goes for the *great coups*; and with an innate love of sporting, and proficiency in wood or turf-craft, brings the acuteness of a superior mind, and consummate coolness, to his aid in carrying out his racing schemes."

"If looks are any index to these qualifications," replied I, "his Lordship seems all you say."

"Yes, and though he does not despise any man's information—reserving to himself the option of making use of it, together with the other rough-handled tools he finds at times essential to enable him to get at 'what is doing,' Lord George has never been known to suffer any familiarity at the hands of any of the low squad. He would stand himself in his own apartment for half a day, sooner than permit a fellow like Hill to be seated in his presence, which is more than some of the 'order' can boast."

"We some of us think he only races till an opportunity occurs of flying at higher game," continued O'Fay, "and that he will retire as hastily as he suddenly burst on the Turf."—A prophecy fulfilled to the letter, his Lordship having disposed of his stud *at a word*!

"The lot, Payne," said he, at Goodwood, "from

old Bay Middleton to Little Kitchener" (his 'feather-weight') "for ten thousand? Yes, or no?"

"I will give 300%. till breakfast-time to-morrow to consider the matter, Bentineck," replied Mr. George Payne,—a fine, manly, elegant fellow, of the patrician corner of the Ring. "Give me till then, and I will say yes or no."

"With pleasure, my good fellow," acquiesced his Lordship, not giving it a second thought, till reminded of the circumstance by Payne handing him three hundred pounds over his muffin, refusing the offer as nonchalantly as it was made, and returning to his 'Standard' without further comment. Then, Mr. Mostyn, seeing the negotiation concluded, said very quietly, from the lower end of the table, taking an eye for an instant from his letters—

"*I'll* take the lot, Bentineck, at ten thousand; and will give you a cheque before you go to the course."

"If you please," replied Lord George, and the bargain was completed!

How long it would have taken a brace of Frenchmen, or any other foreigners, to settle such an affair, I refrain to guess.

Proceeding with our scrutiny, I inquired who the quiet, high-bred, particularly mild-looking

man was, then in conversation with Lord George?

“That is Lord Exeter,” replied my companion, “the most honourable, gentlemanlike, *excellent* fellow on the Turf! He seems like a Dean, or young Bishop, *in mufti*; but he dearly loves a race for all its nobler, good-dispensing attributes—to which the sport under such auspices may safely lay claim. He is singularly unfortunate, nevertheless, seldom having won a great race with all his vast team, and constant struggle to get in front. But he is a worthy and honoured member of the Turf. The other man close to him—the taller one, talking to Lord Chesterfield—you, of course, know *him* by sight—every one does—is Lord Eglinton; also another most straightforward, unimpeachable, *bonâ fide* gentleman. He trains privately with Fobert, a civil, extremely well-behaved man, who resides at his Lordship’s own stables on Middleham-Moor, and against whose character not a syllable has ever been uttered.

“Lord Eglinton runs steadily to win; making any accident in his stable instantly manifest under his own hand, to secure the public from robbery, and, at some very early day, will get his reward by winning *all* the first races of the year!”*

* A prediction it rejoices us indeed to see so amply fulfilled.

“This will do from the ‘Red Book,’ said I, *considerately*; for it would be somewhat difficult to proceed in the same vein *much* further! “Let us take a look at the professionals—the betting, and not the racing men.”

“To commence with,—Do you see the man in the ringlets, with the brogue, and cut-and-thrust looks, with his arms a-kimbo, and laughing with *George Payne*?”

“The flash, reared up fellow, in the light blue pantaloons and huge web of satin round his neck! He is a lion evidently; but, his name! his name!”

“Ah! that is Johnny O’Bluster,” replied O’Fay; “a Milesian swell, not very long imported, and no fool, believe me! He is wide awake,—a handsome fellow, consumedly impudent, a complete Unknown—save by the scandalous jade, Whisper—and lords it over the Legs and Carnivoræ with an air not to be gainsaid. His talent is not confined to the Ring by any means; he excels in most accomplishments at home and abroad.”

“And the man laying six thousand to one—‘a hedging bet’—against Meteor? he does not *look* like six hundred—the bull-necked, cackling fellow, scratching his head, and booking the bet with the fierce-looking personage with the tuft and gold-headed cane. He seems a rough customer, and innocent of all parochial interference on the score

of tuition, I should imagine, from his air and appearance ; what of him ? ”

“ That is Mr. Harry Unwell ; a racing-star of the first magnitude, notwithstanding he was, ere-while, an under ‘ boots ’ at an hotel in Manchester, and made his way up to town on foot, carrying his furniture—then but a small table, a thimble, and a few peas on his person,” replied my racy friend.

“ The bet he is taking is a flash one, he being in the hopes of sending the horse back in the betting thereby, when both he and the taker of his odds will back him, through their Commissioner,—Lord M——, I believe, being appointed—for themselves and party. Meteor is a wretched cripple—as it is put about—being, in fact, anything but a first-rate animal ; yet the lot he has to run against is worse, making it a ‘ good thing,’ I hear. Bill is to warm him up by a brisk mile spin before he starts, and says himself he will pull through. I never knew Bill Scott tell a friend an untruth ; when he had the right to give him information.”

“ But, in the name of Mercury ! who *is* the man with the nasal accent—the fed-up, large-nosed, swollen-eyed fellow, between forty and fifty, enamelled so profusely ; whom I heard you call the ‘ Dollar,’ or ‘ Dollar Scott,’ just now—if I heard aright—and see at this moment speaking to the old fellow leaning on his crutch ? ”

“ Oh ! he’s a flash Nazarene, who has hitherto paid, and hangs out in ‘chambers,’ dining about midnight at Limmer’s; being duly accredited at the ‘Corner,’ and accounting for the astounding fact by saying, himself, that if the common hang-man were in the ring, and squared up—especially if he laid or took a point more or less than the current odds—he would, with a Nicoll’s paletot, and dark-rimmed glass stuck in his eye, pass muster with either Greville or Leatherlungs.”

“ But, is his name Scott ? ” I inquired again. “ The cut of his nostril, and West-end twang of the Holy City, joined to this thorough-going English or Scottish name, would seem an evident discrepancy.”

“ My good fellow ! ” implored O’Fay, “ what’s in a name ? Even a Scott, by any other, might smell as sweet ! ‘ The Dollar ’ took a simple, unassuming address, on starting as a Turfite, preferring it to that of Blumenthall—the name of his worthy brother, who keeps the small money-stall next the Vaudeville, in Paris, where the two *frères* often discuss a congenial mess of sour-cROUT, and, literally, ‘ compare notes ; ’ or to the paternal one of Henriquez, the European patronymic, under which his sire dispensed old-clothes at Hamburgh, like a dear, clever old Israelite, as he was.”

“ You astonish me ! and I can scarcely believe

it—abominable as it would be to disturb your exquisite morsel of turf biography,” retorted I. “Yet I saw a ‘martlet on a baron’s casque,’ engraved on his razors and boot-hooks, displayed so that I could not avoid it, with a few hundreds of *toiletterie*, on his table at Bottom’s, I can swear.”

“There is no need to put you on your oath, my friend,” concluded my gay instructor; “the ‘Dollar,’ knows how these things take with ‘new men,’ and ‘old muffs.’ Besides, his cognisance is in proof of his secession from the old nest of Nebat—a younger branch of the modern family of Jeroboam—who sported the old ‘Vulture of Bethel’ on their insignia.”

“But, take him all in all, the ‘Dollar’ is a good fellow of the sort, though of a d——d bad sort!” soliloquised O’Fay, continuing his amusing chat by informing me, that when Johnny O’Bluster pitched into his friend Scott, they impaneled a special jury of brawny butchers and bakers to adjudicate upon the amount of damages; who set the ‘Dollar’s’ licking at an odd hundred; any one of the twelve being glad to have the same treatment for an equal recompense.

“This grieved poor Scott more than the milling. Johnny was in funds, and booked by the former for at least a thousand. He appeared arm-in-arm

with a *bonâ fide* swell, a real lord, to 'beseem of the set, paying for 'white bait' for the half-hour's hire of the noble countenance and seasonable supply of 'ground-bait.' But all would not do! the jury got a glimpse of the nostril and enamel (it is equally surprising and disgusting how clever these vulgar dogs are at discovering counterfeit coin and gentlemen!) and set him at 'a hundred' —a new rig—the lord on his arm, and 'all in,' and not a farthing more."

"Why do they call him 'The Dollar?'" inquired I, once more; "it is an odd Christian name, at all events, if for such it is intended."

"Not in the least," replied O'Fay: "they say he undertook to make a heavy lot of dollars for the American market, and rather overstocked it; that is all; hence the *sobriquet*. But come! let us select another, we have had enough of him."

But now such an irruption of yells and shouts burst from the ring, that entirely put an end to our first lesson. Every one talked at once,—but one voice, having the least preponderance over the mighty din, as it roared out, "I can lay against E-rin-go!"

"What against the Crack?"

"I'll lay five to one,—bar one!"

"What against Attila, for the Derby?"—with

offers innumerable to lay and take the odds, were screamed forth in hopes of obtaining notice.

The sun blazed, cigars reeked, the ring waved like a sea, or rather, eddyed like a human Maëlstrom, for another short, infuriated period, when "the people" one and all dispersed, scrambled on their hacks, and galloped to the Heath, but to renew the din round "the Post."

Just before the final break-up, the hubbub became agonised and intense; and when Meteor appeared leading, though lifted every stride, and most scientifically punished by Black Bill, the din of opinion would have terrified a congress of fiends.

The instant he had won, saving an involuntary bay of delight by the winners, the storm lulled as rapidly as the sea falls in the Baltic after a gale; the herculean-lunged gentleman recommencing the game by offering to "lay against the Johanna colt for the Darby!" this animal being one of Scott's outsiders,—a wretched brute, at this time entrusted to an aristocratic "bonnet"* to bring into the betting.

* The term "bonnet," in the parlance of the Ring, applies to a party appointed to "bolster-up" a horse's pretensions, so as to force him into favour. Whence derived, the writer knoweth not.

CHAPTER VII.

Manly British Sports!—The Prize Fight.—Its Infamy and Imposture.—A Dinner at Gully's.—A Sketch of our Host.—The “Assassin” and company.

THE day after the “Two Thousand Guineas” had been decided, we took a seat with three or four English gentlemen! in a “trap,” to view the “noble British pastime of a prize-fight,”—the first and last, on our honour, that we ever assisted at!—a fellow of the name of Bungaree, or some such atrocious *alias* of the ring and slang, having covenanted to fight one Johnny Broom for the sum specified; the fight to come off near Mildenhall, in a twenty-four foot arena, as per articles agreed upon, signed, sealed, and duly delivered.

The town of Newmarket, containing then half the British peerage, was infested by hordes of scoundrels of the most daring, villanous looks and characters, and for twenty-four hours was entirely at their mercy.

There was a little business transacted on this

affair, and, of course, a ring was formed to bet on the fight.

Once, on my asking a betting-man if he thought Tawell the murderer would be executed, so many having been reprieved, I was answered by the question, "Would I back the field?" the worthy saying, he had made a little book on a few "hanging matches," having put a London murder, a Liverpool condemned-cell, a York affair, and the "Old Quaker" into a "sweep," and was not quite "round!" This will show any uninitiated reader, that the sporting world misses no opportunity of doing business; and that a "man-fight!" is a perfectly legitimate reason for opening the Bourse.

The ring broke up: away we went through more of our bye-lanes into the heart of Suffolk, halting at length at a gate guarded by ruffians armed with bludgeons, who made all pay an entrance-fee; and, finally, taking our seat in the inner ring,—or place of honour!—we waited in a thrill of excitement, blended with a sense of shame and personal insecurity, the commencement of the "noble British sport."

- It was, in truth, a degrading, beastly sight! a cowardly, skulking, dodging display throughout; a mere pretence for collecting a crowd for the sake of plunder, without a single manly—if savage—feature in the revolting affair. There was

nought of the gladiator, the game-cock, or even of the bold front of men pitted in a stand-up fight, that I had been accustomed to believe the essential of the Prize Ring. Bah! it was altogether a ruffianly libel upon true manhood, and an organized arrangement for getting money.

Gentlemen were robbed of their money, watches, and jewellery,—the more fools they for bearing such about them on such an occasion,—whilst the blasphemous uproar of the reeking mob accompanied the robbers in fit and hellish chorus. They “drew” old Udny of a good stake, and Ginger Stubbs of his pin; a “genteel” little boy, under ten years of age, with a “becoming” cap and long hair, being tossed about, and appearing as a “lost child,” having relieved the latter as he considerably, and with quite paternal kindness, lifted him into a place of safety!

Old Gully,—near whom I contrived to get, for the sake of his protecting countenance,—discreetly and effectually,—a game and good man of the old school, and for whom some excuse is to be made by reason of the prevailing taste of his time, vicious and mistaken as it was,—assured me that he once fought, ay, and beat a man who could have destroyed as many wretches like the two contending fellows before us as could have stood between the ring and Newmarket, a space of

nearly seven miles. And I believed him! I could have beaten the pair myself! His (Gully's) antagonist was Pearce, "the Game Chicken," as he was called, the toughest customer he ever had to accommodate.

But in this villanous fight, to which the turfites sojourning at Newmarket went as a matter of course, gentle and simple,—if the latter genus abided in the place,—all was for the sheer harvest of spoil, under the guise of love for "British sporting," "antipathy to the knife," and other spurious nostrums of blacklegism and infamy.

Cured of all sympathy for prize-fighting,—if such a reprehensible taste was ever to be placed to my discredit, having, as I may assert in self-refutation, mainly witnessed this affair from the philosophical desire to see everything once,—we returned to Newmarket, and dined very appropriately with Mr. Gully in the evening, by invitation through my friend Dallas.

Mr. Gully had permanent lodgings at Newmarket, well and tastily furnished, and dispensed his hospitality to his friends with no sparing hand. An excellent cook, claret from Griffiths, *ad libitum*, with an entertaining, gentlemanlike host, left little to be desired at the dinner awaiting us on our return from the fight.

Mr. Gully is justly esteemed, having raised

himself from the lowest paths of life, to the position, not merely of wealth,—for to the ways of getting money I am not making allusion, and am by no means competent to do so, never having had the felicity of being a winner myself!—but to that position of intimacy amongst gentlemen, on or off the Turf, but still gentlemen in taste, which nought but the undeviating good-manners, and entertaining, unpresuming deportment of Gully, could for a moment, or rather for any length of time beyond a moment, suffer them to tolerate.

No man ever possessed these qualifications, gained through innate acuteness, great common sense, and a plastic disposition to observe and benefit by the chance rencontres with the courtly patrons of his day to a greater degree, taking the early disadvantages he had to contend with into consideration, than John Gully. Nor could a man be more above pretence, or less shy at any allusions to his early and not very polished career than himself.

When I dined with him at Newmarket, as well as upon subsequent occasions, I was most gratified by this manly openness, and lack of all sensitive false shame on any casual appeal being made to the bygone. He, on the contrary, entered freely into many entertaining portions of his history; answered all my questions *con amore*, and with

perfect good nature, as to the mode of training, hitting so as not to injure the hand, wrestling, and other *minutiæ* of the ring ; passing the claret, and slicing the pine as if foaled at Knowsley or Brethby. He had a quiet, sly way of joking on any turf affair, on which, bear in mind, he was as *au fait* as Zamiel, making a book on the Darby !

At the dinner on the occasion alluded to we had a snug and racy party. Pedley, the owner of "Cossack," the winner of a "Derby," a Yorkshireman, and *no somnambulist*, faced our host. Ginger Stubbs, a most amusing *vade mecum* of town life, turf life, and of everything "going," sat on my right. Tom Cromelyn, a nice-looking, yet prematurely grey denizen of the turf and St. John's Wood, on my left ; whilst Bill Scott, the winning Jock of the week, and then in excellent twig, with the "Assassin," sat *en face*. I fancy Lord Edward Russel, and some other outsider, whose name I have forgotten, made up the party.

The turbot came from Billingsgate by express, and the haunch from Gully's own park ; Moët purveyed the champagne, and Majoribanks the port ; and, as I have before said, Griffiths the Lafitte. We had no skulking host, be assured ; but the most entertaining and liberal one alike. The "Assassin" was his butt, though his shafts were shot in the best taste.

This worthy—all hail to him!—had been long dubbed the “Assassin,” from a feat he performed at Cambridge when intended for holy orders. It seems he found a strange, heavy bull-dog in his bed-room, by some unaccountable sympathy on the part of the animal for varmint quarters, on his return from a badger bait, or flying visit to old Sam Chifney’s. But, on the brute’s proving unsociable, in fact, disposed for fight rather than exit, the “gown” attacked the intruder manfully with a boot-jack, stunned him, and then, with a fiendish *nonchalance*, held him with one hand out of the window, drew a razor across his throat with the other, and quietly dropping him below, remarked to Billy Newcombe, who stood by, in horror, that he thought he had “napped” it. The thing was far too good to “keep;” hence the *sobriquet* of the “Assassin.”

By the connivance of his tailor, Smith, the “Bravo of the Cam,” attained the appearance of a stud-groom got up for chapel or “the carpet;” being rigged in a waistcoat of broad-striped woollen or canvass, with pearl buttons pendent to his knees; a choking, immense, stiff white cravat, folded “Newgate-fashion,” without an atom of collar or whisker; a long-waisted coat, drab trousers, and short gaiters to match. He was the envy of every groom and coachman in

Grosvenor Street, and other mews, near which he occasionally strolled. Once, being seated next to the Bishop of London at his father's table, the "Assassin" thought he must say *something* to his august neighbour of the apron, so he asked him "How long he *really* thought it would take to get Nebuchadnezzar into fair condition after bringing him up from grass? The answer is not recorded.

On another occasion, when he saw the chaplain of Newgate read from a book to Good, the murderer,—to see whom executed the "Assassin" had hired a window, and sat up all night,—he remarked to the "Facer," who was with him, that he supposed they were "comparing," and that Good was "hedging his stake."

At Gully's dinner he sat looking askance, and down his long nose, as if the ghost of the murdered dog were gnawing his very vitals, or sucking the marrow from his bones. He was dead against Attila for the "Derby," (the "Assassin" threw out on this hand,) and Gully, being as lively "on" him, complimented his cloudy guest on his judgment in getting against him in such good time, at long odds, smiling as blandly as Zamiel himself. The horse had just won for a fifth time, in a canter, and eventually won the "Derby" in a trot. A sweeter nag than Attila never looked through a bridle. When extended, he carried his

head remarkably low—*he* was no star-gazer—and sailed along, with poor Bill Scott on him, over Epsom Downs, like a wild Drake skimming over Derwentwater.

However, to our “mutton,” or, rather, our last glass of claret at Gully’s table. Ginger Stubbs worked Tom Cromelyn to his soul’s discontent, his fair Nelly being his theme. He excelled all men I ever met in gentlemanlike table slang, and was always *neat* from an oath to a stirrup-iron.

Pedley, in due course, roared out like old Boreas subdued into a baritone,

“The cats on the house-tops are mewling, love !”

Gully lighted a cigar; Bill Scott a “clay;” the latter remarking, that if Pedley was not audible at Cambridge, it was not for want of bellows, and that he was “a real stunner at a *chaunt*.”

My friend Dallas was a heavy loser on the “Guineas,” and sat silently sipping his claret though far too well-bred a fellow to either complain, or allude to his losses.

As for myself, the impression made upon my memory by the racy society remains yet sufficiently vivid to enable me to take the cast I offer in further illustration of my “Turf Scenes and Characters.”

As a racing-man, Mr. Gully has been singularly fortunate; having won “Derbies,” “Legers,”

Goodwood and Newmarket Stakes, and innumerable other races in all parts of England.

On a late occasion he won both "Derby" and "Oaks;" old Sam Day—as queer a customer as ever flourished whalebone—being the lucky Jock.

I should imagine Gully to have realized a very large fortune on the turf, and, as I have endeavoured to portray, to have acquired the invaluable air and tone of a gentleman in his long career.

As a sportsman, he is equally famed as a man of turf, being a very good heavy weight across a country, as most forward men in the Badsworth and other Yorkshire hunts can testify.

The "First Spring" over, we visited Bath, when Mr. Gully's "Maid of Orleans," a splendid little creature, won the main event. Thence we headed towards the country famed for good cheese, Dallas having written to his sister "not to expect him" till after the approaching meeting at Chester. This old city, and its pleasant gathering, shall have a word or two in our next chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

Death of Lord George Bentinck.—His personal Appearance.—
An Incident or two in his Turf Career.—The Bentinck Fund.
—The Affair with Captain Kerr.—The Political Character of
Lord George.—The Footpath from Welbeck.

THE ink was scarcely dry in which my sketch of Newmarket, and a few of its most prominent frequenters, was penned, when, on taking up a newspaper casually thrown in my way, I was little less than shocked to see the "Death of Lord George Bentinck" announced at the head of the very first page on which I cast my eye.

He, whom but an hour or two ago I had essayed to depict in vigorous manhood, and all the subtle intellect of the accomplished racing-man; whose name, since the manful part he took in political life, has been as familiar to our eyes and ears as our household gods; who but a few hours previously had—in brief relaxation of toil—arrived, as in the "holidays of yore," at his country home, flushed with pleasure at beholding the produce of his darling mare, Crucifix, perform the great feat

of winning both Derby and Ledger in his career, was discovered, stricken by the ruthless hand of the destroyer, on a lonely verdant footpath!

Having had an intimate knowledge of his late lordship's person and manner, in common with most men who took part in a race during his short but brilliant course on the turf,—and having as sincere an admiration for the brave honesty of his political character, his unalloyed purity of intention, and deep attachment for everything rural, sportsmanlike, and *true* in his native land, I cannot refrain from the melancholy satisfaction of recording my mite of testimony in honour of the late lamented Lord George Bentinck's undeviating, straightforward, unimpeachable character in the great sporting arena whereon he played so conspicuous and gallant a part.

I have him vividly before me! and can well recal the impression made upon me by the illustrious turfite when I first cast eye on him some few short years ago at Doncaster; for, having not so much as a "Ruff's Guide" by me, to aid me to my dates,—nor intending any piracy on our calendars,—I take the usual licence with time and space, in contradistinction to the heavy or statistical wielder of the pen, aiming at a sketch at random, and no "return list," in my delineation of turf scenes and characters.

However, when I saw "Lord George"—as he was called, you rarely heard the "Bentinck,"—at the exquisite tryst of sport, of all others—beautiful, glorious Doncaster, previously, or on a subsequent occasion to my introduction at Newmarket,—I really forget, and have little mind to try to remember,—he was then a tall, high-bred man, in the very prime of life, with an air peculiarly his own, so distinguished, yet so essentially of the country, did he seem, even amongst the galaxy of patrician sportsmen with whom he was congregated. He had all the eye and complexion of the pure Saxon, and the indescribable boon of the *air noble* to perfection.

His dress at this time greatly added to the charms of his appearance, to my notion; for, though we are told very justly to despise too great attention to these trifles, I cannot, as an humble artist, look upon them as such, when I believe garb to be in great measure typical of the wearer's sympathies, habits, and tendency to manliness or effeminacy. As a portrait painter, too, I am compelled to be more explicit in these minor matters than the mere essayist or historian, and, of course, run the risk of all dealers in minutiae, as well as being liable to the criticism of the dissentient fopling, and, worse than all, to misconstruction. Conceding all, and more of this—

our reversion *in contingency*, we return to our easel.

Dressed in buckskin breeches—none of your Norway does or West-Riding imitations, but in the hides of his own stags,—with exquisitely made boots of the true orthodox length, and antique colouring in top; a buff waistcoat, and reddish brown double-breasted coat, ornamented by the button of the Jockey Club; a quiet beaver, placed neither at a right angle nor yet a left, but in the *juste milieu* of gentlemanly taste, on a well-formed head of auburn hair, with large whiskers of the same colour; a starting-flag in his hand, and followed by eight-and-twenty race-horses, stepping like a troop of old Franconi's, bearing a tulip-bed aloft—so brilliantly shone the silken jackets of the riders in the sun,—the observed of a hundred thousand eyes, Lord George Bentinck, as steward of the races, undertook to start the immense field for the “Great Yorkshire Handicap,” on a plan of his own special invention.

And, I ask the reader, if the tall handsome man, so yeomanlike and bravely arrayed,—for *he*, too, is of the “order!” noble though he be,—marshalling his squadron of fiery yet subdued steeds to the start, is more or less symbolical of manhood and English tastes; more picturesque and worthy of a place in our National Gallery, than if his limbs

had been cased in the eternal be-satined, be-paletôted, be-tartaned fashion of our day; or if his Anglo-Saxon features had been surmounted by a shining, silken *chapeau*?

However, whether or no, Lord George beseemed a gallant gentleman, and as such comported himself in the performance of his duties as steward of the great race meeting; and I only wish from my heart that Landseer had had the opportunity of painting his portrait and occupation, to have handed to posterity as a type of an English country gentleman of this, our present, and not over prolific age.

His lordship's plan for starting horses on a race was as simple as effectual, and was carried out in this wise. In the first place, it needed a starter whom the jocks, instead of daring to disobey, had, as in their feelings towards Lord George, an enthusiastic desire to please; hence he undertook to illustrate his own mode of securing the horses and public from the ever-occurring disappointment of a false start, and, flag in hand, marched in the van of the quivering phalanx, quite unattended, to the starting-place on the noble course of Doncaster, in full view of the tens of thousands regarding him with admiration from the Grand Stand, and every part of the ground.

Hitherto, the functionary who had performed

the office of starter, after doing his best, or rather his worst, to get the horses in line, simply ordered the jockeys to "go!" as frequently having to recal them by a distant signal, after they had galloped over three parts of the distance—by reason of some obstinate brute—man or horse—refusing to obey the order, and remaining *fresh* for the next essay.

Lord George rectified this very inefficient plan by an *equestrian trigger* of his own invention; viz. the posting a man with a flag directly in view of all the jocks—on whom they were ordered to fix their undivided attention, and to "*go!*" without fail, on pain of a pecuniary fine, on seeing the colour dropped in front.

The main duty rested with the noble chief in getting the horses in line, a manœuvre he accomplished by great patience, and occasionally walking them backwards and forwards, till assured on his own part of their being so, when he, standing on their flank—unseen by horse or rider—suddenly lowered his flag, in signal to the man a-head to do the same; when, if the jockeys were disposed to act at all fairly, or a horse was not especially restive, a false start was next to impossible.

On this occasion—how well I remember it!—the immense field bounded off at the first signal, notwithstanding it was Lord George's first essay,

like a charge of veteran Mamelukes. The countless throng cheered the gallant starter with deafening shouts of delight and admiration; and cheered again! as taking off his hat and bowing in acknowledgment, the handsome fellow mounted his hack and cantered down the course.

Lord Eglinton won with old Pompey, if I remember rightly, immaterial as the result is now.

And Lord George! how nobly he acted immediately after this most pleasing display of talent and good nature, in the affair of the testimonial presented to him by the unanimous vote of gratitude and esteem on the part of the motley community, over whom he exercised such a wholesome sway.

To the reader unacquainted with the particulars of this *single* instance of public expression on the turf, it should be known that his Lordship exerted himself most energetically, and at considerable outlay of money and convenience, in his attempt at putting down the gross and wholesale system of fraud and imposture, which at the time prevailed on it, to even a greater amount than at the present day.

He succeeded to an extent beyond his hopes; and received, as above hinted at, a magnificent testimonial of several thousand pounds sterling, subscribed by the multifarious members of the ring, country gentlemen, and by all, in fact, who

esteemed the ancient and noble pastime equally with the gallant votary doing his devoirs so manfully on its behalf.

I have said that he *received* this sum ; and so he *did*, but only to endow it with a large donation from his own private fortune—although a younger son—and place the whole in the hands of permanent trustees for the aid and maintenance of distressed jockeys, trainers, and their families,—to be denominated for ever, “the Bentineck Fund.”

Private tastes leading to such results as these, one would imagine, should have been held sacred from *taunt*, especially in a congress of English gentry, *debating* on matters to which the turf had neither reference nor analogy.

During his short service in the army, Lord George had an unfortunate misunderstanding with his superior, Captain Kerr, a personal friend of the writer, and an extremely gallant little fellow in all respects, which led to the cashiering of the latter, and considerable animadversion on the part played by the junior, as openly expressed by most military men of the time.

It seems that Kerr imagined Lord George to be equally deficient in his duty as a subaltern, as well as failing in due respect to himself as his senior in command, and said on parade publicly—I give his own words as recorded to myself:—“If you do

not make this young gentleman behave himself, Colonel, I will."

His Lordship retorted quite as audibly, that "Captain Kerr ventured to say on parade, that which he dared not repeat off."

On this, a challenge ensued from the captain to the cornet. The former, a Yorkshireman and as brave as he was cool, suggested Calais as the place of rendezvous; but on Lord George failing to meet him (most manfully and virtuously, as we believe, detesting the vile, nothing-proving, insane code of duelling!), Kerr "posted" his Lordship, and received sentence of dismissal from her Majesty's service in consequence.

Poor Kerr stood, as he expressed himself, "between two fires;" being liable to be "sent to Coventry" by the whole army if he hesitated in sending the message—after receiving the retort on parade recorded; and, as it proved, so ruinously to his fortunes, in danger of being cashiered by a court-martial if he demanded an appeal to arms.

He considered himself, and very justly so, as ill-used, from having suffered so severely through adopting the only course open to a military man, by reason of the mistaken, conventional rules of the service, and died not long afterwards in Paris, stricken by the cholera.

If this statement be correct, and I have no reason to doubt its accuracy, Lord George Bentinck, on refusing to meet the man he had unequivocally impugned, if not insulted, in thus making the retort to the other's reproof, given in the course of duty, harshly as it was delivered, should at least have made a decided step towards a reconciliation, and have withdrawn the word "dared" from the offensive expression. He was doubtlessly, as in the majority of such cases, badly advised, and left to regret—as I feel assured he did—that which, with a true second, might have been so readily repaired.

The next time I saw Lord George Bentinck, at least the occasion which left the most vivid impression on my mind after the pleasing episode in his turf career at Doncaster just related, was at Goodwood; where, after duly "wasting" and walking as a regular jock, donning his own gay, so oft victorious, racing-suit, and "weighing," with his saddle on his arm, in true professional style, he rode a match against Lord Maidstone, riding a horse of his own, something by Bay Middleton, when he acquitted himself equally creditably "over the flat," as he had previously done as a starter of the "Great Handicap."

Both of the noble jocks, I remember, were fined a "fiver" each for being late in "going

to scale;" and, it is needless to say, submitted to the wholesome chastisement with the grace and good-humour becoming their gallantry and breeding.

The last time I saw Lord George, he was in his place in the House of Commons, heart and soul at work in the good cause of striving to serve his dearly-loved rural friends, actuated by honest conviction, a hatred of treachery, and genuine affection for his country; warmed into action by the fears he entertained for her safety, and sacrificing at a word all his cherished predilections for sport-ing, together with all hope of future ease, to be enabled to devote his great talents to her service.

And, though we presume not, through a medium like the present, to offer anything worthy to be termed an "expressed opinion" upon the political worth of the late Lord George Bentinck, we cannot refrain from according our sincere belief that, if ever the necessary, yet rare qualifications of a virtuous public man were centred in the breast of a legislator of our own or bygone times, they may justly be claimed by the historian as eminently the properties of the lamented subject of our short memoir.

His undoubted honesty of purpose and singleness of heart, joined to the dauntless earnestness and unflinching courage with which, in un mistake-

able sincerity, he defended the line of policy he had adopted, went far to command the respect of men, however they might differ with him in opinion, to whose sympathies such traits have seldom appealed in vain.

To these sterling proofs of a lofty, independent spirit, moved by the dictates of conviction and patriotism, the untiring zeal and perseverance he displayed in collecting and expounding a mass of statistics rarely brought before Parliament, confirmed the Protectionist leader in his reputation for habits of business, whilst the all-powerful influence of a high private character, and perfect reservation from every thing like a mere party-tie, —a line of action utterly at variance with a *breach of party-faith!*—completed a *prestige* to which his commanding presence and high birth were neither the ungraceful nor unimportant accessories. The unqualified accordance of respect towards a consistent, honourable opponent, was seldom, if ever, more unanimously displayed in political life, than in the instance of Lord George Bentinck; a sentiment to which free and full expression was given when, amidst the unanimous regret of the nation at large, the honoured possessor of the traits we have enumerated was removed from the scene of his short but unequalled labour.

Men knew that he was in earnest, that he

meant what he said and did, and were refreshed, if unconvinced, by the air of manliness and intelligibility pervading the champion of the rural, ay, *and trading* Interests, contrasting, as it did, with the oppressive odour of expediency and political jesuitism so redolent in the guerilla chief to whom he was especially opposed.

As we have already recorded in a preceding chapter, Lord George retired suddenly and unexpectedly, though completely and permanently, from the turf; the latent energies of his mind being roused into action by the force of circumstances, too well known to require further specification in the present scrap of biography, when the result of his unexampled industry and research into matters few of his order have hitherto ventured to *wet a toe in*, far less to *wade* through, and which he grappled with in his determination to render himself master of his subject, was given night after night, in a strain of fervent eloquence rarely excelled in modern debate.

Though so long an ardent and successful competitor on the turf, the habits of his Lordship were retired and studious. At the great race meetings he almost invariably occupied a private lodging, and might have been seen, when the ring was broken up, lounging on the course, or about his paddocks, accompanied by his trainer, but seldom

or ever in society. Familiars he had none; and though completely free from *hauteur* of bearing, and accessible to all in the way of business, no man knew better than he how to preserve dignity with urbanity, or to parry an attempted liberty *by a look*.

Few men—and, I think, fewer women—to whom his person was unknown, could have passed Lord George, without inquiring who he was, had the opportunity offered. It was not that his appearance was handsome and commanding merely; it was his singular *distingui* air, and thoroughbred, calm expression of countenance, as well as demeanour—when clear of St. Stephen's especially—in which the indescribable not-to-be-acquired charm lay.

In confirmation of this secondary, yet, probably, not insignificant feature in the portrait of the late lamented English nobleman, we point with confidence to our frontispiece to these pages, and willingly avail ourselves of the opportunity afforded by a reference to the same, for returning our grateful acknowledgments to the Count D'Orsay, to whose gifted pencil and ready courtesy we are indebted, not merely for the speaking lineaments, but the unmistakeable mental characteristics of his departed friend.

That these favoured lineaments, so essentially the

type of our aristocracy, were the unerring index to a warm and Christianlike heart and disposition, it is more to our purpose and happiness to prove. For, truthfully may we record that—with an innate abhorrence of everything bordering upon cant and deception—the hand of Lord George Bentinck was unfailing and munificent in its dispensation of true charity.

So great, indeed, was his benevolence, that on several occasions he has been known to re-establish tradesmen and others overtaken by misfortune, on finding their intentions and characters to have been good, merely exacting a promise that with the ability, the loan, so delicately and opportunely *volunteered*, should be repaid.

During the two years of famine he subscribed upwards of 1,000*l.* for the relief of the distressed Irish; and, as we have asserted, came to the aid of numbers of his own neighbours and countrymen in the dark hour of their tribulation, when “the world” gave him credit for being intent only on his own personal gratification.

From the period when he abandoned his sporting pursuits, he devoted himself steadily and entirely to politics; and, spite of the constitutional love of seclusion attributed to him, and the consequent inaptitude for acquiring partizanship or a personal *coterie*, naturally engendered by it—ob-

tained the unconditional leadership of the Protectionist party in the most trying and dangerous Session to which their principles had been exposed; and though, unhappily, he failed to carry the House of Commons with him in his views, he was, nevertheless, ever listened to with deep respect and attention.

On the memorable occasion when he addressed Sir Robert Peel as having "wounded his illustrious relative, Canning, to the death!" accusing him of premeditated tergiversation in reference to the Emancipation of the Roman Catholics, the language of the Conservative leader assumed a tone impassioned, fierce and scornful as an onslaught of Fox or Pitt, and effectually startled the House and honourable Baronet from everything like a disposition to somnolency on that especial evening!

To the quiet country party the death of Lord George Bentinck is all but irreparable; his qualifications for parliamentary leadership, so pre-eminently his own, being too sure a combination in one man to allow us to hope to discover his equal in the greatest of all emergencies—viz. the time he is most needed.

But his name will never be to "dumb Forgetfulness a prey!" nor will the bequest of his example and spirit, another "Bentinck Fund," soon

cease to bear interest in the land wherein his memory is enshrined.

His late Lordship was the second son of the present Duke of Portland, (now in his eighty-second year,) by Henrietta, daughter and co-heiress of Major-General Scott of Balcornie, and the sister of Viscountess Canning.

His mother, the Duchess, died in 1844. He was born on the 27th of February, 1802, and was, consequently, in the forty-seventh year of his age at the time of his untimely death. His elder brother, William John, Marquis of Titchfield, the heir to the dukedom, was born in 1800. He was named William George Frederick Cavendish Bentinck, but was usually termed Lord George Bentinck.

The family is of Dutch extraction; the first who came over to England was William Bentinck, of Overijssel, in Holland, first page of honour, and subsequently confidential adviser to William, Prince of Orange. After the Revolution he was created, in 1689, Earl of Portland, Viscount Woodstock, and Baron of Cirencester. In 1716, his successor was made Duke of Portland and Marquis of Titchfield in the peerage of Great Britain.

Lord George was educated at Eton and Oxford, and in 1828 was returned for the borough of King's Lynn. He had previously acted as private

secretary to his uncle by marriage, George Canning, when that statesman was prime-minister. In one of his speeches he spoke 'with modesty of this position, as being one of "the humblest offices which a political man could fill;" but in that capacity he exhibited abilities which led his distinguished kinsman to say of him that, if he could overcome his constitutional indolence, he was capable of obtaining very high political distinction.

And thus to die! during his short respite from the wear and tear and turmoil of the brain—in the prime of life—"walking across the fields," where

" Winding into pleasant solitudes
Runs out the rambling dale ;—"

to weather thus the stormy scenes of debate and turf, and then to drop, in the balmy eventide of a sweet autumnal day, on the well-known path whereon his youthful steps so oft had strayed, without a friend or passing rustic to receive his last breath, or close his manly eye!

How inscrutable, truly, are the dread decrees of our Maker! How futile the learned calculations of the actuary!

The occasional levity, not to say leaven, of turf phraseology, unavoidably introduced in these pages in illustration of the subject, and yet, possibly, to be repeated, may not, perhaps, induce the reader

—merely contemplating the ripple on our stream of narrative—to give the writer much credit for a tendency to sadness; but, he assures him, that he seldom, if ever, felt more sincerely grieved at the loss of a man whom he had but the privilege to esteem on public grounds, than at the premature, melancholy death of Lord George Bentinck.

CHAPTER IX.

Return to the Bye-lanes and Downs.—Our Ride to Chester.—The Season.—The River Dee.—“He’s sure to be beat!”—The County.—The Tradesmen’s Plate.—Sounding the Market.—The Off-game.—The Ring.—The Irish Division.—His Reverence “laying the Twigs.”

As, when the churchyard turf closes over some gallant comrade, to us no more! and the rattling volley rolls in congenial requiem o’er his grave, the warlike, clanging band, changing quickly from the dismal notes of woe wherewith it had solemnly marshalled the sad ceremony and the dead, strikes up some gay and spirit-stirring strain, and heads the survivors to their barrack and their duty; so do we leave the more serious and honoured task of chronicling the political worth of the lamented subject of our late short memoir to some future Hume or Gibbon, and again, in company of our friend and steed, salute the breezy morn, *en route* by Bye-lane and Down, and not infrequent trespass—venial, let us hope—over tempting gap, to cross the green fields and wolds, towards the not less verdant Roodee of Chester.

And a long ride had we, keeping the Welsh side of the great iron road on our right flank, and proceeding by Gloucester, Hereford, Shrewsbury, and Wrexham to our place of destination.

The dog-cart preceding us a stage, containing ample change of linen and other luxuries, occasionally receiving us when so disposed, we made "fair weather" of it throughout, and enjoyed ourselves excessively.

The sweet fertile country over which we crossed; the many objects of antiquity and interest that met our eye in our passage through old cities and hamlets not less quaint; together with the oft-occurring adventures of the road, and snug quarters at night, all served to render our equestrian trip pleasant in the extreme. At length, on the evening of a Sunday, we entered the ancient city, and after stabling our nags at the "Hop-pole," the host of which old-fashioned hotel was as venerable and gave an example of a landlord located in a hunting country as ever drew a cork, we engaged the old quarters of Dallas, situated on the Walls, preferring to sleep and breakfast in private, and to dine at any of the "ordinaries" or coffee-rooms, according to our fancy.

Chester is at all times a glorious old place; and at a race-time outdoes itself in pleasantness and gaiety. There is none of the Newmarket intensity

of turf business, though no lack of betting, God knows! but every one seems disposed to enjoy himself; eating, drinking, lounging on the walls and under the rows; flirting with the bonny Welsh and Cheshire lassies; and setting care, the devil, and the settling, at defiance for one week out of the fifty-two.

The season, too, is so delicious and mirth-infusing. Spring has lost her coyness, her smiles and tears, and is now warm, and loving, and seductive as a Haidee. In truth, she all but averts her blushing face from the ardent look of Summer, who comes in pride of youth, soon to be attended by the sultry Hours—yet still, with

“ Ever-fanning breezes on his way,”

whilst the Roodee spangled with early dew, gay, and green, and alive with high-mettled racers at exercise long before sunrise, would tempt the veriest sluggard from his lair.

The rolling Dee, the deity of the ancient Briton, gushes from the wild depths of Pembremer, and flowing by savage Cader Idris and the vales of Denbigh, environs old Chester broad and fair, till, swelling in flood and turmoil, he tumbles headlong in the Irish Sea.

The downy orchards are in bloom, gaily encircling the old grey walls, and are filled by the

feathered Persianis of the woods to the incessant serenade of the earlier bird of the turf, as he seeks, and at times vainly tries, to court his matin rest.

We remember, on one occasion, to have been an admirer of Sir Thomas Stanley's "Cow-boy," a horse in the "cup," then a favourite, and heavily backed,—and if ever a "little bird" *did* whisper his advice to a mortal ear, it was on our proceeding to our quarters on the Walls, when a songster from the leafy orchestra invariably tuned up his pipe, and entreated us to "get out" by asserting in a tone of confidence, if somewhat shrilly, yet as plainly as a human being could have uttered it, "He's sure to be beat! he's sure to be beat! he's sure to be beat!" And beaten he was, though I did not, unfortunately, give credence to my friendly little thrush till after the race, when old "Cow-boy," aided by the whip of Simmy Templeman, came driving all before him, beaten off a distance.

Cheshire is a good, sound, proud old county, full of families able and willing to appear on the Roodee in force and fashion; all fond of racing for its own sake, and delighted at the yearly muster in its quaint old capital.

"The Marquis," Sir Thomas Stanley, Sir Richard Bulkley,—a perfect *bonâ fide* gentleman,—the

Mostyns, Prices, Lloyds, Traffords, *cum multis aliis* of blood and attachment to sporting and country tastes, all contribute money and horse-flesh to the Roodee, through a neighbourly feeling, inducing their sweet women to grace the scene, and thus complete its heyday and happiness.

The "Tradesmen's Plate" is a very interesting and important event in our turf annals; and to the betting fraternity may be likened to a fatted calf, roasted, stuffed, and suffused in rich brown gravy thrown into a kennel of blood-hounds! The "excellent picking," equally as dainty as substantial, serves them through the winter and early spring, and, to the Manchester division, is as "daily bread."

Out of a hundred nominations or more in this "handicap," probably a score come to the post; and out of these again fifteen are as safe "as if they were boiled," as the ring expresses itself when very sure of a horse being harmless. Some animal "roped," stopped in his stride, that is, for a course of one, two, or three seasons, running and being beat through that length of time in order that he may secure a light visitation at the hands of the handicapper, is, if tried to be good, really intended to *try* for the stake, and makes his appearance in the market at the Bush or old Bake's

as cautiously as the stealthy foot that steps across the boards of the darkened Surrey in a murdering melodrame.

The commissioner from the stable, say Tom Dawson's, is, of course, the last man to *open* the affair, or even to sound the market; but, intrusting the delicate mission to some one he is rarely ever seen to speak to, probably a Bury, Ashton, or Rochdale man,—a manufacturer if he can get one,—the unheard of “nomination” is nonchalantly offered to be backed at outlandish odds as a mere spec through guess-work, or a stroke of ring *pleasantrie*!

The accredited envoy from Middleham Moor instantly snaps the facetious speculator, and lays him the odds as “found money.” The taker, a humorous, fat man, with credit and a turn for lotteries, is the true sort! hardens on it, and takes the same odds from all the other good men in the room—all laid “accept or not,” as if there was doubt on the subject! and thus he gets “on” at the best market-price, reserving any small portion of the odds taken through his agency to his *own* account, and yielding the gross amount to his employer over their brandy toddy at the Albion, or other distant part of the town.

The Bury man, if this neighbourhood is employed, — half-trader, half-muff ostensibly, now

becomes a kind of star at the betting-houses, and is always received as the "Alice Hawthorn man," with open jaws by the anxious pack. The known commissioner, probably seated cheek by jowl with the trainer, making a pop visit, and affable to a fault! openly backs another horse in the stable, and looks on the muff with supreme contempt.

From the vast number of horses nominated for Chester Cup this game is a "round" one in the ring, and by no means exclusive plunder—the "talent" soon becoming *au fait* to the dodge after laying a few "thousands to fifteen," when they go into the high-ways and bye-ways for a return. The great pull consists in laying against non-starters, and in betting between these and horses as surely intended to run. They will lay you the odds against a horse if they bear the owner's commission to scratch him in their pocket; and will give you about as great a chance as a cat is supposed to possess in the infernal regions without her claws—certainly not more. All this, together with innumerable other moves, is termed playing the "off game,"—heads I win, tails you lose.

At Chester the Ring musters in great force; for, besides the average harvest garnered by the talent on the great event, a profitable shot at the Derby nags, or rather at their country backers, is always made at this meeting, when the Anthropo-

phagi of the turf prowl in comparative serenity, and devour their species in a more playful ferocity than at Newmarket or Epsom.

The streets, rows, walls, hotels, and lodgings, swarm with the denizens of the race-course from all quarters. The "business" is transacted on the flags before the Royal Hotel, in the mid-street, and at night in the coffee-room of the house, when chairs, tables, and the very mantel-shelf are mounted by the shouting, bellowing throng. If the Irish division is in force the hotel is little less than taken by storm; when the ferocious brogue, swaggering offers of millions to *tens*, and infernal din made in their attempts to get the "tens," would frighten any one but the hardened or reckless performers in the orgy.

"By J——! who says five to *two* against the 'Cure' for the Day?"—"The Dee stakes," roared a long, uncouth Patlander, from the summit of a dumb-waiter; "it's myself that will lay it to *one*, and thank any gentleman's son for taking that same," concluded he, thinking thereby, being a friend of the stable, to send the horse back in the betting, having a man ready to snap at any better offer.

This Patlander, a lanky school-boyish cut of a fellow, once kept old Ralph of the Talbot, at Liverpool, grimly awake all night, "studying his character," as he told me, endeavouring to make

out to his own satisfaction, whether he was a sharp or a flat!

"The devil take him!" said the worthy host, as wide awake a gentleman as any going, "the long, giggling, Irish spalpeen comes with offer after offer to me that looks like 'finding money' for any man to lay, and yet, before I have well booked him, he has always six to four the best of me."

"I can't make him out," continued Ralph, "and will decline further business till I do. I fancy old Joe Rogers, and one or two more, are farming his d——d simplicity of countenance, and have turned him loose as a country agent. There was a parson of old John Day's stable, a cove with a white bibber, and a nob like Saint Peter, who came the amateur over me and my room once, we shan't forget in a hurry. He had the 'office' fresh laid with his breakfast every morning, and 'laid the twigs' so d——d cunning, that he 'gave it' to both me and Tom Speed, when we both thought we had him fairly in chancery, hotter nor boiling lead. I believe this gawky Irish fellow to be another missionary from the Heath, 'if not the Parish Clerk.'"

"A man is never safe a moment, even in his own house," piously remarked he of the "Talbot," "but if I have an opportunity, I'll give the long Plenipo such a slogger!"

CHAPTER X.

The quaintness of Chester.—The vile Course.—The late "Old Crutch."—His style of Dialogue.—Mr. "Nobbler," and a "Stiff Melter."—Other Members of the Ring.—"Hedging Tools."—Bagging a Condor.—Chicken Hazard.—His Reverence backing the "Old 'un."—A Nazarite Dodge.

THE great charm of Chester, to myself, lay in the delicious quaintness of the place, and the gratifying rencontre with the many country friends mustered in it for the week. The Duke of Limbs, with a body-guard from the "George the Fourth;" men of York, of Derby, Liverpool, and numberless denizens of our Bye-lanes and Downs were in force, being ready to "join tables" at the "Royal," and make up a snug half-dozen at dinner, and then to beat up old Berge's hell, and every one in it, if necessary, or the onset should be suggested.

We walked to the course in company, and played all sorts of games on the ground, irrespective of racing; shied sticks for pin-cushions, lunched in Jem Ward's booth, and basked on the

sunny banks, near which three files of horses attempted to make a start for a race !

This course is a vile libel upon the true hippodrome, being neither more nor less than similar to running round a plate, so circumscribed is the ground, and dangerous to a large field. But for fun, frolic, and jollification, I know no place like Chester—as it was.

The Hesletines from Black Hambleton, were, in old Lenny's day, often lucky competitors for the stakes at Chester, and got many a pull by the Manchester manœuvres alluded to. Bob was always a nibbler, never having done a great thing on the turf, notwithstanding his large team of horses, and not soon likely to perform one in my opinion. Bait a trap with a cool hundred in "ready," and you are sure to catch him dead or alive !

As I have said before, the Ring musters in great strength, from London and Manchester especially, from which two sources, in fact, the mighty congress may be said to be mainly supplied.

In our Newmarket sketch we have endeavoured to portray a few prominent characters who take grade as betting men, and now purpose to continue the gallery.

At the period we allude to, there were several "great guns" of the turf that have since fired their

last salvo, and are now become old iron, or cinders, as it may turn out. Amongst these was old Crutch Robinson, long a magnate of the Ring, and, I believe, a very successful member of it. He lived somewhere in Cheshire, on the Buxton and Manchester road, if I remember rightly, and had several horses in training during his career, though none of any great character or celebrity.

A more domineering, uncouth being than this sporting cripple, could not be encountered even in a county rather famed for such characters; and to see an old man disabled from the use of his limbs, and blanched by time, shouting out his odds, and dealing in the lowest bitter sarcasm and racing slang, either mounted on a four-legged brute, as rough as himself, or leaning on his trusty crutch, in the midst of the crushing throng, was an irreverent and revolting sight, even in the motley scene wherein he figured. To a dialect of the true Tim-bobbinish accent, the halting old Leg added a sneer and surly importance of manner peculiarly his own. Though, to do him justice, we must let "Old Crutch" speak for himself, being well able to give a scrap of illustrative dialogue that few, who knew him, can well mistake.

I remember once asking him, as he sat at the "White Bear," in Piccadilly—congenial symbol!—*who* the Mr. Hargraves, the lucky, screaming

gentleman, with the large face and pink eyes was, when at home; when Old Crutch pursed up the left corner of his mouth, half closed one eye, and with an air of sneering lordliness, without alluding to any geographical, genealogical, or professional point in reference to the inquiry, simply replied,

“Who is he? Why, four year agoo he had na four shilling. That’s who he is.”

“You surprise me,” answered I; “how can he have got such an amount of money together as the Ring now gives him credit for, if he had nothing to commence with?”

“How did he get it?” retorted the old cripple; “why, by ‘going for the gloves,’ mon, for four year, and by nobbling Ratan; that’s how he done it: he was put in by his pal, Sam.”

“And who is the little fat man talking to him; the quiet, respectable-looking person, with the black satin waistcoat and cut-away coat—good style?”

“Respectable!” shouted old Crutch, “why that ’un can give Harry a stun and leave him. He lays the twigs for the family, and never goes without the powder in his pocket. He’s nobbled more favourites, nor any man I ever knew, not barring even old Frank Richardson. Its his d——d respectability that does us, and gets his mug over the stable door. You would as soon suspect a bishop

as him to look at him; but he's an out-and-outer, and no mistake."

"And tell me, as you are so very obliging and entertaining this afternoon, who is the tall, audacious, seedy fellow, I heard slanging you just now—the man with the hazy voice, and glass stuck in his eye, who tried to back 'Industry' with you for the Oaks?"

"Oh! that's poor Goody! the Bad Boy as we call him in *contrairy*. He's more R. nor F. that is, if he has a chance; but he's not a bad fellow at bottom is poor Goody. He sometimes 'throws in,' when you'll see the cretur with three white pocket-handkerchers, and a posy he's perhaps given two bob for. I see him worry a whole quarter of lamb and a cow-cummer a foot long for his lunch, *and* stout. They turned him away from the Forkin at York after having him wonst. Britain begged he would give him a chance, and take turn and turn about with the other hins."

"And the sickly, over-dressed hellite (evidently) talking to your friend Goody, the man with the anxious, *dreadful* look—the one swearing so frightfully about something or somebody—who is he?"

"That's a stiff melter, *and a stunner!*" replied the old man.

"A what! in the name of heaven?"

“Why, a bill-discounter, and an out-and-outer to be sure. He’s about the flashest kite on the hover over London, I can tell ee. He come somewhere out o’ Yokel land originally, and got made tiger to a hell a’ter being under-boots at Markwell’s, and creeped up bit by bit, till some of the swells patronised him, and he set up for his self in a small way. He’s now got a roaring trade at the forty per cent. game, besides going near wheeler in the ‘Old Nobbler.’”

“They are a queer lot,” remarked I, in half soliloquy.

“Queer!” replied my amiable colloquist of the crutch. “I see a rum set in my day of one sort or another, for I can just remember Dan Dawson and Co., but these beat all calculation.” “Do you know the French for ‘barrel-organ?’” concluded the old cripple, winking at me very knowingly.

“I confess I do not,” said I.

“Nor I neither,” said he; “nor is there one man in ten score as knows it, but them chaps does, and the Greek too, for that matter.”

And Old Crutch was right; they would puzzle a professor in chicanery, and could give weight to Satan himself in a handicap!

There were two or three most gentlemanlike, honourable men of this day, solely devoted to public

betting, and therefore fairly open to the daguerreo-type of the scribbler.

Mr. Justice, a lame man, of a very well-bred air and hearty manner, and unimpeachable in character, residing in Shropshire, I fancy, together with his friends, Sam Worral, Jaques, a stanch turfite, and Captain Higgins, struck me as being about the *élite* of the Ring in deportment and fair dealing.

To one of the gentlemen alluded to, a droll tale attaches of his having turned saint at a moment's warning, without having scratched his engagements with Satan; but, having a heavy book on the Derby at the time, the proceeds of which he vowed to devote to the building of a church, he usually carried a close-reefed Bible and "Complete Christian's Regenerator" (the "hedging tools," as the Assassin termed the holy volumes) in his pocket by the side of the mystic, morocco-bound little gentleman, with the indelible pencil. So that after making a pretty good bet, or a haul at a settling, Sam hedged to conscience by doing a chapter out of "Lamentations." Saint or sinner, he was quite a gentleman! and far too good, too high-minded, generous and mild, for the rough paths in which I met him, for a season or two before and after I encountered him at Chester.

Jamie Mickleham, or Mucklewhame, as the gude

Glasgie folk call him, when they sigh, and think of the auld Deacon, his sire, who wad na stand sae mickle as a rocking-horse in the bairns' nursery, for fear of the tendency ! was always in great force and good-humour at Chester. After dinner at the club, and a full allowance of port and claret, Jamie would join his friends the Jocks, and discuss a glass of "cold without" and a cigar, and eke a clay with them, "till daylight did appear ;" having far more relish in the grog and company of Tom Dawson and Simmy Templeman (as who would not ?), than if he were sipping Château-Margaux and eating olives with Lord John Russell or even Mr. Cobden !

Mr. Mickleham was always the gentleman, *malgré* his tastes for the bar and gin-and-water,—as great a discrepancy as it may seem. But the truth is, he was a character himself, and enjoyed the possession of it in others ; and, God knows, there is little of the original to be discovered in the lisping, commonplace aggregates of the West End. This gentleman has been very successful on the turf, having had many first-rate animals in his time, and I sincerely hope he will yet go on and prosper. He is Templeman's first master, and is fortunate in the possession of so worthy, honest, and clever a jockey, equally as Simmy is lucky in serving so good a fellow.

The many snuggeries, smokies, and chafferies that are open at Chester during a race-week teem with fun and character ; though, of course, a bird or two of prey contrive to hover over lark and wassail, and make a fell swoop on the incautious or over-gay. I once saw a half-famished condor bagged though, by a countryman in capital style at one of the night dens referred to.

The "Novice" was a great Pagan man, or admirer of Colonel Cradock's horse of that name, and then rather a worse favourite than Red Deer, belonging to the Duke of Richmond,—a three-year-old, and eventually winner of the "Cup." Pagan had been mainly brought into notice through being backed heavily by poor Bill Scott, and was very effectually provided for in consequence ! The old horse was carefully prepared by Lumley, the colonel's trainer, and entered Chester at night in capital form ; but the "talent" were against him, and therefore made use of all their occult properties to make him "safe."

However, to the chance slaughter of the carnivorous night-bird. The condor opened upon the man who had just sat down by saying,

"Well, Joscelin ! I'll lay you a hundred that the 'Young'un' beats old 'Pagan.' [It was then a very good thing to get a hundred by any means on Red Deer, who in a few hours afterwards

sprung to three to one or less]. I know you want to back him yet."

"Why you cannot be such a muff, Jodrell," replied Joscelin, "to think in your heart that a foal like Red Deer can have a chance with an aged horse like Pagan?—in at eight stone six, fit as a fiddle, and to be ridden by our Simon here. I am no betting man, as you know, though I have a 'fancy,' and really would do you a good turn if I could."

"Thank'ee, Josh!" grinned the Manchester shark: "I know all that and more, but I'll give or take a crown for choice between the two for a hundred, nevertheless."

"Done!" said the man addressed as Joscelin. "I'll give the crown for choice. The idea of Red Deer beating Pagan! bah!"

The crown was handed over and books produced, the condor saying, "I need not ask you which you take, I suppose," commencing to pencil the bet.

"Whether you need or not," said the other, "it is not for me to say, but I take 'Red Deer.'"

"Why, (&c. &c.!) you talked about 'Pagan' winning."

"And so I did; but I am not an obstinate man, after all, and will take the Young'un with you by way of a change. In fact, to tell you the truth, I've been trying to back him all day."

The laugh went against the "talent" on this bit of manœuvring being scientifically executed, and the hundred, the next morning, into the pocket of the novice.

There were lots of chicken-hazard allowed at Chester, under the auspices, or rather, the hoof and horns, of some Manchester hellites, as well as other games of chance.

In these glaring, green-baize-hung, sweltering Pandemonia, where the

"Quick dice,
In thunder leaping from the box,"

might have been heard by the promenading magistrates and city dignities—if not so deaf that they would not hear,—old Cotton, the rural dean! Ben Collitt, "the Cheshire Snob;" Billy Sirdefield, the Irish Division, and Town Brigade out on country service, shouted and won, and lost and howled, till breakfast-time.

"The old 'un for five," said the venerable doctor to me, by way of self-introduction, as I stood behind his chair, taking me promiscuously from his congregation, the "main and chance" being between the five and nine (an even bet), the larger die taking the advanced age in dicer's phraseology,—"the old 'un with you, sir, for five."

"The young 'un," said I,—“the young 'un, by all means!"

"Look out," shouted Collitt, eyeing the players seated round the huge table with a savage scrutinizing glance,—“there here, by —! look out, Cotton, I see 'em!”

“Seven 's the main—seven!” reported the blear-eyed old croupier, arranging the green shade over his hooked nose, and stirring the gold and counters with a hell-rake as nonchalantly as Satan would stir his parlour fire,—“seven 's the main—seven!”

“Dice! give him dice!” roared the snob.

“Dice are changed,” muttered old Berge, and, spinning a die like a teetotum, to show he had one tolerably fair one on the board, repeated, “Seven 's the main—seven! Ten to seven! Two to one against the caster.” [Not quite!]

“Gentlemen, the caster will take twenty pounds to ten.”

“Set the caster, gentlemen!” beseeched the old croupier, there being no seven on those bones, and he “standing in!”

“Caster set.”—“Ten to seven.” Rattle! rattle! rattle!

“Ten in! Three boxes!” announced the croupier, as he forked the money towards him, and divided the spoil.

“Tibbo!” shouted the presiding demon, “give the gentlemen wine.”

Here there was a terrific row between a lazy

gentleman, evidently from the country, and a little grizzled Jew from Liverpool, highly got up in satin and patent leather, who had played off the old dodge of seating himself between two friends—by accident—and betting both ways on the throw.

That is, the cunning Ikey, in whose veins the veritable *sang* of Reuben ran, etherialized by the agency of that healing balm of Gilead, whereof his sire dispensed and partook so largely. He, the fruit of Gilead's loins—in a *sotto voce*—making a face as if smelling at a vial of asafoetida, and shooting a peculiar half-squinting, half-deprecating glance down his nose, an organ of the true Canaanite proportions, said to his right-hand neighbour, "He's out a pound, sir," and to his left, in the same breath, "he's in a pound, if you please;" both of which bets were accepted, and when the caster threw in or out, of course the Jew drew one party without demur, and on the other objecting to his forking the two sovereigns staked, swearing he had bet the other way! he very indignantly, and with an air of sorrow, blended deliciously with symptoms of an acute pain in the diaphragm, said, "I refer you to your friend, sir," "I could not bet both ways! (*couldn't he?*) I assure you that you labour under a mistake" (and an excess of claret), when the poor, half-fuddled devil of a victim supposed he must be

in error, and so handed over Ikey his "exs" for that day and the next!

The row being smothered by loud demands for business to proceed, and that the chaff should cease, the snob opened proceedings by asking the "main and chance," to which the old croupier replied, "Nine to five! even main and chance!"

"Then the 'old' 'un for five! again with you, sir, or 'a couple' if you prefer it," said the reverend divine! shaking his hat from one side of his head to the other—as the dice rolled out, in pure excitement. "The old 'un for five, or a couple."

But we had had our shy, and went with the Duke of Limbs to imbibe one cool glass of iced soda, and the veriest whisper of the veritable! at his hotel, then took the arm of Dallas, again a heavy loser as it eventually turned out, and strolling on the walls to our lodgings were saluted with,—

"He's sure to be beat! he's sure to be beat!
He's sure to be beat!"

in the old strain of warning; but, whether it was intended to apply to the race for the morrow, or as a more serious personal innuendo! I have yet some slight misgiving. I at times think our friend in the orchard was going for the "double event!"
Nous verrons, as we proceed.

CHAPTER XI.

Departure for the Derby.—The Coupé.—The Platform at Rugby.—The Tunnel.—Mr. Hope Johnstone.—His Horse, the "Era."—The Loo Party.—Fatty Sutherland.—A slight Refreshment at Greenwich.—The Turnstile.—The Athol Canteen.—"Hell in Harness."—Premature Deaths of Racing Men.—Arrival in Town.

THE Derby, to which every other racing event pales in lustre and interest, was now close at hand! and though the interval remaining to us was too short to render a renewed visit, on my part, to Dallas's house otherwise than tantalizing, rather than one of pleasure, it was incumbent on him to return home, if but for a day or two, to arrange matters too important to be deferred; and more serious, in fact, than he at the time made me acquainted with. My friend, therefore, left me immediately after the settling for the Cup, *via* Liverpool railway, ordering his man to proceed with his own horses to London, and promising to meet us both there, at all events, on or before "the Sunday before the Derby," as the sporting old dignitary of the church, described in a foregoing chapter, is reported to have given out as the

collect for the day, on this, to him, the most exciting of all Sabbath mornings.

I, in the meantime, rode into Montgomeryshire, and over a portion of the county of Denbigh, crossed the Mersey, after making the needful *detour* at Birkenhead; and, finally, after remaining a few days at the best hotel in Europe, bar none, viz. at Lynn's of the "Waterloo," in Liverpool, I stabled my nag on the London and North Western line, seated myself in the *coupé*, and whizzed off in as happy a state of pleasureable agitation as ever gentleman departed on a journey, not exactly knowing what he was in search of, or likely to encounter.

It was my first Derby. I had in mere speculative pleasantry, "thrown away a pony" on an outsider in the great race at a thousand to twenty-five, and now beheld his name at five to one "taken freely," with several prophecies in print of my horse's absolutely winning attached to it; being assured by the knowing ones that before the day I should certainly have hedging at two to one or six to four. This only made me regret not having "thrown away" a hundred on the same terms, like an ungrateful fellow, stricken thus early by the incurable malady of the insatiate, all serving to increase the excitement under which I departed for Epsom Downs.

I cannot, indeed, adequately portray the undefinable sensation of adventure which took whole and sole possession of my mind and reasoning, or rather imaginative faculties, in the anticipated delight of seeing the Derby run! The bet fanned the flaming fancy there is no doubt, and appeared written thus—"25/1000 on Launcelot," as the mystic shaft to some future gold mine! The immense field of horses, the vast concourse of spectators, the whirl of life and gaiety that I looked forward to move amidst in the southern regions of the turf, so oft read and talked of in the tranquil north, served to set me in a thrill of excitement far greater than I ever experienced on any after occasion. The long line of iron road over which we rolled so smoothly at rocket speed; myself, an agent of freedom, ensconced so snugly in the superb carriage, with the large windows open to leeward, a table in front covered with our newspapers and magazine—the brilliant weather, the many beautiful stations and gleaming points of view past which our mail train shot, caused the blood to riot through our veins in delicious phrensy!

With our nag at hand ready to receive us on his back, and bound across the carpet downs of Mickleham, and through the shady bye-lanes of Surrey in pursuit of sport; the favourite on our

books at 40/1; with neither incipient spleen, nor "unrequited love," nor debt, nor yellow indigestion to tinge our spirit, it is no wonder that we started thus gaily from the platform of the noble station at Liverpool in the ripe and luscious end of May.

In a narrative like the present, a familiar essay, partaking of the confessional or diary, and an untrammelled style of letter-writing, to escape the insidious attacks of that musquito in print the ungraceful, hateful, "pronoun personal," is all but an impossibility; and it is therefore hoped that a fair share of indulgence will be vouchsafed to the scribe in his difficulty, in furtherance of his aim at an unvarnished exposition of a pursuit so popular, so absorbing, so seductive, and so ruinous to the masses participating in it in purse and person, as the turf.

To arrive at this moral terminus to our discourse, we can but chronicle our own sensations and impressions, and gather the fruit acquired through an average modicum of the gift of observation; hoping that, like old Pepys' Diary, our delineations may bear the stamp of truthfulness, if they lack in metaphor and the art of book-craft, and consequently be of assistance in promoting our studies of men and manners, as well as being a handy tool for an occasional thrust at a heavy half-hour.

This fruit of experience, carefully preserved, if somewhat too candid, the writer offers in the shape of a "country trifle," assuring the reader, that amidst the, possibly, superabundance of froth, he may find the ring and motto, if lucky enough to fish it out, recurring only to the gist of his aspirations from an involuntary shudder at his unavoidable egotism, to explain away and apologize for which he only makes bad worse, and loses the thread of his story.

We promise no more of this, and hasten onwards to Rugby, at the rate of forty miles an hour; at which station our train was joined to the York and Northern divisions, filled with sporting characters of every grade and cut, *en route* for Epsom.

There are few more stirring scenes of life, or more exciting eddies in its stream, than the platform of any great railway station, as at Rugby, Wolverton, Derby, or Birmingham, during the short stoppage of the trains for the purposes of junction or refreshment. The strange rencontres with unexpected friends, the hurried exclamation of pleasure and surprise made in the momentary halt of the belching, fire-fed steed,—the long line of crowded carriages, the exactitude and dispatch displayed by the well-trained officials, the terrific voice of steam whistling the signal for departure—

all serve to render these fleeting episodes of travel as exciting as a short tack in a gale with the rugged cliffs of Flamborough Head close under our lee!

When embowelled for miles within the frightful tunnels of the dark earth into whose deep and yawning jaws we rush at lightning speed, we encounter the whirring, gleaming array of the clanging train "giving us the meeting," in the very midst of the black abyss! our nerves for the instant become unstrung, and leave us a prey to every imaginary horror and wild conjecture. The mind shudders at the thought of a smash in one of these fearful caverns of the line! and dares scarcely contemplate the slender moorings of human forethought, intelligence, and method, by which alone our lives are lashed to comparative security. And, when we know what an imperfect rail, or a stone laid across one, a broken axle-tree, or a drunken driver could effect in our passage through these dismal cuttings, no wonder we rejoice on emerging safely into daylight, and the upper air.

But a quarter of an hour's halt on the platform of any considerable station, especially on great occasions, as during a junction of trains at the Derby time, is a gay and pleasant stoppage in our journey of life; and at Rugby on the one alluded to in our narrative, the whole *tableau* was some-

thing so new and animating that I must be forgiven if I attempt to take a cast from the impression bequeathed by the adventure.

The first person I encountered was Hope Johnstone, Junior of that ilk, with Mat Dawson his trainer, and a "murdering black eye," in personal charge of a van or two containing some animals of his own intended to run in the south.

"Hope told a flattering tale" of these quadrupeds; and, in explanation of the dusky orb, anything but a complimentary one to the fistic reputation of a gang of fellows he had "leathered at Northallerton to their hearts' content," having had a fray in the hotel when he licked the landlord, Tom Dawson, Bob Hesletine, the guard of the mail, and a recruiting officer, one after the other, being ready to *feicht* them again if they had na had a belly fu," as he assured me.

This worthy, a brawny Scot, with all the accent, seldom got over a meeting without having a "turn up" with some one, having an innate relish for the pastime, though entirely "free from vice." On one occasion, in the betting-rooms at Doncaster, he was tried by a London leg if he would stand drawing twice, the bet having been paid on the course, when Master Johnstone gave the burly ruffian a dressing, without an instant's hesitation, he did not forget for a week or two. In this he did the

Ring "yeoman's service." He was a very pleasant fellow, but had an odd way of showing it,—it was nothing more. His best spec was in buying the "Era" out of Scott's stable for an "old song," and afterwards winning the "Northumberland Plate," the "Liverpool Cup," and several other great races with him, the Scotts never being able to make the horse run a yard. Johnstone had also a good animal in "William le Gros," with whom he won a match over Doncaster, against the "British Yeoman," for a thousand guineas, the owner himself riding. With the air of a raw heather-laird and the accent of a drover, this northern turfite combined a naturally acute and resolute line of action, that very shortly served to make him more than a match for the most clever men "about town," whilst his infernal knuckles and readiness for using them were not without their influence in the Pandemonia of the metropolis.

Proceeding with my survey of the huge train, I heard a voice exclaim from one carriage past which I walked on the platform, "Play for a loo, Fatty! play for a loo! Nay, d——n it, play for a loo!" and on my poking my head inside, as if in search of a seat, there was poor old Fatty Sutherland and four other fellows too hard at work at a "bit of unlimited," with a fiver or two and some

sovereigns down on a tea-board they had bought for the purpose of doing duty as a card-table, to think of descending for an instant.

Sutherland at that time was about thirty years of age, and weighed as many stone, or more. He was the man whom the wags gazetted out of the dragoons as a "Heavy loss to the British Service;" and was now over head and ears in turf, plethora, chicken-hazard, and mountains of fat. A more good-hearted, generous, even-tempered, reckless being than poor Fatty never groaned,—for breathe he could not!—nor could a man carry a more legible index to all these virtues than Sutherland did in his open, clear, and handsome countenance. With apoplexy hanging over him by a broken hair, Fatty eat and drank, and dwelt in an incessant whirl of excitement, as if as thin and cool as Captain Higgins; saying, "He could not hedge: his book was too bad," and that he must stand to be "shot at."

He once insisted upon my dining with him at the "Trafalgar" at Greenwich, *tête-à-tête*; when, after a dinner of a dozen kinds of fish, the usual duck and green-peas, cutlets, whitebait, stacks of brown bread and butter, pink champagne and stout, besides a lagoon of a cider-cup, Fatty walked into a magnum of "Strong Military Port,"—as Sneed and Barton invoiced their black-strap

to the "Heavies,"—and at least a couple of ditto of Lafitte to his "own cheek," and what a cheek it was!

Our dinner over, and the last steamer long since moored, I advised taking the railway up to town; but Sutherland insisted upon having a carriage and four horses,—fewer could not have drawn him easily,—telling me, when I demurred in favour of the rail, that it was "all d——d fine for me to go that way," but begging to know, with comical earnestness, "how, in the name of blubber and Lady le Gros, he was to get through the turnstile that led to the platform?" This feat, I believe, he could not have accomplished, and was hence obliged to post home. Poor fellow! he died on walking down stairs to dinner at his own place in Scotland, I believe, without an instant's warning, having suffered his share on the turf before he was finally laid under it.

He was now hard at work trying to loo two other fellows playing against him in the railway carriage, being hardened on by the non-players, who, of course, only desired to see some one victimised to serve their own turn the next deal. 'There being a vacant seat in this carriage, I joined the loo party in preference to accepting one in the next, in which a lot of Manchester fellows and the red-faced country leg were playing chicken-hazard

on the top of a hat-box, amidst shouts of "Five's the main! Five!" "Seven to five!" "I'll take three halves to two." "Five out!" A well-dressed, respectable-looking man, *not* from Manchester, had the box! Then followed another voice, "Gentlemen, take your places!" a shrill whistle succeeded, and away we went from Rugby, Fatty telling me to look under the seat for an Atholl canteen, a large basket lined with tin, in which a huge venison pasty, a two-quart case-bottle of fine old Glenlivet, and a couple of hundred cigars were stowed, just to keep soul and body together till dinner-time. Faith, we had a merry time of it all the way to town! slanging the fellows in the neighbouring den playing "chicken"—literally a "hell in harness,"—embowelling the pastry, hob-a-nobbing the whiskey, and playing "old gooseberry" in our locomotive snuggery.

Fatty had called at York, *en route* from Scotland, purposely to pick up Bill Scott and little Charley Robinson: the hairy captain, Taylor, was also pressed into the service, armed with his case-bottle of gout mixture,—to wit, a quart of cognac; and there we were, with all the creature comforts, high spirits, and the winning jock of the age in company, whizzing and phizzing, and larking under the blue canopy of heaven, performing *one* of the gyrations of life.

Of Fatty, Bill Scott, the Captain, little Charley, and poor George Boyd, as gentlemanlike a creature as ever put a toe in stirrup; also of the party not half a dozen years ago—not one remains!

“They are all dead,
In the churchyard laid;”

scarcely one having exceeded the period of middle age, but having all expended an amount of nerve and mental labour, on a few Derbies and Legers, enough to have set up a bevy of Professors or M.P.'s, or to stock the brain-pans of ten thousand traders, parsons, or farmers. Poor Sutherland was an exception; but Boyd was a five-foot ten man, not eleven stone: clean as a new copper cap! an habitual walker or rider for the sake of exercise—extremely temperate—or, alas! the contrary, when sick and sad, through incessant losses or want of stimulant, and died under forty at a moment's notice.

Lord George Bentinck the same; he being more excited during the last forty-eight hours of his existence, through his horse winning the Leger, than in the three or four fagging years of his parliamentary life. And these premature deaths to be recorded in my immediate sketch of a railway carriage and its occupants, for it was not long afterwards that I made one of a party

with Lord George, and nearly the same persons I have named, on the platform at Rugby. Poor Bill Scott was one, and “dropped a couple of thousands” to his lordship, I remember, on Red Deer for the Leger. Lord George very mildly laying “Mr. Scott seven thousand to two” against him, to save him the trouble of collecting it in small sums.

However, away we rattled, in every respect—on our journey under memory—and landed safely at Euston-square, whence Fatty took a “bus” to himself for Limmer’s; Bill Scott a cab to the White Bear; and Boyd and myself one to my old, snug quarters, the little “Blenheim,” where I was ever well treated, always at home, and excessively comfortable.

My hack I stabled at the adjoining mews; and thus I commenced the season in town, though still *en route* to the “Downs of England.”

CHAPTER XII

The early Morning-watch. — Second Sleep. — The Season in Town. — Launcelot's Year. — Cotherstone. — The West-End in May and November. — The Duke of Limbs in "the Garden." — A Buggy-horse, and Drive to Epsom. — Prowling in Town. — London Tradesmen. — The City. — The Tower. — A wide Step.

ROUSED by the plaintive, and not displeasing cry, of "Wa—ter cree—ses!" beneath my window, I awoke to all the excitement of my "whereabouts" and racing adventure; every attempt at a second sleep being speedily banished by the recollection of the errand I was on, that flashed with the rush of dazzling light across my brain, and quickly routed every dozing fancy.

At a later period of my turf career, when awakened probably before sunrise by a spasmodic dream of horses struggling on the post, after a couple or three hours of troubled slumber, and I have soberly reasoned with myself upon the folly of losing a night's rest from thus thinking upon that which must, whatever the consequences, remain in *statu*

quo, till after breakfast time; this second sleep was not to be wooed; however, I resolved upon conquest through an appeal to common sense or assumed indifference.

As for poor Dallas, he confessed, on my finding him walking his room at Leatherhead on the eve of the Derby, before three o'clock had well struck—his betting-book in hand—that for many years he had never slept after that hour. If he retired to rest at two o'clock, he awoke at three, with eyes and brain unrefreshed, but perfectly denuded from the soothing film of slumber. Nay, so acutely sensitive to the least noise, and instantaneously impressed with the remembrance of his heavy engagements and desperate chances on the turf was he, that did he shut his eyes, he assured me he could distinguish every article in the room, as well as every figure on his betting-book, so plainly, that nothing but an amusing volume, or a long and brisk walk, early as it was, saved him from actual torture.

His nerve and manhood prevented the effects of these sleepless vigils from being observed by the many when the day was “aired” for business, and the lively tongue served to disguise the anxious thought; but I saw it, and grieved from my heart to behold the gallant country gentleman thus suffering gradually, yet incurably in his nervous

system and constitution, equally, alas! with his mental attainments and fortune. But this is anticipating, though very slightly.

London was now—London! The mighty Babylon was full to overflowing. It was the “Derby Time,” and “everybody” was in town. The season was at its greatest altitude and fervour. “The Favourite” was notoriously threatened by the Poisoner and the Incendiary, and “Lord George” stood to win one hundred and fifty thousand pounds upon Gaper! Need more be said to prove our cup of happiness an effervescing one, as we put it to our lips on our first important visit to the teeming hive?—ourselves a denizen of a sylvan bye-lane, leading from the sands of the German Ocean to the wavy, silent Wold!

We have already averred that we are not intending a “Return List” in our lucubrations; and assure the reader it is not our intention to be easily tracked through the Calendar, in our reminiscences and experiences of Turf matters. Thus, though we set out with Launcelot [good old British name!] on our book from Liverpool, we have now a mind to banish from our memory all recollection of a horse that floored us by running second, with our pony on him, at $\frac{40}{1}$, all through poor Bill Scott’s riding “too jolly”—as the *artistes* expressed themselves at the time,—Little Wonder beating him

on the post, having an inclination rather to "lay our Derby" at a later and more interesting period, when as magnificent an animal as ever rounded Tattenham Corner—viz. Mr. Bowe's Cotherstone, by Touchstone, out of Emma by Blacklock—won the Derby, and defeated Gaper, on whose over-rated capacity Lord George Bentinck had staked, probably, the heaviest amount of money ever committed to the chances of a single race.

Our impressions of London, and the scenes incidental to our several visits, are sketched within the range of a few short years—past on electric pinions!—and are given as random records of actual life, though void of dates and statistical lore, neither, we opine, being essential or favourable to our undertaking.

Any one who really knows London in the latter end of May and in the middle of a drear November, will readily acquiesce in the possibility of the West-end, at all events, being "full" or "empty," as it is said to be on those occasions, everything being judged by comparison; but, on the eve of the Derby, the mighty Estuary of Life is at flood, and ripples far beyond its usual high-water mark.

From the west-end of New Bond-street to Covent Garden, passing Conduit-street, Hatchett's, the White Bear in Piccadilly, through the classic

alley of Cranbourne, and so on to the Piazza, you pop upon a country-fellow bound for Epsom at every turn. This re-union of friends in the metropolis, forms one of the most pleasing episodes in the gay crusade, to which the universal tone of heartiness and "bit of dinner" propensities on the part of the rustic sportsmen, all, more or less, children in London, are a congenial and befitting accompaniment.

Our noble friend, the Duke of Limbs, hanging out at "the Garden"—influenced in the choice of his quarters from the cooling euphony of the mere word!—we headed towards his retreat, by the route I have named, and experienced all the delight of a saunter over the smooth pavé which led through the crowded, yet decorous, thoroughfares from the west to the city end of London.

On our opening the door of his sitting-room, his Grace emerged from the lusty embrace of a cool tankard, and addressed himself vigorously to the notice of a stack of Wiltshire bacon, piled in fragrant rashers at his elbow, which, with a four-pound brown loaf, formed his morning meal, sobbing out a view halloo! before he set to work, and shouting to us to "cut in." He had got the loan of a buggy-horse from a friend for the week, that he assured me was the most magnificent animal in harness ever man sat behind, and in-

sisted upon my being his companion to the Downs. I willingly agreed to his proposal, and certainly never beheld so splendid a creature as the one tooled by the Duke—after a “quiet dinner,” from the Garden to Leatherhead—on the day after the arrangement was made.

The horse—of a glittering grey, with four black legs, and the courage of a lion—was a thorough Londoner, being trained to street manœuvres by night or day, and the crash of charioteering from his youth upwards. Exceeding sixteen hands in height, with a stately forehand, step, and gleaming eye,—when let out along Piccadilly and fair Pimlico—he bounded onwards at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, and would, I believe, have faced a park of artillery or a burning street, without showing any symptoms of terror. He neither looked to the right nor left, but stepped along majestically and swift; leaving all to the driver, and obeying, instantly, the slightest signal from his hand.

And well old Joe drove the noble brute! swearing he was “fed upon thunder-bolts, and had a stain of Juno herself in his viens.”

We shaved past cab and 'bus, and coach and brougham, dashed over Battersea Bridge, and ground the gravel of the fine Surrey roads under our whirring buggy-wheels, till we pulled up at our friend Lumley's, at Epsom; and then, after an

hour's bait, resumed our drive, along the bye-lanes to Leatherhead, where we had taken quarters for the week.

It was, in truth, a drive worthy the fastest days of the Olympic era, and a pace to have made Phaeton himself nervous, after dinner! but the Duke of Limbs sat, as if in his "Flower-woven arbour, as gay as you please," fingering his nag's mouth as lightly as a fairy braiding her hair, puffing out folio volumes of smoke to leeward, and occasionally addressing a rolling volley of admiration at the horse's gallantry and action. . . .

I love a single month in 'Town! but if compelled to abide within its dusky folds much beyond that period, I am little less than wretched till I succeed in putting at least half a county of grass and an atmosphere meet for human lungs, between my ear and its incessant, bewildering hum.

I love to prowl about old book-stalls and curiosity-shops—Wardour Street is my delight!—to wander for leagues, as you can only in London, past brick and stone, and stone and brick—street after street of interminable town!—peopling house after house according to the appearance of a door—or its mere knocker or a window-blind. Then to make out the passers by—ay, and follow them occasionally, for the sake of instruction, to the entrance to quarters you would little suspect to

be their abiding-places, from the "watered silk" and gay "Chesterfield" in which the stately wearers were so carefully and artistically "got up."

I love to stroll in the beauteous Parks, so green, so free from nuisance, so thoroughly English, so unequalled are they in their features of metropolitan pleasure-grounds: parks only to be met with in London; for neither Paris, nor other capital that I wot of, has a blade of grass to boast after May, if, indeed, a true one is to be seen in them at all. Nor is there a Square, planted or kept in such exquisite order, in Europe, as our own in Belgravia, Hanover, Bryanston, Cavendish or even the most easterly square in London.

I like to drop in at the "Blue Posts," the "Piazza," or e'en the "Cheshire Cheese," and refresh my inward man from the boiled round and punch at the first, the haunch and Chateaux Margaux at the next, the chop "hot-and-hot," at the "Cheese," and to study men and manners in them all.

I delight in, and honour a London tradesman of old standing and character, especially any of the fancy dealers—as, your fishing-tackle maker, gunsmith, watchmaker, cutler, or bookseller.

To all of these we proceed in our daily saunter, and are sure of a pleasant chat, and equally certain

of a *bonâ fide* genuine article at the hands of these most honourable dealers if we make a purchase, as well as a full share of civility and attention over an "eighteenpenny" reparation of any of our little matters, as if we laid out "a hundred." It was a pleasure, indeed, to hold a confab with any of these "Deacons of the Craft," and a true comfort to possess—especially abroad—any of the unrivalled articles at that day vended only in London. Long may they continue to flourish! and, above all, to continue to despise and leave to a fair trial the cheapened, spurious manufactures of what is miscalled Free Trade; for, if any young man will take the trouble to examine his Sire's "double-milled kersey," his repeater, gun, shooting-boots, table-spoons, or beaver—supposing him to possess such—and will, in turn, compare all these with the same appliances in daily use, and made within the last few years, he will not be long in detecting the alloy, the cotton-warp and hasty finish.

The impression made by London on me, from the first to the tenth visit, is perfectly indelible; after this period, the freshness and vastness of the change wore off, and I looked upon streets as I did at my own bye-lanes. The East, or City end, jammed with humanity, and struggling with the fleeting hour, struck me far more forcibly than the most crowded park or drawing-room.

Viewed from St. Paul's—the streams of men wending their way and crossing at every angle, eager and intent—appeared more like a swarm of ants than human beings; whilst the intricate tracery of the streets and lanes seemed to resemble a mighty chart or model of a fabulous city, rather than the thoroughfares of actual life.

The greatest amount of delight, shaded by an involuntary sensation of sadness, I ever experienced in sight-seeing, was certainly on my first visit to the Tower, the proudest monument of antiquity, considered with reference to its historical associations which our own or any other country possesses; nor do I remember ever passing half a day so wrought upon by imagination, as when, wondering within the precincts of this solemn, blood-stained pile; viewed in its “triple light of a palace, a prison, and a fortress.”

There was no counterfeit here! The very material and chisel-marks were Norman; the Caen stone and its fashioning being equally evident and beautiful. The Beauchamp Tower, the block whereon Ann Boleyn's fair cheek and luxuriant tresses lay dabbled in gore, and from whose granite-like grain the Lady Jane Grey's gentle spirit fled—were before me. I was in the apartment wherein they had breathed: I trod the gloomy corridors, along whose flooring they had

erewhile so lightly tripped, or been led, affrighted and crushed, to execution—and beheld history authenticated by the very incision of the axe.

Then the Abbey, the Halls of Court, the Hospital at Greenwich, the old “Dreadnought,” the Life Guards, Museum, and the “Quadrant,” had all their charms for the stranger’s eye, from the contemplation and enjoyment of which no Derby or its consequences ever—heaven be praised!—debarred us, nor shall any needless qualms on the score of stepping “out of line” for a second or two, prevent us the present gratification of recurring to.

From the vaulted passages and winding staircases of the gloomy Tower to the half-smoky, half betting-room of Limmer’s! from the solemn fane of Westminster to the “Corner,” is a wide step. From the gorget of the Cœur de Lion to the “Assassin’s Tie,” is another; yet we made them both in the course of our day’s work, and give them place now, as the main epochs in our town history and mental wanderings.

CHAPTER XIII.

A Racing Epitome proposed.—Athelstane the first noted Racing man.—The Godolphin Arabian.—Tregonwell Frampton.—His Villany and Cruelty.—George the Fourth.—His Stud, and Affair with the Jockey Club.—His Jockeys.—The Duke of Dorset.—Old George Nelson.—Our Sailor King.—Christopher Wilson, the Father of the Turf.—His Portrait.—Champion and Surplice.—Throwing In, and Backing Out.—The Duke of Queensbury.—Earl Fitzwilliam.—His Retinue and Stud.—Welbeck and Belvoir.—Lord George Bentinck.—His Career on the Turf.—Crucifix: her race for The Oaks.—Cothertstone's year.—“Honest John” in a fix.—The Running Rein fraud.—A rich Scene.—Lord George's Retirement.

BEFORE we proceed further with our racing adventures—or are tempted to step again “out of line,” we propose taking a general or bird's-eye view of our subject, and to offer a slight memoir of the Turf and its *dramatis personæ*.

The first great man who figured on the Turf, according to the authority of Mr. Strutt, in his “Sports and Pastimes of England,” was Athelstane. The last celebrated name we have on record, *vide* “Bell's Life,” is that of Mr. W. S. Crawford.*

* The owner of “The Cur,” and winner of the “Cæsarewitch” at the moment of going to press.

A good many notables, it is safe to affirm, have intervened between the ninth and nineteenth centuries, to exhume and show up a few of whom we now essay in earnest. From Henry II. to Oliver Cromwell, with his celebrated Coffin Mare, including the reigns of two or three of the Edwardses, Bluff King Hal, James I., and the Merry Monarch, we have not many return lists worth quoting from. Charles II. seems to have had a horse at Newmarket, and really to have imported Arabian mares to put to the English horse; having bred an animal named Dodsworth from this judicious cross, whose pedigree ranks as the oldest in the stud-book.

From this facetious personage, the taste for racing descended to the second James, William III. the "Royal Dane,"—Queen Ann's Consort—in whose reign the Darley Arabian, and the Curwen "Bay Barb" appeared, to the "Finished Gentleman from top to toe"—George IV.

In one of the reigns preceding that of the Prince Regent—the celebrated Godolphin Arabian, and old Tregonwell Frampton, the earliest Leg on record, appeared. The former, the property of Earl Godolphin, was the founder of our best blood in horse-flesh; whilst the latter vicious old rip was the progenitor, it is presumed, of a set of men, namely, "Legs," whom an old writer on Turf

matters describes as "the most unprincipled and abandoned set of thieves and harpies who ever disgraced civilized society."

Frampton was an accomplished scoundrel and thorough rogue, although a wealthy man, and Master of the Horse in several reigns, and has all the appearance of villany in his features, if a portrait we have seen of him in an old mansion in Yorkshire at all resembles the original. The old wretch is there drawn coolly superintending the castrating of his horse Dragon on the very race-ground; in order to qualify him for the race in which he had, as it is currently recorded, to struggle mangled and bleeding and humiliated as he was.

George IV. outstripped all his royal predecessors on the Turf, and succeeded in forming a magnificent stud during his racing career—breeding Whiskey, the sire of Eleanor, the winner of both "Derby" and "Oaks," and possessing many other first-rate animals. At Hampton Court stables were to be seen the Colonel, Waterloo, Tranby, and Ranter—stallions; also the celebrated mares, Maria, Fleur-de-lis, Posthuma, and others in foal to such horses as Sultan, Æmilius, Camel, and Priam, the best blood of that or any other day.

The Prince of Wales (George IV.) won the Derby in 1788, when only six and twenty years of

age, and, in less than three years afterwards, was actually "warned off" Newmarket Heath by the Jockey Club, because his horse Baronet, an outsider, if so he could be called with only twenty to one against him—won the "Ascot Oatlands" from Escape—the favourite in the royal stable—and a fair field supposed to have been tried to beat all England, and of course his Royal Highness into the bargain! The imputation of Turf fraud was never satisfactorily proved against the Prince to our thinking; and the innumerable instances of horses running "in and out," or being fit or otherwise, when the most unlooked-for results have occurred, irrespective of all intent or *malice prepense*, go far to prove the Jockey Club to have been simply bitten as betting men, through the accident of Baronet's winning from being fit on the day; his owner having backed him heavily, no doubt, as he did everything for the off-chance.

This, the Jockey Club in a manner acknowledged by making overtures to the Prince to return to Newmarket;—overtures, he indignantly and contemptuously refused.

The jockeys of his Majesty, George IV., were the Duke of Dorset, then Lord Sackville, a most accomplished horseman, and admirable judge of his animal, and at one time of his life in constant practice; Jem Robinson, the *nonpareil* of match-

riders, and second to none from a start to the finish over the B. C. or A. F. (the Beacon Course and across the Fleet at Newmarket); the late Sam Chifney, Dick Goodison, and South.

He finally engaged George Nelson from the north, better known amongst his familiars as the "Admiral," as droll a character over his "clay" and "cold without," the season of course concluded, as ever sat in pig's skin. Old George, a first-rate horseman in his day, was almost a match for poor Bill Scott in repartee and slangy badinage over the smoky fire, and only "shut up" when Bill, with mock gravity, and a look no room could withstand, addressed him as "His Majesty," and asked him "how about Escape and the Grey Diomed dodge!"

The trainers of "our fat friend" were, at one day, Neale and Casborne, but latterly William Edwards of Newmarket, who had a pension for his services, and the use of the royal stabling. His favourite race-ground, after leaving Newmarket, was Bibury, where he appeared on his cob as a private gentleman, being the inmate of Lord Sherbourne's family, when not the Duke of Dorset's, or, in fact, his own jockey's guest.

His majesty contributed greatly to the funds of Ascot and Goodwood, aiding by his presence to make them the most fashionable meetings in

England. At the latter place, on one occasion, he had the delight of seeing his own horses come in for the "Cup," first, second, and third. The best animals he ever bred, were Maria, a sweet mare, and his especial favourite; Manfred and Whiskey; Miss Wasp, the dam of Vesper, was also foaled in his paddocks.

Our "Sailor King,"—what a link in history, what a political study in this anointed retrospect!—has only one anecdote related of him in reference to the Turf, though a characteristic one. When his trainer asked him what horses he should send down to run at Ascot—he might as well have inquired his opinion as to the internal policy of the Hamaxobii! he replied, "Why the whole squad, first-rates and gunboats; some of them, I suppose, must win."

The man, whose name ever commanded undivided respect in our own time, was Mr. Christopher Wilson, of Beilby Grange, near Wetherby in Yorkshire, the owner of Comus and Chateaux Margaux, and famed for being the only individual who won the "Derby" and "St. Leger" with the same horse, which he did with Champion in the year 1800, till Lord Clifden, or rather poor Lord George Bentinck, "broke the charm" by carrying off both prizes this very year with Surplice, by Touchstone, out of Crucifix, by Priam; the most

noted jock of past or present time, Frank Buckle, riding the winner of the former races, whilst Templeman and Nat, men bidding fair to equal their great prototype, steered the modern victor over the "Derby" and "Leger" courses.

Mr. Wilson was long termed the "Father of the Turf," and a *sweet family* had he ! Having materially aided its general interests and welfare by the example of his long and honourable career, equally by the influence of his sportsmanlike and conciliatory manners, that never forsook him. He was one of those clean, high-bred, gentlemanlike old fellows to be seen of a summer's evening, lounging or riding over his fields, or along our bye-lanes, chatting with his keeper or shepherd ; or e'en to the poorest whin-cutter, or labourer, *as a friend* ; one of those game yet revered members of the untitled aristocracy of old England that the heart of the thinking man so loves to contemplate, and the eye to dwell on.

The Duke of Queensbury—"Old Q." as he was called—was long a distinguished and dangerous customer on the turf, being excelled by none in judgment, stable-cunning, and jockey-craft ; equally as was he practically a horseman across the flat, or over a country, and a most resolute yet cool competitor for the "good things" going.

He was too wide awake for the most accom-

plished legs of that day—the Manchester cross, or stain, has neutralized all this talent!—and once floored them by riding his own horse in an important race after agreeing that Dick Goodison, his jockey, should receive a large sum to “throw him over,” of which he had informed his master; the duke, simply at the very last moment, throwing off his top-coat, and appearing in racing costume ready for the job, saying very coolly to his jockey, as he was going to mount, “Stop, Dick! this is a nice handy nag to ride; I’ll get up myself just for the fun of the thing;” which he did, and won in a canter.

“Old Q.” won many heavy matches in his day; one with his horse Dash by Florizel against Lord Derby’s Sir Peter Teazle over the six-mile course at Newmarket for a thousand guineas; also one against Don Quixote for the same sum; and another against Lord Barrymore’s Highlander; all made with such consummate tact and judgment that he refused half forfeit on the day.

Casting “north about” for a turf notable or two of the past or present day, we cannot longer defer our notice of the late Earl Fitzwilliam, so distinguished by the princely way in which he conducted his stud and ever appeared at Doncaster, so as to leave all competitors behind.

We have seen his equipages and outriders, his

grooms and led horses glittering in brilliant, yet tasteful array, and debouching on the course on a St. Leger morning. It was truly a retinue worthy a British noble; a retinue in every minute particular ministering to the benefit of the community from the leather-breeches maker who clad the stalwart limbs, to the husbandman who threshed out the corn, the butcher who felled the ox, and the brewster who brewed the mighty ale for his army of sturdy retainers.

The late Earl Fitzwilliam bred Orville, an invaluable stud-horse, and Mulatto; the latter of whom defeated Memnon, Fleur-de-lis, Bedlamite, Tarrare, Nonplus, Fanny Davis, Starch, Long-waist, and all the best horses in the north. He also bred Catton by Orville, out of Desdemona—all his own blood—grandam Fanny by Highflyer.

How sad to be compelled to state that the stud, the retinue, the very taste have disappeared, and that to the name of Fitzwilliam scarcely appertains a nomination; whilst others, once equally famed on the turf, are now only heard at Baden or Boulogne.

Mr. Watt, of Bishop Burton, and a few of his horses, we have already adverted to in a foregoing chapter, as also to Mr. Allen, of Malton, Lord Fitzwilliam's steward, always gay and full of fun, though an "aged one;" and the breeder of many

celebrated animals in his day—if we mistake not—Rowton and Canezou amongst the number. Whether Tarrare was bred by Mr. Allen, or by his noble chief, or by Lord Scarborough, we cannot assert, though we elsewhere gave the former the honour—perhaps unadvisedly. At York was also located Mr. Vansittart, the owner of Perion, the only horse said not to have been made safe when St. Giles won the Derby! a statement never yet fully contradicted, and a slight reason for such men as Lord Fitzwilliam and others of his *caste* retiring from the turf.

Ridsdale and Major Yarburgh we have also named at some length, as sporting denizens of York, in a preceding chapter. Before leaving the ancient city, we must award a word of well-merited praise to a very staunch and honourable member of the turf, as well as an extremely pleasant and unassuming man—namely, to Mr. Jaques, of Richmond, in Yorkshire, though he now, we believe, resides principally in the neighbourhood of Windsor.

In his steady, undeviating advocacy of Knavesmire, especially, Mr. Jaques has greatly benefited old Ebor, and gone far to make her meetings the most fashionable in the north. He trains with John Scott, but hitherto has met with anything but encouragement in the performance of his small

stud. We sincerely wish him better luck for the future.

Returning to the south in pursuit of our subject, we pass the noble domains of Welbeck and Belvoir; both possessing paddocks long celebrated as the dropping-places of many a noted animal on the turf, well worthy a place in our racing epitome.

At the former ancient dwelling of the Portland family, more famed, probably, as the home of the lamented Lord George Bentinck, than from any association of mere rank, or even monasterial antiquity, his Grace maintained a small stud of race-horses; that he gradually contrived to diminish, hoping thereby not merely to weaken his son's growing attachment to the turf, but to break his intimacy with its more vulgar and dangerous twin-brother, the ring. In this attempt the old duke was unsuccessful; as Lord George took stabling and paddocks at Doncaster, in addition to his large establishment at Goodwood, and dashed headlong into the vortex of racing; resolutely pitting his own strength of mind and sagacity against the swollen tide of danger and chicanery, to buffet which, he too well knew, he would have to put forth all his acuteness and energy.

The Duke of Portland won the Derby in 1819

with Tiresias, since which victory we have little prowess to record of his stable.

But of his son, Lord George Bentinck, a volume might be written ere an adequate history could be given of his doings on the turf, from the commencement to the close of his career, so that the reader might form an idea of the unceasing personal care and watchfulness—the stable science and acumen—the deep calculation and study of his subject, by which he alone made an immense, unequalled stud, aided by constant heavy hauls in the ring, and undeviating attention—just balance his expenses! If, indeed, after an outlay of at least 10,000*l.* a-year for nearly twenty years, on an average, his winnings did clear his outgoings.

His nominations were legion! hence his forfeits were immense; and, as he is reported to have said, when congratulated upon having won 6,000*l.* on the St. Leger,—“And the forfeits! eh? what do they amount to? Winning 6,000*l.* do you call it?”

It was, in fact, a mere tardy return of moneys long advanced; a return made with loss of interest, *and a life*; for he had scarcely said thus much, ere he returned to Welbeck, and died!

The “Racing Calendar” alone can furnish a true statement of the heavy engagements in the Derby, Oaks, St. Leger, Goodwood, Chester,

Liverpool, and York entries, into which Lord George Bentinck plunged during his turf career ; nor can other authority give a notion of the innumerable matches, and the consequent amount of judgment displayed through their weights and results, made and contended for by his Lordship.

The best, and probably the most profitable animal he ever possessed, was his mare Crucifix, the winner of the Oaks, and more than eleven races before she reached the age of three years, whose net stakes exceeded 11,000%.

Well do we recollect her winning the great event, after an infinity of false starts, and as vividly remember her noble owner, with confidence in his eye, entering the ring a few minutes before it broke up in the town of Epsom, ready to go on backing his mare by laying odds on her. Three to one were, at last, laid that Crucifix won, and a pretty example she made of the sorry lot opposed to her. Lord George, they say, won 20,000% on this race, and notwithstanding every fresh disappointment in getting off, quietly remarked that "She *could not* lose;" but, on the contrary, "could afford to flirt with the best of them if for half a day." And well he knew his mare; for fifty yards' start up that hill, round that turn, and down the straight run in, was of no more object to Crucifix with the animals she had to contend

with, than was Mr. Anstey's few hours' start in jawratory to Lord Palmerston on a late occasion. Nay, it were far easier to bring the two men together than to have handicapped Crucifix on that day with any mare her own age. Can more be said in support of her superiority? not, we opine, without a considerable tax upon our ingenuity.

The period at which we have laid our personal adventures at Epsom, mainly by way of fixing some target for the mind's eye to rest upon, was, perhaps, the most interesting epoch in Lord George's turf career, when he had got old John Day, and all the legs, literally pinned to the earth, writhing at his mercy, by aid more of the two figures 5/1 against Gaper — taken freely — than from any real merits or terrors of his horse.

Poor old "Honest John"—Heaven only knows who stood sponsor to this facetious soubriquet!—wandered about the yard with his hat over his eyes, and long chaise-driver's coat—draggling about his boots, sighing and "beggaring his limbs," a woful picture of indecision and wretchedness. He had taken the liberty of betting some 40,000*l.* outright against Gaper at 1,000*s.*/15, or thousands to ten at the commencement; and, at length, became impressed with the belief that Lord George had "got" Scott's horse, and perhaps, one or two more in the race—judging his opponent by his

own tactics,—and that he might possibly pull through in consequence; a startling fact that only struck him when too late to repair his indiscretion, otherwise than by making himself a dead and heavy loser either way. The talent, too, or legs, were also dead against Cotherstone, even to making the attempt at firing his stable at Leatherhead, as well as *averse* to Gaper, though the subtlety and caution of Lord George stood him in need, and gave him, perhaps, a better chance of escaping the wiles of the Nobbler than the other, surrounded as he was by every danger.

This notion—the cud of Honest John’s bitter fancy—made him bite his nails to the quick, and “beggar his looks” most piteously; he never swore beyond giving utterance to these two comical threats of pauperising himself in look and limb; and as the day approached, and his Lordship continued blandly backing his horse as if investing in the Three per Cents., offering more than once to take six thousand to a thousand, and *go on*. Old John Day’s long chin sought for comfort within the folds of his white cravat, as prowling about the yard he applied to every one for a consolatory word of abuse of Gaper, and plenty there were who stood against him, never to have been seen again had he pulled through! This torture, the old trainer of Danebury could no longer endure;

so making up his mind to hedge, he took, through Mr. Gully's agency, twenty thousand pounds to three, back, on Gaper from Lord George, and so lost some eight and twenty hundred pounds from indiscreetly crossing his old employer, whom he ought to have known better, or, in the language of the ring, by trying to "crab" his horse into a non-favourite, so as to gain a couple of hundreds.

Though his Lordship entertained the most sanguine belief that Gaper would win, he was too good a judge to lose sight of Cotherstone, in whom he considered he had a fearful opponent; consequently, he backed him to win a great stake, and thus made a good Derby of the eventful year, notwithstanding his own horse was beaten.

In the atrocious Running Rein fraud, it was mainly owing to Lord George Bentinck's untiring exertions and indefatigable search for evidence that the truth was brought to light and a verdict pronounced in favour of the second horse, Orlando.

One of the oldest London solicitors remarked that it was impossible for any man brought up to the profession to have prepared a chain of evidence more clear of flaw or doubt, than the case got up entirely by his Lordship on this extraordinary trial.

The partial settling neutralized all the good of the verdict, as we have before asserted, by reason

of the award causing men to be absentees at the final settling, who had received largely on the Tuesday after the Derby; the premature unwise order to settle partially having been made by the Jockey Club for the accommodation of a few parties in power, who could not conveniently wait the result of the law's delay.

An anecdote is related of Lord George Bentinck meeting Smith, the Epsom trainer's team of horses on Newmarket Heath, on one of the October meetings, in which lot was Running Rein, whom he immediately pointed out as the elder brother to Croton Oil, his own horse—a three-year old—knowing him from his likeness to his dam; consequently, the Derby horse was four off at that time, as he was proved to be—being got by Gladiator, and not the Saddler, as fraudulently entered in the stud-book.

This remark of his Lordship's, when communicated to the party, struck terror into the hearts of the conspirators, and induced them to lay their affairs open to Old Forth, by way of taking counsel's opinion, he also having a *very* old 'un in the Derby—namely, Leander, the ostensible property of an old German Jew called Lichtwaldt.

Running Rein was named by a small hell-keeper called Goody Levy, the proprietor of the "Little Nick," with whom every rogue and ruffian

in town and country was in league and partnership. Is there still wonder there are no nominations to the name of Fitzwilliam?

The leg of Leander was actually broken in the race by his own confederate, Running Rein, though the latter went in by himself, spite all Sam Mann's efforts to restrain him, like a four-year-old, got by Gladiator, out of Pepper's dam, running against animals a year younger!

Old Lichtwaldt, when accused of having a four-year old in the race, replied, "What lies they tell in England! mein Got, he was more than six!" Faughaballagh, the Irish horse, and winner of the St. Leger the same year, was bonneted up to the last moment for the Derby; a stammering old scoundrel, another hellite of the name of Dyke, having the commission, with others, "to shoot the people" till the last moment, when he was scratched, and kept dark for Doncaster.

The jockeys who rode for Lord George were the two Days, father and son; Robinson, Nat, Frank Butler, Job Marson, Templeman, Johnny Howlett, and the mite, Kitchener, an elfin jock, who once got into the saddle under four stone, and latterly, Sam Rogers, till he threw his Lordship and every private friend over on Ratan.

It was an amusing sight to see Lord George on the steps of Lumley's at Epsom, calling over his

jockey's book on this memorable occasion, as if every bet, under such circumstances, need necessarily be entered in that volume; nor was it less edifying to see him apparently convinced that Sam was acting fairly by him from having placed it in his hands without demur.

It was a rich scene; with the motley crowd surrounding the aristocratic catechiser, grinning surprise or intelligence. It was proposed that Pedley should call over the names, when stragglers at Mickleham might have been made aware they were wanted; but his Lordship, with a whip under his arm, and a gold pencil-case in his fingers, dressed in the Old Welbeck hides, and standing in high relief, amidst the besatined, circassian-creamed plebeian legs, commenced proceedings by saying in his tranquil, well-assured strains, "Gentlemen, I'm going to call over my jockey, Samuel Rogers' book, and will thank you to answer to your names and bets." "Mr. Gul—ly!" shouted he, in his best manner, from the rostrum.

"Here!" growled old Gully from the crowd, removing the cigar from his lips to give place to a sardonic, catch-me-if-you-can, implied smile. "Here!" replied he.

"You have bet Samuel Rogers 350/25 against Ratan, I perceive [Why this is all right; he seems to be backing his horse, said Lord George

aside.] Ah! but he stands in a pony with you on the Ugly Buck, it seems, overleaf. (Terms not named.) This has an ugly look. Are those all the bets you have with him, Mr. Gully?"

"If you have any more in my name, and will specify, my lord, I may then be better able to answer you," replied the cautious old gladiator.

And so Lord George proceeded through the harmless little volume, ticking off Master Tom Crommelin, Jerry Ives, the Dollar, and a whole heap of worthy betting men, who would scorn to take advantage of so interesting a gentleman as the member for Lynn!

It was a rascally, disgusting affair; an affair so outrageous that the Jockey Club dismissed the convicted parties from the race courses within their jurisdiction, though only to admit them again whitewashed, and laughing in their sleeve, after hovering outside for a short year or two, as naughty boys set in a corner, for not knowing their lessons better than to avoid being found out. Can crime cease when the only tribunal to which the delinquent is amenable thus flirts with the most audacious convicts? We opine not.

In our foregoing notice of Lord George Bentinck, we have stated that he sold his entire stud, with their engagements, to Mr. Mostyn for 10,000*l.* at a word. Yielding to the dictates of a higher

purpose, and voluntarily obeying that impulse of mental superiority which told him, if at the eleventh hour, that he was engaged, if not absorbed in a pursuit utterly unworthy his genius and reputation; a pursuit which might lead to the discomfiture of other hellites, and a few London legs, or possibly, to a stray Derby or St. Leger, but one in which the still small voice of the embryo statesman and pupil of George Canning assured him, however he might gloze the picture, there was neither honour, tranquillity, nor satisfaction.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Duke of Rutland.—The Dead-heat between his horse Cadland and the Colonel.—The same between Charles the Twelfth and Euclid.—Prudence.—Bill Scott's Vernacular.—The trial of his Son in the Classics.—Paternal discipline.—Stable ditto.—The late Duke of Cleveland.—Margrave's Year.—The Legs tabled.—A boiling Pandemonium.—The Supporters to the Rostrum.—Old Ord.—Jemmy Bland and Crocky.—The Duke of Cleveland's Stud.—His Match against Sancho.—Colonel Mellish.—His Portrait, Establishment, Team, and *finale!*—Charles James Fox.—The Honourable Dick Vernon.—Quotation from Holcroft.—The Duke of Cumberland.—Mr. O'Kelly.—Eclipse.—His Stock.—The Duke of Grafton.—His Mare Prunella.—Pedigree of Julia.—Lord Stanley.—His Horse Ithuriel.—His early doom.—Review of illustrious Racing *Un-commoners*.

HAVING made mention of the princely Belvoir in our foregoing sketch, we may add, with confidence and truth, that no one ever exceeded its noble owner, the Duke of Rutland, in the honourable, high-minded attributes of a patrician turfite, or excelled him in his uniform, untiring pursuit of the sports of the field. Though one of the oldest members of the Jockey Club, his Grace fears neither wind nor weather, either on the heath or at the covert-side; racing more for the pure love

of sport than from any hope of great gain, and preferring a match any day to a handicap. The best thing he did was in winning the Derby with Cadland after a dead-heat with the Colonel,—the latter horse ridden by William Scott, on whose nerves some “ten thousand” on the Colonel had a slight influence, as men say who saw Bill between the heats.

It was a different affair with him when he rode off the tie on Charles the Twelfth at Doncaster, a few years afterwards, when money was “of no object,” and he had, consequently, the nerve of Vulcan! Then we heard him confidently assert, with thorough jockey *nonchalance*, that “the big horse, in a match”—to which the race was reduced, in fact,—“would, if ‘made use of’ as he intended,”—and no man ever excelled Bill in the art of turning “quality” to account, —“outstride the little ’un, to a certainty;” as he did most gallantly, in spite of all the efforts of poor Conolly, who rode Euclid. Scott was, nevertheless, a prudent man, and hedged a portion of the great stake he had upon Charles, on the best possible terms, namely, to win a handsome sum, whatever the result of the race; or, as he quaintly expressed himself, having “put a little on Prudence—a clever old animal, got by Holdfast out of Careful,—lest Tim should puzzle him in mathematics, ‘on

the footing of it.’” This latter expression, “on the footing of it,” was—no matter what the subject under discussion,—ever in Bill’s mouth, though no one ever knew exactly what it implied. As we have before said, he made use of phrases as long as a two-year-old course, often containing hard, inexplicable words, he had not the most remote knowledge of, save by hearsay; and these words, *worked* orally into dialogue by aid of Bill’s singular accent,—a vernacular based upon the “old Six Mile Bottom,” or high-pitched Suffolk crossed by the vowels of the East-Riding,—it may be conceived that no slight tax was levied upon the risible powers of his audience, when “playing the high game in the argument,” as the droll little fellow often gave out he was prepared to do. The writer will not readily forget poor Bill’s asking him to “tout” his son in the “classics” one afternoon, over a cozy fireside chat in his own comfortable dining-room; or his saying, “Don’t make too strong running, Syl., or take all out of him the first trial,—remember he’s only a young ’un; but give him a fair ‘taste.’ Give him a mile and-a-half at four stone, or fifty pounds; that’s about your cut. And now, William,” continued he, “try to hang on the old ’un here, without attempting to pass him; and if you can live with him till you see White Willie,”—so Bill

always termed the distance-post,—“I think, as your father—a man without the advanrtages of a classic education, though ‘down to a dodge or two,’—that I may have reason to be ‘sweet’ with your performance, and that in a year or two you’ll be able to beat the schoolmaster at even weights. But, first, cut away, and ask for another bottle of wine.”

On this, or a like occasion, Bill told me he just suspected that his son William—then a mere boy—had been led into drinking spirits by his groom Bob; and that, in order to quiet or confirm his suspicion, he made the former give him a kiss before retiring to rest. He instantly “winded the lush,”—as he expressed himself; and after dismissing his son, with a most kind yet droll homily upon the sin he had perpetrated, went into the stable armed with a hunting-whip, with which, he assured me, he “towelled Bob,” for a good ten minutes’ burst, till he hallooed all Will Danby’s hounds, in the neighbouring kennel, into full cry! He said he never *laid into* a living thing—saving, perhaps, the luckless Mundig, when he won the Derby,—with more hearty good-will than he did into Bob’s bones, for his audacity in “pal’ing” with his son, and thus seducing him into evil paths.

The Duke of Rutland, whom we have not forgotten, though slightly run wide of in our late

digression, also won the Oaks with Sorcery and Medora; he is, moreover, the first jockey's first master,—the accomplished Jem Robinson having steered his horses uninterruptedly to the present time.

The most astute, and *not the safest customer* in the Red Book, to deal with of late years on the turf, was, out-and-out, the late Duke of Cleveland, a very Jesuit of the Ring, and the Confucius of gambling in all its branches.

We remember his features, and their expression. We remember the scene in the betting-rooms at Doncaster in Margrave's year, when old Frank Richardson, the blacksmith, and noted turfite,—a man who once confessed to a friend that nothing but sobriety had kept him from being hanged,—was "tabled" in the room along with the Bonds. The Bonds had a horse in the St. Leger, called Ludlow, and caused such a scene in the rooms at Doncaster, as will not be readily forgotten by those who took part in it. These men were "tabled" with old Beardsworth of Birmingham, formerly driver of a hackney coach, but then the keeper of a livery-stable, Frank Richardson just named, and a man called Wagstaff, an audacious fellow, whose teeth literally fitted into each other, like two cross-cut saws set together, or a shark's; and surely such a lot, though magnates of the Ring and

Turf, taken all in all, were never brought before the public, even at a race time.

This was on the eve of the St. Leger, when the din made by the Margrave clique, the Ludlow tribe, and the Scott division, all yelling and blaspheming in concert, or rather discord, might, nay, was heard, in the theatre, though the building is situated many streets distant from the boiling Pandemonium.

It was said the old Duke of Cleveland pulled the wires to this sweet *tableau vivant*! and to see his white, sardonic countenance, and Gully's threatening, overcharged brow, with old Crocky's satanic smile and working jaw, surrounding the table, as the parties explained, was to view a picture worthy the pencil of Rembrandt.

Old Ord, of Bee's-wing notoriety, also mounted the table, being howling drunk as usual and unshaved for a fortnight, and denounced the "whole gang as a crew of robbers and miscreants, for whom the gallows would be too good!" at which the room only applauded ironically, or grinned approval.

Then old Jemmy Bland, an atrocious Leg of the ancient, top-booted, semi-highwayman school, and Old Crocky got set by the ears, like two worn-out mastiffs, and had "a few words" through their false teeth.

The quasi-fishmonger, paddling his arms in his peculiar way, brought out some of his early Billingsgate to bear, and floored Old Jemmy, after half-a-dozen rounds, with some withering slang, and not-to-be-parried *inuendo*! though the opponents made a fight of it to the last.

This old Bland always settled in town, going for the chances of an axle breaking, or a leader bolting, and his creditor being sent to a better world in consequence. He drew all he could on the spot, but paid in London, affirming there "was always a point or two" in coaching up a couple of hundred miles, as there was truly in those days.

The old sinner always went for "his ex's," by laying a pony, or fifty both ways on a match! "Pick good men," said he, "and you are sure to draw the man you win of, and so get breeched for the journey home. Your creditor," continued he, "you come Captain Parry over; or, if difficult to manage, give him a 'little tenner' on account!"

The Duke of Cleveland had, as they say in Yorkshire, "money for ever," and so did nearly as he pleased on the turf. He gave enormous prices for horses, paying 12,000*l.* for four—namely, Swiss, Swab, Barefoot, and Memnon; having previously given 3500 guineas for Trustee and Liverpool. His stable also contained Chorister, the winner of

the St. Leger in 1831; Emancipation by Whisker, as also Muley Moloch, and many others.

The Duke's great match with Pavilion, against Colonel Mellish's Sancho at Newmarket in 1806, brings the latter accomplished and extraordinary personage to our memory, as we had him described by a personal friend, from whose "scrap-book sketch," it is, perhaps, possible to make a rough copy.

Colonel Mellish was little less than a meteor in the sporting world and dazzling hemisphere of fashion, being probably the most finished example of a high-bred turfite who ever trod the race-course in ancient or modern times.

He would have taken the "whip-hand" from Philip of Macedon! and all but out-Brummeled Brummel in his dress and fastidious habits. With a princely fortune, exquisite taste, many varied accomplishments, and the consummate pluck of a British yeoman at heart, with all his thews and sinews, it is little wonder that Mellish had a relish for life, and indulged himself in all the sports of the field, as became a stalwart gentleman.

He was an artist—painting far beyond the performance of the mere amateur—a fine horseman, a scientific farmer, a brave soldier, and a skilful coachman, having been, as it is asserted of him, the cleverest man of his day on the Turf, especially in

handicapping, and making matches, in which few could excel him.

His establishment was terrific ! He had at one period of his life thirty-eight race-horses in training, seventeen carriage-horses, a dozen hunters in Leicestershire, four chargers at Brighton, and hacks innumerable ; and of course a whole brigade of retainers in his pay. The colonel made his appearance on the race-ground when in the meridian of his career, in a way never yet imitated or approached.

Driving four white horses "in hand" with "out-riders" on matches, ridden with harness bridles, and holsters at the saddle bow ; his barouche painted in exquisite taste, the handsome Colonel was truly the observed of all observers, as whirling up to the Grand stand, tossing his reins on either hand, and descending as if unseen or the quietest man in life, he mounted one of the thorough-bred hacks, led by the saddle-horse groom in the rear of his retinue, habited like the rest of his people in crimson livery, and followed by two other grooms, cantered over the course towards the rubbing-house or warren.

Had he contented himself with only this, and refrained from "flirting with the elephant's tooth," all would have been comparatively well ; but vile, insinuating hazard, effecting that which betting in

the ring had only partially accomplished, filched his fair domains, and drove the accomplished colonel to a premature grave!

It is reported of him that he played for 40,000*l.* at a sitting, nay, that he once staked that sum upon a single throw, believing, lost man! that the greatest pleasure in life was to play and to win, and the next best enjoyment, to play and to lose. This true madman's code, it is said the late Charles James Fox—the possessor of the most brilliant intellect of any age—was the founder of, he being at one time of his life deep in the mysteries of the Turf, and a very heavy bettor.

What a study is the career of Fox! the greatest gambler, *roué*, and politician of his day; it is nevertheless known that he never formed a creditable, if desirable, connexion with any woman; that he lost three large private fortunes at play, and above all, that he was worsted at the Great Game, by the Boy *with Character*, the immortal Pitt!

Another of the noted turf characters of those days was the Honourable Richard Vernon—commonly called Dick Vernon—owner of the famous horse Woodpecker, with whom he won the Craven no less than three times. He was quite *au fait* of the art of book-making, and all the manœuvres of the craft—as may be inferred from the following

quotation from Holcroft, once his stable-lad, and finally his biographer! The literary groom says:—

“In addition to matches, plates, and other modes of adventure, that of a sweepstakes had come into vogue, and the opportunity it gave to deep calculators to secure themselves from loss by hedging their bets, greatly multiplied the bettors, and gave uncommon animation to the sweepstakes mode. In one of these Captain Vernon had entered a colt, and as the prize to be obtained was great, the whole stable was on the alert. It was prophesied that the race would be a severe one: for, although the horses had none of them run before, they were all of them of the highest breed; that is, their sires and dams were in the first lists of fame.

“As was foreseen, the contest was indeed a severe one, for it could not be decided—it was a dead heat; but our colt was by no means among the first. Yet so adroit was Captain Vernon, in hedging his bets, that if one of the two colts that made it a dead heat had beaten, our master would, on that occasion, have won ten thousand pounds: as it was, he lost nothing, nor could he in any case have lost anything. In the language of the turf, he stood to win ten thousand pounds to nothing. A fact so extraordinary to ignorance, and so splendid to poverty,” continues Holcroft,

“could not pass through a mind like mine without making a strong impression, which the tales told by the boys of the sudden rise of gamblers, their empty pockets at night, and their hats full of guineas in the morning, only tended to increase.”

It seems that all this evil-communing was not without its effect,—for poor Holcroft began betting like “our master” next morning, and before the week was out, had lost half his year’s wages.

Among the conspicuous characters on the English turf of past and present days, we must not omit to make mention of the Duke of Cumberland, as the breeder, and Mr. O’Kelly, as the fortunate possessor of Eclipse and other horses of all but equal celebrity.

The Duke bred Marsk, the sire of Eclipse; as also Herod, who, not only, like Eclipse, beat every horse that could be brought against him, at four, five, and six years old, but transmitted to posterity a more numerous and better stock than any horse ever did previously or has done since,—amongst the others, the noted Highflyer.

One of the heaviest matches of present or by-gone days, was run at Newmarket in 1764, between his Royal Highness’s horse, King Herod, as he was then called, and the late Duke of Grafton’s Antinous, by Blank, over the Beacon Course for a thousand pounds a-side, and won by Herod

by a neck. Upwards of a hundred thousand pounds changed hands on this event!

Mr. O'Kelly, the owner of Eclipse, appears to have been an accomplished judge of racing, and of breeding more especially.

Eclipse is the reputed sire of no less than one hundred and sixty winners, amongst whom were some of the most valued stud-horses of the day—making mention of Dungannon, Volunteer, Alexander, Meteor, Pot 8 o's, Soldier, Saltram, Mercury, and Young Eclipse. It is asserted that O'Kelly cleared 10,000*l.* by the dam of Soldier alone, from her produce by Eclipse and Dungannon, and that he had frequently fifty mares in foal, that were the source of immense gain to him.

The late Duke of Grafton, lately alluded to in our notice of his match with the Duke of Cumberland, was also a keen sportsman and an excellent judge of racing. The pedigree of one animal, to whose stock may be traced much of the success of the Grafton stud, is well worth extracting: "In 1756, Julia, by Blank, was bred by Mr. Paulton, of great Newmarket fame—her pedigree running back, not only to Bay Bolton, Darby's Arabian, and the Byerly Turk; but beyond the Lord Protector's White Turk, generally the *ne plus ultra* of pedigrees—to the Taffolet Barb, and

the natural Barb mare; and at seven years old was put into the Duke's stud, and produced Promise, by Snap. Promise produced Prunella, by Highflyer, the dam of eleven first-rate horses, whose names, after the manner of fox-hounds, all begin with the letter P, the first letter of the mare's name, and she is said to have realized to the Grafton family little short of 100,000*l*. In fact, all breeders of race-horses try for a stain of the justly-celebrated Prunella."

Of the Marquis of Exeter, Colonel Anson, Lord Eglinton, and one or two more conspicuous characters of the Turf of the present day, we have spoken *en passant* in our early Newmarket reminiscences, having merely to add, that the first-named most honourable nobleman and thorough sportsman, has bred, principally, and we fear, too exclusively, from his famous horse Sultan, his success on the Turf having been, of late years, greatly below his deserts.

We must not fail to mention the honoured name of Stanley in our Turf memorial, to which old Sir Peter Teazle, in whose veins were united the blood of King Herod, Blank, Snap, Regulus, and the Godolphin Arabian, adds such prestige and renown.

We imagined, a year or two ago, that his Lordship had a worthy successor to this noted racer

and stud-horse, in his magnificent, but early-doomed animal Ithuriel, by Touchstone, on whose performance, if good looks, immense power, high-breeding, and splendid action, go for anything, we would have augured better things than are chronicled to his credit in the Racing Calendar.

But with a needle in his frog, poor brute ! even the son of Touchstone would not be improved for a race ; and that this was currently said to have been the case at Doncaster, when he was scratched the evening before the Leger, few who were present, and heard the *on dits* unreservedly, can fail to remember.

Ithuriel was not in the Derby, but being unfortunately seen and universally admired at Chester, and heavily backed thus early for the St. Leger—for no judge of a horse could fail to esteem him—he was straightway doomed by the Carnivoræ of the Turf to destruction.

The position of Princess, alone, in the Leger on the occasion alluded to ; an animal to whom, we believe, that Ithuriel could have given any weight, equally with that of the Cure and Red-deer, leads us to believe that Lord Stanley's horse would—had he started as he was at Goodwood—have won as easily as his sire Touchstone himself did. But it was not to be.

We conclude our general review of sporting

worthies by quoting from a turf-sketch of the "public racing men" at Newmarket some fifteen years ago; mention being expressly made of Messrs. Crockford, Gully, Ridsdale, Sadler, the Chifneys, &c., of whom the author says, "little remains to be said, their deeds being almost daily before us." But, looking at the extraordinary results of these men's deeds, who will not admit racing to be the best trade going? Talk of studs, talk of winnings, talk of racing establishments!—our Graftons, Richmonds, Portlands, and Clevelands, with all their "means and pliances to boot," are but the beings of a summer's day, when compared with those illustrious personages and their various transactions and doings on the turf.

Here is a small retail tradesman, dealing in a very perishable commodity, become our modern Cræsus in a few years, and proprietor of several of the finest houses in England! Behold the champion of the boxing-ring,—the champion of the turf,—the proprietor of a noble domain,—an honourable member of the "*reformed* parliament," all in the person of a Bristol butcher! Turn to a great proprietor of coal-mines,—the owner of the best stud in England,—one who gives three thousand guineas for a horse, in the comely form of a Yorkshire footman! We have a quondam Oxford livery-stable keeper, with a dozen or more race-

horses in his stalls, and those of the very best stamp, *and such as few country gentlemen, or indeed any others, have a chance to contend with.*

“ By their father’s account of them (see “ Genius Genuine,” by the late Sam Chifney), the two Messrs. Chifney were stable-boys to Earl Grosvenor at eight guineas a-year, and a stable-suit. They are now owners of nearly the best horses, and, save Mr. Crockford’s, the best houses in their native town.

There is the son of the ostler of the Black Swan, at York, betting his thousands on the heath, his neckerchief secured by a diamond-pin. Then, to crown all, there is *Squire* Beardsworth of Birmingham, with his seventeen race-horses, and his crimson liveries, in the same *loyal*, but dirty town, in which he drove a hackney-coach.

Taking for granted that all this is done *honestly*, why should *we* despair of seeing the worthy little devil who trots with this sheet to New Burlington Street, appear some fine morning on Newmarket Heath with his seventeen race-horses, his crimson liveries, and his diamond pin !

To this review of the “ distinguished commoners” who owned race-horses in that day, a slight, but significant *postscriptum* may be added of our own times, in the names of Messrs. Pedley—a Huddersfield clothier, and a highly respectable

one in every way, yet owner of Cossack, winner of the Derby,—a “great gun” of the ring,—and still a clothier; “Mr. B. Green,” the owner of four favourites—*Flatcatcher* and *Assault*! among the number,—and not one starter in last Derby—pedigree unknown; Drinkald, a small farmer, the son of a bargeman, with a strong team of horses constantly in the betting; Hargraves (*vide* Old Crutch’s account); Clarke, the bill discounter (*ibid*); Hill, late “boots” at Manchester, yet making a ten thousand pound book; Irwin, an attorney’s clerk of Dublin, yet winner of the St. Leger with Faugh-a-ballagh; O’Brien! Levi (hellite), *cum multis aliis* of a like genus, all with diamond pins; and any amount of nominations on that fair sheet, whereon once a Regent, a Grafton, a Fitzwilliam, or a Mellish, stood enrolled.

CHAPTER XV.

The Race-horse and his Rider.—The Money at issue on the Turf.—Racing "Sweeps."—Their evil tendency and mischief:—A case in point.—The duty of Government.—Contingency.—A Memoir of Jockey life.—Essentials for the calling.—Newmarket the Jockey's home.—The two Chifneys.—Bill Scott.—His tactics.—His victory upon Industry and Satirist.—A tribute to character.—Scott's principal Races.—John Scott.—Meaux.—Sim. Templeman.—His vernacular.—Nat.—Job Marson.—Tommy Lye, and other Jocks.—Frank Buckle.—His double victory on Tyrant and Scotia.—Jem Robinson.—Billy Nash.—A Match described.—Wasting.—Its effects.

TAKING into consideration the immense sums run for by English race-horses, and their consequent influence upon the fortunes of such of the community as make stakes in the fearful game,—the persons who ride them,—and in whose hands, in fact, is at all times invested the supreme power to lose, if tempted by the arch fiend-Money, form, necessarily, an important branch of society, as well as a deeply interesting subject for inquiry.

From the commencement of the racing season at Warwick, or Coventry, to its close at the Houghton Meeting, or rather, in the final struggle for

winter rations for man and beast—at Newmarket, the amount of money at issue in stakes and wagers, entirely depending upon a horse shoving his nose in first, or modestly keeping it on another's quarters, is enormous! It amounts, it is safe to affirm, to more than the funded debt, or gross transactions in commerce of many considerable states; nay, in a heavy betting Derby or St. Leger year, the sums depending upon this interesting casualty would make very pretty morning's work for the Government broker, or Messrs. Barings, or even the noble Jew!

The mere stakes at Goodwood—a private meeting—exceed the large sum of 30,000*l.*; whilst at York, Ascot, Manchester, Chester, Liverpool, and other country race-towns, irrespective of the great fixtures of Epsom, Doncaster, and Newmarket, a "cool thousand" of public money is added; whilst Queen's hundreds are everywhere given to be scrambled for by the small, wasted, stable-bred gentlemen, to whom the whispering, sinister-looking master of the animal, reeking from the ring, is "giving a leg" into the pig's skin.

In addition to the money turned over in the ring—there are the club settlements—incalculable sums transferred on the quiet!—the gambling over the drawings, and after the drawings, of "racing sweeps," when many a sober, hitherto well-disposed artisan, from simply entering his

name in a five shilling lottery on the Derby or Leger, gradually becomes too enamoured of the deadly Siren, to leave off wooing her till utterly ruined in mental tranquillity, so essential to his calling, as well as deprived of comforts equally necessary to his wife and children. This results not only from his subscriptions made from time to time in hopes of retrieving lost ventures,—subscriptions often only effected after a visit to the pawnbroker!—but from the incessant, however trifling, expenditure in drink! an outlay inevitable upon entering the public-house wherein the “sweep” is got up so philanthropically, to which the shareholder resorts mechanically from his anxiety to know how the lottery is filling, or when the drawing may be expected.

Then many a hardly earned shilling, that would have eked out the thrifty housewife’s weekly store at home, or have shod the sickly brat at her knee, is passed into the yawning till of the burly, half-bursting keeper of the den, and advertising proprietor of the “sweep.”

We lately knew a foreman to a large iron-foundry, or factory, one of those sturdy, intelligent, nay, intellectual fellows, whose hard, toil-stained hand we love and honour to clutch! a man with taste to model iron after his own device, nerve and talent to direct steam, and a fund of common

sense and colloquial powers, only passed over by those—a vast and trifling horde!—who know not a “diamond in the rough,” or how to inquire beyond the universities, or dilettanteish *soirée*.

This man I often visited after work-hours at his cottage-home, sitting for many a half-hour, chatting with himself and tidy wife, as she sat sewing by the well-brushed hearth and bit of blazing fire, luxuriating in honesty and content. He had been abroad in France and Belgium, acting as the managing *ouvrier* in more than one large foundry, and had returned to England with an increased store of information, as well as a confirmed belief in the soundness and fairness of his country's institutions.

This humble engineering friend of the author's became enticed, as he confessed, by a comrade into a Derby sweep; and though the actual outlay at the moment was “merely half a sovereign,”—a sum he could well afford, in his circumstances, to spend upon his pleasures occasionally, if he chose,—yet the tranquil evenings in his cottage-home went with the money. He, in fine, acquired that restless, unsatisfactory, and unsatisfied yearning after a “bit of luck,” and followed the distracting *ignis fatuus* through a series of racing lotteries at several public-houses, taking something for *their* respective good at each, till, as his wife informed

me, the sound-hearted, right-minded, even-tempered artisan, became within a twelvemonth an uneasy, intemperate man, and actually worn away in frame and visage to an extent scarcely credible but by those who know the effect of excitement and late hours.

A good government is not merely a diplomatic conclave, or a higher assize court; it should be paternal, watchful, and directing; yea, correcting, with rod in hand, and stern looks occasionally, whenever the public welfare in morals and domestic exchequer is in jeopardy. And it specially behoves our rulers not to be misled in the speciously-put matter of public-house gambling, effected under the guise of race lotteries.

Any attempt at extenuation of this most noxious enemy to the working man's fireside and peace of mind, in addition to its being a subtle poison and temptation in every *bureau* or counting-house wherein the young are employed, we sincerely trust no newspaper will longer abet; for we feel assured that those journalists who yet advocate the principle of interference for "all or none," and hence demand an indemnity for racing-lotteries, have not adequately considered the subject with its reversionary interest on society, or viewed the incipient as well as actual danger to a class far more valuable, because indispensable, to our empire and

constitution, than the one privileged to ruin themselves by play and betting. The latter we can replace ; the former, if thoroughly vitiated in taste, never.

For ourselves, we have expressed our opinions of the worth of a single member of that genuine class of Englishmen, too unequivocally and sincerely, we trust, for our present sentiments in reference to their private matters to bear misconstruction ; and assure the order—of whom our sketch was erewhile but the type,—that we are actuated by no motive but a true desire to save them from those heart-achings, and hours of inquietude of spirit—without alluding to the pecuniary loss, or gain—which in the long-run they will too surely find await them, if they persist in pursuing luck through the fascinating mazes of a public-house lottery !

The insidious bait itself, and entire machinery of the sweep, we look upon as a downright and audacious encroachment upon the true functions and legalized limits of the vintner or publican, and most earnestly repeat our conviction, that untold mischief lurks in this, we hope incipient, taste for gambling, solely engendered by these means, amongst our hard-working, once-saving classes ; and above all, that our Government will be wanting in a semblance of the attributes we have speci-

fied as essential to a good one, if they hesitate a moment in putting down the nuisance, and in providing effectually against its recurrence. As for the privileged classes, if any of our friends of the loom and anvil have the opportunity to peruse our present writing, they will see that, with the exception of one in a hundred, the *caste* held to be so enviously in the ascendant, and favoured by non-interference on the part of Government have, when deserted by luck, or prudence, been little less than heirs to ruin in their connexion with the turf; and, moreover, that it is the imperative duty of the directors of the public weal to prevent the class, upon whom so much more depends, from following the high-bred example, if possible.*

This digression, not the most wide of our intended moral, let us hope, came of our taking a mind's-eye glance at a Derby, and its half-million of contingencies to the public, the club, the sweep, and little-go, being dependant upon the eight stone

* The innumerable traps set for the young and unwary, under cover of the "Metropolitan Bank and Betting Office," the "Racing Bank," "Racing Club," &c., by whose agency we are told, in weekly advertisements, that 30,000*l.* may be gained by an outlay of 5*l.*; 10,000*l.* by 1*l.*; 5,000*l.* by 10*s.*; and 1,250*l.* by 2*s.* 6*d.* ! and these sums *said* to be raffled for on a race like the "Cambridgeshire," demand the prompt and energetic interference of certainly no less power than that vested in our boasted "Society formed for the Suppression of Vice," if such there really be in our land.

and six pounds of humanity claiming to be the fruit of worthy old Joe Rogers' loins — hight Samuel on Ratan! or, as of yore, from contemplating their hinging upon the mental phases and conscientious scruples of the accomplished, stout-armed Harry Edwards, on the Nobbler.

As we have observed on commencing this chapter, the men on whose characters so much depends, form a theme deeply interesting to society; and, without speculating further upon the chances or mischances "upon the cards,"—cards *shuffled, cut, and dealt* by the jockey in the matter of *profit-from-loss*,—we shall proceed to a personal sketch of a few noted workmen of the saddle, which we hope may not prove devoid of amusement to the reader.

It is "Nimrod," we believe, who says that the term "jockey" is often used in a metaphorical sense, in allusion to the unfair dealings of men; yet there have been, and now are, jockeys of high moral character, whom nothing could induce to do wrong. "Independently of trust-worthiness," continues he, "their vocation requires a union of the following not every-day qualifications:—considerable bodily power in a very small compass; much personal intrepidity; a kind of habitual insensibility to provocation, bordering upon apathy, which no efforts of an opponent, in a race, can get

the better of; and an habitual check upon the tongue. The jockey must not only at times work hard, but—the hardest of all tasks—he must work upon an empty stomach. During his preparation for the race he must have the abstinence of an Asiatic; indeed, it too often happens that at meal-times he can only be a spectator,—we mean, during the period of his wasting. To sum up all, he has to work hard, and deprive himself of every comfort, risking his neck into the bargain, and for what? Why, for five guineas if he wins, and three if he loses a race. The famous Pratt, the jockey of the no less famous little Gimcrack, rode eleven races over the Beacon course in one day, making—with returning to the post on his hack—a distance of eighty-eight miles in his saddle.”

Newmarket is the true breeding and training ground, as well as the congenial home of the jockey; and it was here, in the magnificent abodes of the Chifneys especially, that the fact of “five guineas for winning a race and three for losing,” as stated by Nimrod in the foregoing extract as the jockey’s sad alternative, might have been reasonably doubted!

In the heyday of these men, namely William and Sam Chifney, it required no little ingenuity on the part of the most extravagant to keep pace with their immense establishments and fastidious

tables; though, as with Ridsdale, and many others who could be named of a like genus, they were finally eaten up by unchecked expenditure, and now but exist as sad mementos of too high notions, outrageous but mutable profits, and a false position. Their father was also a celebrated jockey,—their mother the daughter of a training-groom; so that on both sides their breeding for the craft is perfect.

Nor could a better mannered, or, in fact, a more gentlemanlike person be met with—when so disposed—than William Chifney, the present, or rather late trainer of Newmarket.

As for Sam, he was out-and-out the *beau ideal* of a jockey when in his prime; and for elegance of seat, perfection of hand, judgment of pace, and power in his saddle, was excelled by no man who ever sat in one.

He was the artful dodger of the corps, and came creeping up to his horses in a race, being invariably the last to get off—or rather, in strict truth, they on most occasions came lagging back to him, from the pace telling too soon, when, reclining backwards in his seat—letting go his horse on the post, tensioned up to the exact instant, like an animated cross-bow, and dealing a cut with his whip that would have revived a mummy, or made the Bronze Horse at Venice spring from his

pedestal—Sam came, with the rush of a tornado at the finish, and often stole a race from animals infinitely his superior, by his consummate calculation and unequalled impetuosity.

When he rode his own horse, Zinganee, for the Claret Stakes, at the Craven Meeting in 1829, and snatched the race from such men as Jem Robinson and Buckle, his style of riding was the wonder and admiration of the field.

Sam Chifney had not the courage of poor Bill Scott, in his best day, notwithstanding all this well-deserved eulogy; he being, as with many other first-rate men at a finish, always funky when leading with a large field in his rear; a predicament, indeed, in which he seldom placed himself.

But Bill, on the contrary, would tear away at score through his horses, cut them down like grass, and sail on in front, with the ruck, and death clattering after him—had he broken down or fallen—knowing that the condition of his animal was sapping the very heart's-blood of those compelled to follow. He never threw away a chance by waiting till some worse horse had stolen in upon him, *à la* Chifney; but, if he had “quality,” as he expressed himself, he always made use of it, and choked the poor devils, contending against him, the first half mile. If, on the reverse, he had a slug to rally, Bill would cut the life out of him, and lift him in

first, by force of thew and sinew, if possible. We remember his race with Mundig, when he won the Derby by riding with great energy till within the distance, and, finally, by landing him home by sheer dint of steel and whalebone.

One of the traits of character essential to a finished jockey, as specified by Nimrod, namely, an habitual insensibility to provocation bordering on apathy, poor Bill had no pretension to lay claim to; as few will dissent from who remember his winning the Oaks upon Lord Chesterfield's Industry, when he and Arthur Pavis—riding a mare of Lord Suffield's—Calypso, if I remember rightly—came struggling neck-and-neck on the post far more intent upon punishing each other than their animals.

Scott, on whom the attack was commenced by Pavis, had succeeded in getting the rails, and so had the whip-hand,—an advantage he was not slow in availing himself of, as his opponent's back, and his own well-stuffed pocket-book, on the Tuesday following, would have amply testified.

At Doncaster—his own dunghill of late years—Bill, by some contrivance, would have the rails, *coute qui coute*, if he had a mind for the place possessed, and the turn of speed in his favour, however slightly.

In the St. Leger race, won by Satirist, also

ridden by William Scott, Nat made running on Van Hamburgh to the best of his ability, till Bill, who was a terrible talker and swearer in a race, coming up at the Red House, hallooed to Nat to shove out of the way from Coronation's quarter, and let him have a cut at him. And when he saw he had old John Day fairly beaten, about a stride from home, he had still colloquial powers left to inquire, grinning at him facetiously—'Does he pull you now, John? I think not.'

From the fact of Bill riding an animal out of Sarcasm, by Banter, this bit of badinage, uttered at whirlwind pace, had a double point.

To the sterling qualities of William Scott, the jockey, the author has, in a foregoing chapter, paid a sincere, yet far from exaggerated tribute of admiration. This reminiscence was penned in the supposed life-time of poor Bill, and it is with a melancholy satisfaction that the writer reviews the portrait dashed off from memory, as well as the just meed of praise awarded to a good-hearted fellow.

Those who looked to the droll, slangy little jock for assistance in sickness, and received his kind words on all occasions, rough though they might be at times, in addition to uniform charity and benevolence, can best appreciate his loss in the immediate neighbourhood of York and

Malton; whilst many a wealthy, high-bred neighbour and self-complacent saint, might benefit his soul by copying the eccentric, yet sound-hearted little fellow, in traits which alone did such honour to his nature.

William Scott won the St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster, no less than nine times; the Derby four, and the Oaks thrice during his triumphant career on the turf.

His St. Leger victories were as follows: In 1812, on Mr. T. O. Powlett's Jack Spigot, beating twelve others; in 1825, on Mr. Watts's Memnon, beating twenty-nine others; in 1828, on Mr. Petre's The Colonel (after running a dead-heat for the Derby with Cadland), beating eighteen others; in 1829, on Mr. Petre's Rowton, beating eighteen others; in 1838, on Lord Chesterfield's Don John, beating six others; in 1839, on Major Yarburgh's Charles XII. (after a dead-heat with Euclid), beating thirteen others; in 1840, on Lord Westminster's Launcelot, beating ten others; in 1841, on Lord Westminster's Satirist, beating ten others; and in 1846, on his own horse, Sir Tatton Sykes, beating eleven others.

Thus, it will be seen, he rode the winners of four successive St. Legers. He won the Derby in 1832, on Mr. Ridsdale's St. Giles, beating twenty-one others; in 1835, on Mr. Bowe's Mundig,

beating thirteen others; in 1842, on Colonel Anson's Attila, beating twenty-three others; and in 1843, on Mr. Bowe's Cotherstone, beating twenty-two others. His Oaks victories comprise the years of 1836, on his brother's mare, Cyprian, beating eleven others; 1838, on Lord Chesterfield's Industry, beating fifteen others; and 1841, on Lord Westminster's Ghuznee, beating twenty-one others.

Many of his Derby and St. Leger winners, he successfully handled at two years old, both at York and Doncaster, winning the Champagne nine times, and the Two-Year-Old Stakes six times over the latter course. His principal Cup victories were achieved for the late Marquis of Westminster, on the latter's celebrated horse Touchstone. He likewise won the Cups at Ascot, Goodwood, Liverpool, Chester, and other places, in addition to the Goodwood Stakes and other great handicaps. These victories were accomplished on Glaucus, Hornsea, Cardinal Puff, Hetman Platoff, and other first-rate horses. Bill had at all times the pick of his brother John's leviathan stable,—an immense advantage over other jockeys, obliged to mount to "order," at a day or a moment's notice.

Both William and his elder brother, John Scott, the trainer, were born at Oxford; and, finally,

after residing some time at Hambleton with Mr. Croft, also another celebrated trainer, settled in Yorkshire, where the latter still remains with a large team of horses, a most extensive establishment—to which we have alluded at some length—and an unspotted reputation.

Poor Bill was buried scarcely a moon ago, at Meaux, in Holderness, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, having inherited a nice property in this rich district, through his marriage with Miss Richardson, of Beverley; as heir and heiress of which he leaves a son and daughter. The “old man”—his father—as he always termed him in conversation, lived at Brighton till upwards of ninety years of age, his comforts—his annuity in fact—being provided by his son William.

Continuing our notice of Jockey-Life, we must not omit to mention the name of Sim. Templeman, of Burnby, in Yorkshire,—probably as fair an example of unassuming talent, undeviating honesty, courage, and civility, as is to be met with in the fraternity.

Simmy is also an extremely kind-hearted, hospitable, and sportsmanlike little fellow, universally esteemed in the rustic neighbourhood wherein he resides on his own few, honourably acquired, acres; possessing at the same time the good opinion and friendship of all who have trusted

him in his profession. He has, moreover, been in steady luck of late years, having won both Derby and Oaks consecutively for liberal, wealthy masters, as well as innumerable country races, all bringing grist to the mill at Burnby. He was "within an ace" of winning Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger this year, having won the two former great events, and only missing the third by reason of Lord Clifden changing his jockey more than once, or possibly, from being placed, through a prior engagement, on that rankest of impostors, in every acceptation of the phrase, viz., "*Justice to Ireland!*"

Templeman is a complete Yorkshireman in accent and heartiness, and, for a weight never intended for hunting purposes, goes well across a country; he having generally one or two good "hunting 'osses," on which to meet Sir Tatton and "the Holderness," or the Ainsty pack of foxhounds, when within distance.

Simmy says it is "*parlous*" (an expressive Yorkshire term, meaning "too bad") that gentlemen will give sike names to their 'osses as they do; names which no decent man can pronounce, and which, though he may ride the animal, he will never "offer" to speak. "As for Rough Robin, Appleton Lass, or Sally Snobbs," continues he, "there is some sense in sike names, but

to call a horse by the name of *Il Penseroso* (which Simmy always turned into Bill Spencer, the grocer), *La fille mal garde*, *Chapeau d'Espagne*, *Canezou*, and others of a like sort, it is really *parlous!*" And so it is!

Perhaps the most fortunate race-rider of the present time, taking "all in," is Nathaniel Flatman, or Nat, as he is usually styled,—a complete "pocket Hercules" in strength and framework, as well as an accomplished judge of pace, and most resolute finisher.

Nat resides at Newmarket, though we believe he is Yorkshire bred as well as Templeman. Colonel Peel is his first master, though he never wants a mount when disengaged.

Job Marson, Lord Eglinton's private jockey,—though, of course, his Lordship permits him to ride for others when not requiring his services,—is a most elegant horseman, and an extremely well-behaved, creditable fellow. Job hails from Middleham Moor, though his father trained on Langton Wold up to a late period.*

Cartwright, John Holmes, Tommy Lye,—the most eccentric object on a race-horse ever beheld, yet an artful old dodger in every respect, when he

* Since the suspicious handling of Van Tromp, in the Derby race of 1847, Job Marson has ceased to ride for Lord Eglinton, having been replaced by Marlow, the fortunate jockey of the Flying Dutchman, on whom he has won both Derby and St. Leger this present year.

had the chance!—together with Robert Heseltine, of Black Hambleton, and George Whitehouse,—all hail “north-about,” and win in their turns. It were invidious to specify, most men being good jocks on superior animals; to which circumstance it is but fair to attribute much of the good fortune and celebrity of Bill Scott and the Southern division of choice men made mention of in these memoirs.

The Great Gun of the Pigskin was undoubtedly Frank Buckle, of Newmarket, now “run to earth,” but not before he bequeathed a character for uprightness and stability well worthy the emulation of all succeeding jockeys. He rode the winners of five Derby, seven Oaks, and two St. Leger Stakes; besides, as he expressed himself, most of the “good things at Newmarket and elsewhere.”

His great feat was in taking long odds that he won the Derby and Oaks on horses supposed to be unlikely for the job, believing, and it is fair to presume, correctly, that his science would suffice to get a middling animal along amongst a ruck of men not particularly famed, with the exception of Clift, and rather different to the present outsiders! and that if he could *live* till within the distance, he could beat them by riding, as he *did*, *there is no doubt*.

These second-rate jockeys of that day would *ride to Buckle*, as a young and green fox-hunter keeps his eye on an old 'un; but to “catch it”

sweetly before he has followed him over half-a-dozen fields, as we have all seen in our time ; and I have no doubt but that the fortunate old Frank made use of all his cunning amongst his admiring, gaping, half-terrified competitors.

The time of Buckle's great bet and double victory was in the year 1802, when he rode the Duke of Grafton's Tyrant, with seven to one against him, beating Young Eclipse and a fair field of horses. The race was won entirely by his superior patience, when after contemplating, with a grim smile, the severe play made between Sir Charles Bunbury's Orlando and Young Eclipse, he *awaited their return* to him, being convinced, from his judgment of pace, they must both stop, and struggled in on the post with one of the worst horses that ever won a Derby in that day.

The mare Buckle requested to ride in the Oaks was Mr. Wastell's Scotia ; and, though they say she was *beaten three times between home and Tattenham Corner*, he managed to keep her together whilst the others were pumping their animals to a stand-still, and again won on the post. These two victories are due, there can be no doubt, to old Frank's fine riding ; in illustration of which many other instances might be recorded. But this science, great as it was, would not have availed him when competing with such men as Chifney, Scott, Robinson, Nat, or Templeman, and was

only of extra value when brought into play against inferior men.

Buckle commenced service with the Honourable Richard Vernon, though he finally closed his brilliant career on the turf, in that of Earl Grosvenor, riding until past his sixty-fifth year, and remaining a gay and staunch member of the "ring," or rather the devoted patron of everything *in* it, till his death. He had a fancy for cocking, coursing, and harriers, as well as being a supporter of the "sock and buskin" in most country towns visited by him in the course of his calling. There is, I believe, a short biographical notice of this celebrated jockey in print, in which his eccentricities and peculiarities are given in an amusing style. There is also a young Buckle, a nephew of old Frank, yet in the *corps*, but a man of slight reputation in the saddle.

Jem Robinson, as we have before stated, excels men we ever saw in a match; an assertion amply justified by the way in which he made one himself with a sister or sister-in-law of "Billy Nash" of Windsor, a prime, manly little fellow with one arm, and the best maimed man in England across a country;* Jem rode the winner of the Derby

* To our sad memorials of departed friends,—victims, in part, we cannot but believe, to the over-anxious pursuit of *Sport*!—we grieve to be compelled to add the name of poor Nash, who died in the prime of life, during the passage of these pages through the press.

and Oaks, and was married within the week, to fulfil a prediction, as some say, but, as others think, a bet. We remember seeing Robinson win a match at Newmarket — amongst hundreds — when nothing but the most consummate judgment and exquisite riding secured him the victory. Between the two horses, that came bowling along, like chained shot from start to finish, there was not an ounce to choose. Between the men there was less, for old Sam Chifney was Robinson's opponent; and so near a thing was it across the Flat, that it was only owing to Jem's selecting the "foot-trod" over the heath,—judging truly that the daily labourer wending his way to and from work, does not go many hair's-breadths out of it,—that he got his horse in first by a nose. The firmness, yet elasticity, of the foot-path would equally aid him, whilst the narrow track, only sufficing for one horse, thus secured, compelled his competitor to keep on the slightest possible curve from the line taken as straight as a crow would fly by the accomplished Jem.

The literary groom, Holcroft, gives in his *Memoirs* some curious history of life in racing stables, as well as an account of the wasting essential to most jockeys to enable them to ride the different weights. With those in high repute it is needful to remain in condition from about three weeks before Easter to the end of October, though a

week or a fortnight are quite sufficient time for a rider to reduce himself from his natural weight to sometimes a stone or a stone and a half below it.

This reduction is accomplished through sweating, exercise, and a strict dietary, amounting to partial abstinence from solid food, and the greatest temperance in liquids, whilst in preparation for a race. This discipline, severe as it is, does not appear to injure the constitution in the least ; but, on the contrary, would really seem to give an increase of vigour, as the flesh—far from superfluous—wastes piecemeal from the bones. In an inquiry instituted by Sir John Sinclair in reference to this subject, it was stated by Mr. Sandiver, a surgeon long resident at Newmarket, that John Arnull, when rider to the Prince of Wales, was desired to reduce himself as much as he could, to enable him to ride a particular horse ; in consequence of which, he abstained from every kind of food, saving an apple occasionally, for the space of eight days, and declared himself not only uninjured, but in better wind, and altogether more fit to contend in a severe race than before he commenced this unnatural course of diet.

When moderately reduced, through exercise taken in a suit of proper sweaters,—say about eight or at most ten miles' brisk walk,—repeated for two or three days, nothing can exceed the

delicious sensation of health and elasticity which comes over a man after being rubbed down with a coarse towel, and fresh clothed for the remainder of the day. The effect is visible on the skin, which assumes a remarkably transparent hue, whilst after a repetition of such regimen condition follows every sweat, till the jockey becomes as sleek as the animal he is going to ride. We speak from experience; once on a time seldom moving without a suit of flannel-sweaters in our portmanteau. These, with a heavy pea jacket or two, woollen gloves, and a warm cloth cap, will in a brisk walk for a couple of hours, especially if the sun shows himself in earnest, do that for a man suffering from indigestion, plethora, or acidity in his veins, which all the doctors and “’opathies” in the quack’s pharmacopœia cannot accomplish. The most mortifying attendant upon wasting is the rapid accumulation of flesh, through a relaxation of the system; it having often happened that many jockeys have gained, after the very least indulgence, more in weight than they could reduce themselves in a couple of walks. There was, I mind, a favourite sweating-ground with the Newmarket jocks, of about four miles out, to a snug cabaret kept by a “Mother Onion,” or some such name, whither a whole brigade of bow-legged, antique-visaged, little gentlemen, carrying as much clothing as would suffice for many much taller personages,

might be seen, bathed in perspiration, either swinging their arms to-and-fro to increase the muscular action, and tramping after each other in single file on the footpath bordering the high-road, or else encountered over the public-house fire, scraping the perspiration from their heads and faces with a horn carried for the purpose, precisely as a race-horse is scraped after a race. After resting thus for half an hour or so, and imbibing a tumbler of warm beverage to increase the sweat, they return at a good pace to Newmarket; perhaps, "turn in" for a short time, and lie covered with blankets, in addition to their load of sweaters, when they finally strip, and groom themselves carefully for the evening.

Some men are bad wasters, when nothing but very severe exercise, aided by medicine, and the most complete self-denial, under every craving appeal for food, suffices to get off the last twenty-four ounces. Sam Chifney, Bill Scott, and Robinson, were all tall men by comparison with others of the fraternity, and consequently not so easy to reduce; and being in constant demand in many a dining-room, as well as on the heath, the mortification they endured may be imagined. But, the season once concluded, few men are more convivial, or hospitable, than the jockey, when ample revenge is taken upon the sporting Lent they have conformed to so piously.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Comparing-day at the Corner.—The Sunday before the Derby.—Scotch Turfites, Railways, and Sunday Sanctity.—An Old Military-Medico.—His opinion of the Clan.—Limmer's Hotel.—The *Habituels*.—Rencontre with O'Fay.—The Cream of the News.—The Limmer Clique.—Despots and "Nobodies."—More Turf Illustrations.—Horace Pitt.—The "King of the Gipsies."—The "Facer."—Lord Edward Russell.—Handsome Jack and Tommy Garth.—The "Dollar" in Paris.—Badinage.—A dangerous Customer.—O'Fay's elucidation of Matters.—Nimrod's Opinion.—A "selling" Stake.—Turf Mercenaries.—The losing and winning Hazard.—Alarm and his Owner.—Scratching Horses.

WITH the important "Comparing-day," and final High 'Change on the *Sabbath* immediately preceding the race for the Derby, the transactions at the Corner may be said to be closed; or rather, to be transferred to other corners of the metropolis, till the *dramatis personæ* once again, prior to the solution of the great mystery, muster in the main street, or on the downs of Epsom, where the struggle of half-landed victims to "get out" from the iron meshes cast so skilfully by the fishers of men, serves to show some pretty sport in the art of seine-drawing.

The comparing of betting-books, to the studier of Lavater, is an interesting ceremony; for the bettor against safe horses is not to be mistaken, as he beckons to his customers with a "biddy, biddy, biddy" air, to come and call over the liberal odds laid them through the winter. These he clenches with an attempt at suppressed *nonchalance* not to be misunderstood; whilst a heavy bet against a really dangerous horse—the book-maker being sought in this instance by the delighted taker—is compared in a mood equally difficult to dissemble.

The public display of sporting devotees on the Sunday at Tattersall's, when magistrates, M.P.s, and if not the actual Premier of England, his very nearest relatives, supposing a Peel or a Russell to have possession of the "box," may be seen, book in hand, or handling a horse's points, surrounded by grooms and "chanters," must be an edifying spectacle to the simple student of national character, native or foreign, and is no slight reflection on our boasted consistency.

The Scotch muster strong on the turf—their nobles and gentry being both keen and stanch competitors for the good things going; and, of course, regular attendants at Tattersall's on most occasions, as well as on the holy day specially selected for the High 'Change of betting.

In this indecent arena for the *display* of public immorality—the remark having allusion to the day and its desecration—may doubtlessly be seen numbers of shareholders, if not directors and chairmen of those northern railway lines, whereon an afflicted lady was denied a seat in a *passing* letter train, because it was the Sabbath, though to close her dying father's eyes was her pious errand.

There was something so humiliating to our national reputation, something so libellous on decency and common sense, and above all, so much redolent of pharisaical imposture, in this recorded fact of the stoppage of the Duchess of Sutherland on her journey to England on a late occasion, that, upon being asked by a French gentleman if such a “horrid statement” could really be true, the writer *blushed with shame*, and replied that he hoped,—nay, he fain believed it could *not*!

Immediately previous to this unfortunate Scottish escapade—*on parade*,—we had given it a more Anglo-Saxon definition, but forbear, from sincere respect for the many sterling traits of the “Land-o'-cakes,”—we met at a *table d'hôte* with a fine old Scotch surgeon of dragoons, a high-bred, silvery-haired veteran of the Staff; who, though he had witnessed the siege of Seringapatam, and had resided for thirty years in Paris, yet retained not only all his nationality unimpaired, as well as

a deep-seated veneration for the service, but an accent in untainted Aberdeenshire purity.

The old military-medico in appearance, partook of "The Duke," and the late Sir Astley Cooper,—not a very bad style; and was as intelligent and amusing a companion, after you had stormed the conventional approaches, as a travelled, educated countryman of Scott, or Lockhart, Fox Maule, or Allan Cunningham, may be said to be, with scarcely an exception, being permitted to speak from experience.

On parting with the Doctor on the French coast, he gave me to understand that, much as he regretted leaving Paris, solely as a place of residence, and without reference to, or any great reverence for, French character, (as who would not regret the convenient, pleasant, and reasonable city?) he yet thought it would be anything but a quiet abode for some time to come; and, consequently, that he was on a sly pilgrimage to Auld Reekie, where many of his kinsfolk resided, just before he finally broke up his little establishment, and packed up his wife and "other baggage," to see if it was "*possible* to live wi' thae d——d psalm-singers!"

The look, exquisite accent, and emphasis with which this was uttered, are not, unfortunately, to be given by pen and ink, though the little anecdote

—an honest fact—may serve as a meet commentary upon the *Sunday* piety of Scotland, coming from the style of man it did, howbeit a chieftain, and an elder of the clan. It is only a wonder that these strainers at gnats, and swallows of far more huge monsters than camels, when sanctity and self are implicated, should suffer the very railway engine to “whistle o’ the Sabbath,” especially when its dwarfish, yet single-hearted kinsman, the “toddy-kettle” is encouraged to sing on the hob of the puritanical conservers of the public morals and rails, so incessantly and jovially.

The many canny Campbells, Johnstones, Bailies, and Macs-Alpine and Nab,—all from their several ilks,—whom memory recalls to have seen betting right and left against Aristides, (say, by way of specifying,) a horse belonging to their noble, straightforward countryman, Lord Eglington, and then all but broken down, during the afternoon service on the special “Sunday before the Derby,” alluded to in our narrative, might surely use their influence with the “Board” at home, to prevent a recurrence so absurdly puerile, yet so perverse, if not subversive of Scripture,—for thou shalt surely see thy dying parent on the Sabbath-day! and, moreover, so provocative to this trifling illustrated discrepancy between precept and practice—as the stoppage of the mono-

polished high roads of Scotland, on the score of mock-morality.

* * * * *

One of the metropolitan corners to which the West-end denizens of the parent nook in Pimlico resort in great force, is Limmer's Hotel in Conduit Street, where some heavy bye-play is done on the few days, or rather nights, immediately preceding the Derby; and where the long-room of the hotel; the bar, and even "George's pantry" are crowded by all sorts and conditions of men; some lisping out an abortive oath at their "infernal luck" in not having backed the favourite; others on the hover, or crouching, ready for a spring, though, apparently, the most jolly, trustworthy, delightful set of fellows who ever shared a magnum of claret, or essayed to shake a man's arm off.

Hither we repaired after a late dinner, and rejoiced at meeting our amusing friend, O'Fay, at the doorway of the house, mellow as a nectarine in October, and quite as delicious in the mouth. He was in cut-and-thrust humour, and hardly required interrogating before he pointed out the notables of the flash rendezvous, and gave us the cream of the news of the day.

"Ah! my rustic friend," exclaimed he, as I crossed over the street; "*en route* for Epsom, and standing on Gaper, I suppose, as usual? Plenty

of gape-seed hereabouts; but not safe to speak as well as stare, I assure you. A pretty game is a-foot! they tried to burn Scott's stables at Leatherhead last night! Cotherstone is "potted,"* but will *win*! Gaper is "potted;" Old Charitie and the Atrocious Division are upon an extreme old 'un. John Day has been obliged to hedge 20,000*l.* to 3,000*l.* with Lord George (a tidy bet to make with an old *servant*). They take six to four about Bowes' horse; here's old Fatty inside. Two new hells open to-night. But come in and see the fun."

Thus rattled on O'Fay, and in we went.

The house was crammed with loungers and lookers-in, in addition to the few real inmates of the hotel, and coffee-room *habitués*; all more or less speculators on the forthcoming race at Epsom, and endued with that dominant, if not rude and overbearing air, which so distinguishes every sporting-man about town, who, no matter what his extraction or propensities, has contrived through the influence of all-levelling betting, to insinuate himself into the "Limmer Clique."

If a chance feeder at the "Clarendon,"—a household trooper,—or, by the rood!—a *lord*! as well as a lisper out of odds in the ring, the *recherché* leg and mess-room shark, is an example of English *manner*,—infinitesimal, Heaven be

* Betted against by parties who have no intention of paying.

praised! though it be, equally *curious* and affecting! An effeminate, drawling effrontery is the prevailing characteristic. The character and accomplishments of these brigands of fashion have been too racily, and, we regret to add, too accurately delineated by our amusing friend Sam Slick, in the true and biting satire which so often hangs between jest and earnest, to require further illustration than a simple quotation from the quaint and keen-sighted moralist. It is in relating his experience of Tattersall's that he says,—“Gentlemen is the lowest, lyingest, bullyingest blackguards there is, when they choose to be; 'specially if they have rank as well as money. A thorough-bred cheat, of good blood, is a *clipper*! that's a fact. They aint right up and down, like a cow's tail, in their dealins; and they've got accomplices, fellers that will lie for them like anything for the honour of their company; and bettin', under such circumstances, *aint safe*!”

The O'Bluster family, the Nazarene brigade, the sporting “stiff-melters,” and other “nobodys” of turf and play, have to endure an iron despotism of “cut,” or chance familiarity at the hands of these ephemeral rulers of Conduit Street *ton*; the ignoble adventurers being compelled to retire to the “Coach and Horses,”—Evans' and other plebeian haunts, to come, in turn, the magnifico

over the "Manchester men" and smaller fry of turfites.

On the special evening to which we would recur in our narrative, the originals, from whom the "Attaché" sketched his speaking likeness, were grouped in high relief; for foils as they were to the *hall-marked* metal of another order of English gentry, namely, the stray, yet many visitors from the hall and hamlet who throng London and its varied nooks at this season, and merely contribute their liberal quota to its insatiable maw,—there was no mistaking the studies from whence he had drawn his portraits.

Sir Xenophon Sunflower, a man who, from taste and sympathy, would have gloried in being a foot-pad, had he flourished in the "lower walks" of life, in lieu of being obliged to play the baronet, was "in office" for the great Scott party; picking up all the good money in the room with the dashing ease of a venturesome sportsman imbued with the half-reckless pluck and gallantry of a genuine lover of excitement. *In reality*, he had three horses to lay against that were virtually *dead*, and another to back who had been so highly tried, as to leave his winning, bar accident, a matter of little less than certainty.

Old Crocky paddled about as usual, laying his favourite thousands to ten against his young

country friends, "naming the three winners," leering masonically at any patrician Greek who perchance caught his eye, occupied like himself in doing a steady, safe business in the midst of the human Maelström, as the scene at midnight appeared to our uninitiated eye.

Poor old Fatty Sutherland was in the chair, wheezing like a slumbering grampus, and betting occasionally with anything but an excess of judgment!

Horace Pitt, the very nicest looking and most pleasant-mannered fellow of that set, far away; —Ginger Stubbs, honed and set to the finest possible edge, and the King of the Gipsies, had formed a conversational trio, and brought their beaks into a focus. The latter personage, a fashionable yokel of the true collop and sanded-floor cut and lineage in reality, endeavoured to make up for the absence of our gentler attributes, by assuming an air of ineffable superciliousness, added to a complaining lisp, when addressed by the handsome, natural, high-bred Guardsman.

The "Facer," a tendril from the Wellesley tree, for it was too fragile to be termed a twig, a delicate ruffler of the ring, formerly of the "G'ards," the Celeste of the regiment, whose sole happiness consisted in blowing a long tin mail-horn, principally in Old Thorn's shop, in Regent Street,

escaping from "Servers," and spending his evenings with Jem Burn and his bull-dogs, sat on a table drumming the bright leaf with his boot-heels, swathed in the unadulterated *nil admirari* vacuity and impertinence.

This gentle creature was a fortune to Mr. Sloman and the sponging-houses for a considerable portion of its existence, the "Facer" never hesitating to relate the history of his many hair-breadth escapes and captures in the course of conversation, without an atom of compunction. He spoke in the most approved icy drawl, and would have put up his glass at the very hangman, had they been introduced to each other in the way of business. With all this girlhood of frame and manner, the "Facer" had the pluck of Old Crib, with no contemptible share of his science, and would have returned blow for blow with a giant if assaulted, or imagined an insult intended, being one of those singular anomalies of effeminacy and courage that so often puzzle presumptuous strength and brutality.

He once gave us an anecdote of himself, that he considered a "most amusing episode of the Stone-jug," and related with inimitable *sang-froid* :—

"Do you know," said the "Facer," "that I was captured the other morning before the Sunday was run out half-an-hour, upon an infernal '*Ca sa*'

of the 'Count's,' and taken to the old quarters; when, upon naturally inquiring,—‘ Have you any swells here?’ I was told there was only one, but that he was a *very heavy* one; and who do you imagine I found up stairs? Why, the very Count himself, who had served me with the demned *capias*! and who had been nabbed late on Saturday night on another suit. It was a singularly droll coincidence,” continued my sweet friend; “but, of course, we sent out for some wine and turtle, and, with a little *écarté*, spent a very pleasant afternoon together.”

We could relate other “amusing episodes” from the “Facer’s” own telling, did not our sketch of the West-end hostel require our handiwork.

Three portly gentlemen hailing north about, and all pretty well drunk, sat chatting in the pantry with “George,” amongst whom the Assassin flitted to and fro on the sly, trying, as he expressed himself, to “play a back-hand.”

There was a frightful hubbub of voices, over which might be heard at intervals the deep West-riding *basso* of the owner of Cossack, or the querulous high-pitched *falsetto* of the little Milesian M.P. All had dined, and were conformably excited.

Lord Edward Russell, Handsome Jack (running to seed), and Tommy Garth, all of the despotic

dynasty, had got the luckless "Dollar" into a confab, evidently dispensing the familiarity of the capricious moment, and making slight effort to conceal the contempt it had—as per Old Saw—long since engendered towards its not quite unembarrassed recipient.

"They tell me you cut it very fat, Dollar, at Paris," commenced Lord Neddy, winking at Tommy Garth, and surveying the sporting Hebrew with a quiet, yet unmistakeable air of finished badinage. "They say that you make a 'good book' in other places besides London, and are down to more dodges than we simple Britons wot of."

"How about that *petit souper* at the 'Hôtel des Princes,' when you provided the 'chicken,' and invested so heavily in the French 'fives' the next morning?"

"Ah! what a man you are, my Lord," replied the Dollar (he would have called him "my dear," had they been alone).

"It is all calumny and jealousy, because I got a little money out of Ratan. I thank G—d I have never been 'had' in Paris, as some big swells have, who might be named. No, I am very quiet in Paris, and never out of bed later than five in the morning, and only play chicken with friends."

"You got more out of Sting than ever I or

Blumenthal (a sad slip!) did out of Paris in our best day. But you are such a man, my Lord! so droll, and so quick, that no weight can bring us together."

"For which, heaven be praised!" muttered his Lordship aside.

"Ah! somebody wishes to back Jeroboam for a little pony. I must go to business—I must go to business;" and away strutted the Dollar.

We had not long entered the coffee-room at Limmer's, ere we were joined by a peculiarly mild, agreeable fellow of about middle age, to whom Dallas (arrived in town over-night) was slightly, and O'Fay intimately, known. These addressed him as "Captain," and soon fell into an animated conversation on the merits of the coming Derby, during which racy chat the Captain became extremely amusing and communicative, and struck me as being in every respect a gentle and "proper" man.

On his leaving us, finally, to join a noisy ring just forming in the centre of the room, of which O'Bluster—redolent of satin—Maccassar, and huge figures was the promising nucleus, and Billy Bull-rush from York, high fed and lordly, the disputing member for the nonce, I inquired of my old Newmarket cicerone, who was his friend the Captain?

“An infernal Bonnet,” replied he, without the slightest attempt at circumlocution; “neither more nor less.”

“I will not pretend to be ignorant of the meaning of the word now,” said I; “I am too much indebted to your former lessons to have forgot the term; and suppose you mean that the Captain is a partizan of some stable, and, by consequence, ready to bolster a horse into favour for the Derby or other race whose pretensions are not of the highest order.”

“I *mean*,” retorted O’Fay, “that he is a ‘bonnet’ to the Berkeley hell; to more than one notorious money-lender; to Madame ———; to a match on any one-sided affair; and that he is, in fine, a commissioner in any thing whereby money is to be got, no matter *how*, no matter *where*. Do you understand me now?”

“I should be dull indeed to mistake you; yet how shocking that the evident good-breeding, profession, and connexion of such a man should be so prostituted and degraded!”

“He *loves* the *game*, I firmly believe, from his heart,” continued O’Fay, “for he has not the excuse of being ‘hard up,’ and never bets but on a certainty. To complete the list of his accomplishments, I must tell you that he is the most finished billiard sharp in the West-end, or at

Harrogate or Leamington in the season, and out and out the most dangerous man you can meet with, should you ever become intimate or confidential. He will be to you your Iago, or your Stukely; and you will never suspect him till he has ruined you. I know he has an unlimited commission at this moment to lay against the horse he just offers to back for a pony.”*

“How atrocious and damnable!” ejaculated I, in amusing indignation.

“Not in the least,” replied my knowing friend, “it’s all in the way of business, and nothing when you’re used to it. I will tell you how the matter stands. A man has two or more horses entered in the Derby; one, or say two of which, having run through and won their two-year old engagements, probably in a canter, have become, reasonably enough, favourites for the great event at an average of ten to one, or less. These are frequently—no matter how good—quietly yet resolutely intended to pay the owner’s training and personal expenses for the year, by an act of judicious gambling on his own part—namely, by betting against him through emissaries, and thus securing a certain sum in hand from his animal’s well-earned reputation. These men are like old hazard players, being better content with throwing

* In turf parlance, a “pony” signifies 25%.

in a few mains and ' pocketing the difference,' than in flirting with luck or wooing contingency through an evening and morning. It is neither more nor less than a man backing himself out, with an *effectually loaded die*, on the verdant course, as the dicers do, when so disposed, on the green board of hell."

As every just critic demands a modicum of circumstantial authority, in support of an author's assertion on any point of interest sufficient to attract his notice, whether a memoir of John Hampden, or the doings of a Newmarket Leg be the theme, we quote from the very, very few animadversions to be met with in print having reference to the most flagrant mal-practices of the turf, in accounting for which reprehensible silence, "villanous as have been the proceedings of the last twenty years," "Nimrod," in an article which appeared in the "Quarterly," some fifteen years ago, said—"The reason why exposures are not oftener made, arises from the value of the prize that tempts the pirate, and the fact of the immensity of the plunder—a plunder so unfailing and feasible *with management*, that secrecy is purchased at any price." But even our scantily-furnished wigwam table supplies us with evidence that our friend O'Fay did not in the least exaggerate, when he stated that men backed themselves *out* or *in*

according to fancy; for, in a journal specially devoted to the turf and its interests—namely, the “Sunday Times,” of November the 19th of this present year—we read that at “Newport Pagnel” the “Selling Hurdle Race” was a “sell” indeed; for, though the first heat appeared to be right enough, the second was thoroughly disgraceful, and one of those “jobs” that are such foul dishonour to the turf. In the last dozen strides of the deciding heat, the Taglioni mare reached Sovereign’s quarters, but her jockey kept his hands so hard down upon her withers that she could not get an inch nearer.

“To mend the matter,” continues the reporter of the race, “after passing the post, he, the jockey, dismounted and led his mare in to scale, saying, he feared she had *broken down*!” Mr. George Payne, who was the steward at this meeting, must have greatly admired this bit of consummate villany and impudence! In the same journal, though of the preceding week, we have an account of the Worcester Autumn Meeting, the Grand Steeple Chase included, in which we are told that “Proceed started and won by a neck only; but it is certain that keeping him dark as to the starting produced so many runners. The game was acted differently from the Bath system, and quite as satisfactorily to themselves. The Bath proceeding was acted, certainly, in direct opposition to this,

because the party professed to start him there and did not; here they pretended not to start him, and did. Let those who read, learn."

This turf organ, at all events, cannot consistently dissent materially from our own animadversions on the crying matter of racing fraud; and merits the best thanks of the community for the courage and disinterestedness it has displayed in thus expressing its abhorrence of "jobs" at once so dishonourable and disgraceful as the proceedings alluded to and "shown up." The cold-blooded attributes of a thorough-going turfite, who resolutely and premeditatedly means his horse to lose a race, are something too horrible to contemplate in sober earnestness, or free from the concomitant "world's applause," which ever attends *successful* chicanery, and is accepted as all but its acknowledged and conventional accompaniment. However intimate you may be with such a man, he assures you "on his honour!" that he "stands" on his horse to an immense amount; backing him, probably, in your very presence, with his own commissioner, who on like terms lays the odds to yourself to a couple of hundreds for the very man you are dining with and so implicitly placing faith in.

To see a gentleman of reputed honour and hectoring sensitiveness to the slightest whisper of defamation, laying the odds to a brother gentle-

man against a horse, from whose owner he has received *carte blanche* to bet against at all prices!—conscience telling him that he was putting him in a position in which he *could not but lose*, perhaps effecting his ruin;—to behold a man smiling, and dallying with his victim, and assuring him that he is but “hedging a great bet,” and earnestly recommending him to “take his money” as a friend!—to contemplate this scene, as an acute observer may every hour at Tattersall’s, on the “Sunday before the Derby,”—the assertion that “Fraud has but supplanted Violence” in this our boasted era of “Progress” and “Enlightenment of the Masses” (hateful mouthings of the phrase-monger!) our anti-feudal sympathies, and *real* interregnum of cant and double-dealing, does not seem, unfortunately, so devoid of truth as the superficial perusers of character might infer.

We refrain from citing any of the innumerable detections of the “pious fraud” of *trade* in religion, politics, or speculation, which might be adduced in proof of the sad fact averred, but shall leave our racing sketches to speak for themselves, and to *disprove* it, if possible.

The foregoing applies to a horse long intended not to *try* for any great race for which he is publicly entered, the talent lying in his owner bolstering him up to the eleventh hour, by backing him

ostensibly in the market,—though with his own confederates, in point of fact; in assuming an expression of utter chagrin on his not being placed; and, by pocketing the proceeds of his emissary's virtuous labours in the Ring, the fifteen hundred, or comfortable two thousand, as it may be, filched from the backers of horses, often and often seduced into the venture by the fraudulent receiver, through fashionable conspiracy and turf-brigandage. To accomplish a win "tidily" is the next best thing going; giving the former *coup* the *pas*, by reason of there being no particle of hazard to the stroke; the bets being "play or pay," the very death of the horse is in favour of the owner, if his winnings cover his value; for then the jockey's arms and conscience are saved, equally with the former's reputation. But, in making the winning hazard, there is at all times the contingency of health and accident on the stroke, against which not even the satanic acumen of the most accomplished can provide; though of course the gains are in proportion to the length of odds taken, and the difficulties overcome. When the road has thoroughly to be cleared,—as with St. Giles, *par exemple*, when every horse but Mr. Vansittart's Perion, who ran second, is said to have been "made safe,"—the operation is delicate and costly; though the Ring of that day afforded

Ridsdale and Gully a splendid balance, after all the *douceurs* were paid.

The sweetest nag I ever saw gallop, — bar, perhaps, “Old Alice,” Attila, and Don John,—was Alarm, by Venison; and, I think, the very last devoted pony we ever invested upon any animal’s four legs, was on his race for the Cambridgeshire, some few moons ago. He *must* have won the Derby, had he got off, instead of falling over the chain and throwing Nat, as he unfortunately did; and I felt convinced he would win the handicap at Newmarket, if permitted to try: and I straight-way backed him as I say.

Win he *did*, in a trot—what a field the sweet little fellow bowled over!—and I *lost* my money, from giving credence to a party who came down to Tattersall’s one very crowded afternoon, and gratuitously informed the room that he was “sorry to see the horse so great a favourite, from the fact—only known to himself and trainer—of his being unfit; and that there were really great doubts of his starting.” This he begged might be put into print, by the reporters present, for the “good of the public.”

As I have said, the horse, instead of not starting, *won in a canter*, though those parties who had previously backed him became reasonably alarmed at the words they heard, believing that

every reliance might be placed on the hint, or rather the assertion, of a man who *should* be so far above suspicion, and who came still further out of his way to make it. These "laid off their money," as it is called, and lost considerably. So much for the winning hazard. The late Lord George Bentinck was for some short time a coadjutor on the turf with the gentleman last alluded to, but saw such reasons for dissolving the partnership, and breaking with him entirely, that I believe he never spoke to him after. In my day he was called the "Greenacre of the Ring;" why the flattering *sobriquet* I know not, unless the pleasing faculty of mincing and hashing his fellow-men previously to "putting them in the hole,"* applied to the owner of Alarm as well as to the executed murderer.

In etching this ugly feature in our portrait,—a task neither gratifying nor congenial to a sylvan-pencil by the way-side, but one to which, as a faithful taker of likenesses, we feel called upon to do strict justice,—we take leave to quote once again from the honest journal at our elbow, not merely in justification of our strictures on a large, influential, and all but despotic portion of the community, but to prove, by undeniable and au-

* A turf phrase, synonymous with being "in Chancery!" or *out of the pale of chance*.

thentic testimony, that the pitfalls which lurk and yawn for the unwary beneath the verdant, daisy-spangled mead, are deeper and more numerous, and that turf delinquency, so far from being on the decrease, is in blacker profundity, at this present writing, than ever.

In the "Sunday Times" of November 5th, 1848, the editor, in a leading article, says:—"We cannot, however, conclude our review of the past racing season, without once more lifting up our voice against the shameful practice of scratching favourites at the 'eleventh hour.'"

"The late disgraceful proceedings connected with the scratching of Lanesborough and Backbiter for the Cesarewitch, the Cur for the Cambridgeshire, and Honeycomb for the Glasgow stakes, call upon us to return to a subject which has frequently afforded food for comment in these columns. We are at a loss to imagine anything more indefensible than the *system* of scratching *favourites* for great races, and which, we are sorry to see, appears to be in no way lessened. On the contrary, the shameful practice seems to increase in favour amongst the owners of race-horses, who no doubt consider they have every right to "do what they like with their own." But we persist in our opinion, many times publicly expressed, that no man has a right to carry out the Newcastle

maxim to *the injury of others*. With regard to race-horses, which may become *public* favourites for any race, this doctrine is particularly applicable; for the instant a horse is in the *public* betting, we maintain that from that instant he becomes *public property*. His owner will bet *with the public*, and he ought to be accountable to it for that horse's appearance at the post, to contend for the race for which he is entered. Let the backers of horses that are scratched at the last moment make a stout resistance against the payment of bets upon the animals so struck out in every instance, and their owners, who choose to play such tricks, will be taught a proper lesson.

“Looking at the subject in another light, we are clearly of opinion that the fact of a person's entering a horse for a particular race, and betting against it *through his agents*, and afterwards preventing that horse from starting, is ground enough to make such persons legally indictable for conspiracy. Wherein does the difference exist between A, B, and C conspiring together to defraud D of money at cards, and E, F, G, and H concocting a robbery upon I, J, K, and others, by winning money from them upon their own horses, which they previously resolve shall not start for the race for which they may be backed?

“But to the *scratching* of horses. Would any-

thing similar be permitted in any other transaction of life? Certainly not. In the very worst railway bubble, if a man sells you that *which is not in being*, he becomes amenable to the law; and is this worse than suffering a man to bet you or your friends money upon a horse, p. p. (which means start or *not*!) when you have *resolved not to let that horse start*?

“In horse-racing, as at present constituted and carried out, men may swindle with impunity, and laugh at their dupes into the bargain.”

We conclude this chapter in the language of the straightforward journalist to whom we are so indebted for our quotation,—namely, “Let those who read, *learn*!”

CHAPTER XVII.

London before Sunrise. — The silent Streets.—Covent-garden Market.—Smithfield.—The Bye-Lanes of Surrey.—The Country round Epsom.—Leatherhead.—Our Quarters.—Yeoman's Fare.—The Season and its Influence.—Spring and her Haunts.—The Book-Stall.—The old Volume printed at the "*Flower de Luce*" in Fleet Street.—Notice of Epsom, written one hundred and twenty-five years ago.—Curious Letter from a Resident there to his Mistress. — Graphic Description of that now forsaken Watering-place.

It was on a heavenly May morning, when, after quitting the sporting assembly at the corner of Conduit Street—to which we have so lately introduced the reader—my friend Dallas and I accompanied the Duke of Limbs to his quarters in the "Garden," for the luxury of the stroll and sniff of the grateful south-east breeze, that came with the waft of health on its downy pinions, fresh and far from to seaward of the Downs and Foreland—to revive and invigorate the lungs of London, and to curl the flowing waters of old Father Thames.

The town was wrapt in the haze of morning, in lieu of its usual canopy of reek and gloom, and was all but in repose. It was the short and

troubled doze of the huge hive—the transitory pause in the busy hum of life—when excitement, labour, avarice, and vice, had palled and demanded rest, to regain the needful sinew for the coming day.

How beautiful the streets of London seem at this witching hour!—for truly does it merit the hackneyed, yet harmonious phrase. How artistic and city-like; how redolent of wealth, and method, and solidity do the houses appear, as mere adjuncts of brick and mortar, now that the eye is not distracted by the passing crowd from surveying them! The little balconies filled with flowers, that absolutely perfume the air at this early hour of morning, and give to the matter-of-fact lines of masonry a graceful tinge of poetry and refinement; the pavement, broader than innumerable streets on the continent, so smooth and free from even dust; the civil, efficient, unrivalled police, met with, old Peel be praised! at every turn—though it is too much the fashion to decry the gallant force;—all these give an impression of metropolitan repose and security, no where but in England to be met with.

The scene at Covent Garden is interesting in the extreme, if witnessed from the commencement of the green mart. The hundreds of huge wagons loaded with lettuce, cabbage, carrot, peas, and

every other vegetable, that arrive, unload, and file off with the regularity of well-disciplined troops—the thousands of pots of geranium, rose, carnation, mignonette, and all the sweet family of horticulture that are paraded and sold within an hour or two,—is but the repetition of the same scene from day to day, so unceasing and vast is the demand for articles of necessity, luxury, and sheer caprice in London.

All this has been too frequently dilated upon to bear further touching in this history, though few fashionables of the far West, we opine, have an adequate notion of the actual gaiety and wholesome bustle of early market-life, in which we rejoice indeed to have participated many a time and oft.

From hence, we headed to Smithfield, the Duke's big yeoman heart having ample room for the love of Scots and Herefords, Southdowns and Cheviots, as well as a liking for the green-peas, myrtle, jasmine, and buxom market wenches of the Garden.

Here was a scene ! flocks and herds, men and dogs, all jumbled in one apparently interminable *melée* and confusion. But, in an hour or two—equally with the bouquets—all were dispersed and disposed of; the sheep and cattle were sold—penned or driven away at the time—and in a day

or two were eaten and digested, their hides tanned into leather, and their very bones ground into dust!

The drovers—followed by their faithful, intelligent aides-de-camp and field—went to their breakfast, and—we did the same. Then, after a final look-in at the corner and stroll to the westward, came a snug bit of dinner, *tête à tête*, and the drive to Epsom, as already described; we—somewhat in the manner of a too-eager foxhound—having over-ran the scent at this point of pourtrayal, to which we will now hark back!

The bye-lanes of Surrey are innumerable, and are beautified by that most graceful, and, to the northern counties, rare denizen of the copse and woodland, the pink hawthorn, which, mingling with the drooping lilac and laburnam, so adorn the pretty garden-patches throughout the suburbs and country villages about London. Indeed, nothing can be *prettier* than the entire features of that portion of Surrey in which, for several springs of our life, we located ourselves for the purpose of beholding the Derby ran over the downs of Epsom. To Leatherhead, Ashstead, Mickleham, Box Hill, and e'en to Dorking and Cobham, our mind's eye reverts vividly and with extreme relish. The only drawback against the landscape, to the Duke's notion—his Grace being

a farmer of the fifteen-hundred acre calibre, grass and tillage—was the scarcity of stock that we remarked in all the pastures alike throughout the rural district made mention of. But the gipsy-girls who ran by the side of our buggy, the itinerant list-sellers, mountebanks, touts, temporary grooms, with all the sutlers and *truanderie* that hang upon the Derby, were in great force on the glorious afternoon on which we drove from town, and afforded us many a hearty laugh and slice of fun as we passed amongst them, or, at times, pulled up at any of the many rustic cabarets of the road-side, more for the pretence, than any actual necessity for baiting.

After passing through Ewell and Epsom, and skirting the domain of Sir Gilbert Heathcote—a stanch and true sportsman of the old school—we finally pulled up at Leatherhead, the advanced post of the sporting army of occupation, and long the head-quarters of the Yorkshire, or Scott division; the stables of the great northern trainer being situated on the outskirts of the little town. Here, at a snug and clean hotel, of the primitive “Bonny brown Bear” order, we stabled our gallant London friend and selves, three “loose-boxes” being reserved for our mutual limbs, by covenant made with the comely hostess when taking our departure the preceding year.

Epsom races,—to such men as choose to quarter themselves quietly for the week in any of the pretty village townships in Surrey, in lieu of scurrying from town through dust or mire, or turnpike turmoil day by day, whilst they continue, according to the approved method of Cockaigne,—afford the pleasures of country-life, horse-exercise, and yeoman's fare :—Dorking capons, smoked bacon, asparagus, Ewell trouts and clotted cream, to wit! in addition to those of the race-ground itself, and the plenteous pickings of fun to be gleaned by the industrious amateur, long after the London tide of spectators has ebbed from the high and breezy downs. The budding hedge-rows and luxuriant meadows, that, on every hand, environ the lanes leading to the course, speak to the eye and sense of man and steed alike in the sweet and merry tones of spring; and give to this peculiar meet the gaiety of a ride to covert, as we canter to the inspiring wold and debouch upon the white tents and congregated host of sportsmen.

Arriving from a northern county, the advanced season and glorious weather usually attendant upon Epsom races, ever—and mainly from their all-powerful influence—infused a most exhilarating thrill of happiness. Nor is the wine yet on the lees; for e'en in memory we revert to the hilly,

winding path which, girt by holly and hazel copse, twines from shady Mickleham to the Downs, with the sincerity of an absent friend.

We can vividly trace the picturesque and forest-like bit of warren—the many gipsy encampments pitched in every sheltered turn of the bye-lanes, and view the noble teams of racers walking in the hollows—in blessed Fancy's vision. We see the verdant landscape of old England basking in sunshine, and stretching to the horizon from the airy heights, and return from our weary quest of a better climate—taking our allotment for “all in all,” with a gratified disappointment in not yet having made the discovery, spite the folios of lamentations in which it has been so remorselessly and vehemently decried.

For to the manifold beauties of our first glee-some season of the year, or to the autumnal graces of our sea-girt home, no country that we wot of may vie, or e'en adequately compare.

The Elbe, the Rhine, the Danube, the “blue and bounding Baltic,” are aye fair—*or* frozen! The timid, yet joyous spring, trips not on their banks, or ventures to rouse the hoary slumberer locked in his deep and stony sleep. Slightly clad and sensitive, the snow-dropped maiden shrinks at the ungenial scene, and leaves the task of awakening the northern sluggard to glowing, imperious

summer. But, peeping coyly from her mossy bower, so snugly ensconced on the banks of Thames, or Wye, or Severn, she, all eager for a romp, surveys the light sleepers with an eye of fun and mischief, and gaily rouses her dormant playmates from their short repose! Such is the season selected for the tryst at Epsom; for the gathering is but an adjournment from the Roodee of Chester, where the merry nymph has already awoke the Dee, and decked his brow with flowers and verdure.

* * * * *

In etching my slight memoir of this pleasant and well-known district, I earnestly interrogated my travelling companion, Maunder, and a stray English guide-book or two that I came across, for any information respecting Epsom, in order that I might, if possible, afford to the "collector of old prints" and mental reviewer of bygone scenes, some insight into the features and manners of a place that I knew, however superficially, to be of notoriety and questionable fashion long before it became famous by reason of the great races—the Oaks and Derby. But beyond the fact recorded, that Epsom was "celebrated for its salts and horse-racing," I could learn little from the books to which I had access in a foreign country, deserving even the eulogy of a hint; and I became sensible of the danger of committing unpardonable

plagiarism in attempting any description of a spot so familiar as the one under pencil.

When—how strange, how unexpected are the sources by whose agency information is gained, wander as, or where we will! sources that rise at our very foot, as the unhopèd-for streamlets trickle in the wilderness, and would seem the offspring of any creature than chance,—in rummaging an old book-stall in one of the ancient cities of Lower Normandy, I stumbled upon a volume entitled a “Journey through England, in familiar Letters from a Gentleman to his Friend abroad. Printed at London, for John Hooke, at the *Flower de Luce*, over against St. Dunstan’s Church, in Fleet Street, in the Year of Grace 1724.”

In this book of “journey writing,” as the author modestly styles his tour, amidst a mass of very curious and interesting local matter, collected throughout the entire of Great Britain, quaintly, yet pleasingly and intelligently expressed,—far more so, indeed, than many a highly-puffed “Flying Visit,” “Ramble,” or “Excursion,” of the present day, we found a notice of Epsom and its *dramatis personæ* as they flourished one hundred and twenty-five years ago, that so accurately hit the nick of the emergency, it came to my hand whilst my trowel was in the act of laying the cement for the sought-for scrap of seasoned material.

In a glorious old style of type, round, black, and legible, with capital letters and italics galore, our "journey-writer" is turned out from the "*Flower de Luce*," wholly bound in dark hide, in a marvellously comely garb, taking into consideration the century and a quarter that have elapsed, "last Lady-day past," since he was struck off; and as far as stoutness of paper goes, ay, or solidity of interest, peradventure may yet run a race with the "last new novel," or "Christmas Fancy;" so attractive is anything like an authentic record of the sayings and doings of our ancestry in private life.

Our traveller, after leaving his "old friend Sir William Scawen's, at Carshalton, and the pleasant village of Mitcham on his right hand," proceeds to say, that "Epsom is a charming town, which, from the church to my Lord Guilford's palace, may make a good mile and a half in a semicircle. All the houses have gardens and trees before the doors, so that it seems a continued grove; and the plain in the midst of the semicircle may be half-a-mile over, opening to the Downs.

"This place being nearer to London than Tunbridge, is more frequented by the citizens for its purging mineral waters, tinctured with alum, and good air; and what is extremely convenient, you have a travelling market of flesh, fish, fowl, and fruit brought to your doors every morning.

“ Here are two bowling-greens, with raffling-shops and musick for the ladies’ diversion, as at Tunbridge; but the ladies do not appear every day on the walks as there. Here you see them, on Saturdays, in the evening, as their husbands come from London; on Sundays at church, and on Mondays in all their splendour, when there are balls in the Long-rooms; and many of them shake their elbows at Passage and Hazard with a good grace.

“ This place swarms with that vermin called *sharpers*, as Tunbridge does; and one risks very much that plays further than raffling with the ladies, to make an acquaintance, which is very easy. Besides, the ladies receive visits at their lodgings here, which is not permitted at Tunbridge; and one may civilly take lodgings with the lady he has designs upon, and have all the opportunity imaginable to carry on the intrigue.

“ Epsom is the place in the world the freest from censure and observation; for mankind seems to be here *incognito* all the week, except on Mondays and Saturdays at even; and you may be here a year together before your nearest acquaintance asks you where you lodge, except you invite him; every body seems to have business enough on their own hands of his own, not to mind that of anybody else.

“ In the morning, gentlemen saunter about in

their gowns at the Wells, as at Tunbridge, or play at bowls.

“ After dinner we ride out on the Downs, which are very fine indeed, or take a coach to the Ring, where all the good company of the neighbourhood come in fair weather; and at night, a party at cards, raffling in the Long-rooms, or a bottle at the tavern, finishes your evening.

“ On Sundays, in the afternoon, the company generally go to a charming place called Box Hill, about six miles off, where there is no house, but arbours cut out in box-wood on the top of the hill, and there you may have for your money all manner of refreshments; and it's very easy for gentlemen and ladies insensibly to lose their company in these pretty labyrinths of box-wood, and divert themselves unperceived. From hence one hath a most delicious, commanding prospect of a fine country, and it may be justly called the Palace of Venus.

“ This place was first planted with box-wood by that famous antiquary Thomas, Earl of Arundel, designing to have built a house there; but want of water made him alter his resolution, and build one at Albury, hard by, now belonging to the Earl of Aylsford, and which sufficiently justifies the true idea the world have had of that great architect, its first founder.

“ If you would know Epsom more particularly,

and in a more florid style than what I can express myself in, you will find it in the following diverting letter, written by a gentleman to his mistress, who desired the description of it :—

“ ‘ Madam,—Epsom is a village in the county of Surrey, much frequented for its most healthful air and excellent mineral waters; is distant from London Bridge about fourteen Italian miles, and twelve from Vauxhall. It is deliciously situated in a warm, even bottom, between the finest downs in the world on the one side, (taking its name from the village of Banstead, seated on their very ridge,) and certain clay-hills on the other hand, which are variously chequered with woods and groves of oak, ash, elm, and beech; with both the poplars, the intoxicating yew, the florid whitebeam, the withetree, the hornbeam, and the correcting birch, are not wanting.

“ ‘ I need not mention the numberless copses of hazel, thorn, holly, maple and other trees and shrubs of dwarfish growth, that agreeably diversify all this country; nor that for the most part they are amorously clasped in the twining embraces of ivy and honeysuckles.

“ ‘ The Downs, being covered with grass finer than Persian carpets, and perfumed with wild thyme and juniper, run thirty miles in length, though under different appellations, from Croydon to Farnham.

““ And for sheep-walks, riding, hunting, racing, shooting, with games of most sorts for exercise of the body or recreation of the mind, and a perpetual chain of villages within a mile or less of each other beneath, they are no where else to be paralleled.

““ The form of this our village, as seen from thence, is exactly semicircular, beginning with a church and ending with a palace; or, lest our style here should offend you, Madam, it has a palace for its head and a church for its tail, Mr. Whistler's far conspicuous grove making, as it were, a beautiful knot in the middle.

““ Epsom never misses of the eastern or the western sun, and is about a mile in length; the area within the bending of the bow, or half-moon, being a spacious plain of corn-fields opening to the Downs.

““ To these ever-green mountains of chalk you may out of every house insensibly ascend, without so much as a hedge to obstruct the air or the passage; indeed, the risings are many times so easy, that you find yourself at the top without perceiving that you mounted.

““ From the circumference of the semicircle there branch out two or three pleasant lanes, being the extremities of the roads which lead to the town from the slow declivities of the neighbouring hills. These are preferred to the principal street

by such as are lovers of silence and retirement, and are known by the names of Clay Hill, New-inn Lane, and Woodcot Green, in which last place your humble servant has his hermitage.

“ ‘ There are other alleys and outlets of meaner note ; amongst them I don’t reckon the avenue leading up the hill to Durdans, the palace I just now mentioned, nor yet Hudson’s Lane, which I remember for the sake of Epsom Court, that ancient *Saxon* seat (long since converted into a farm), the mother and original of our subject.

“ ‘ Now all these bye-places are so separated from each other by fields, meadows, hedge-rows, plantations, orchards, and the like, that they seem to be so many distinct little villages uniting into one considerable town at the large street, in the middle of which stands the watch-house. Several persons who have chosen this sweet place for their constant abode are distinguished from the rest by their habitations, as they are either by their birth or fortunes ; but the houses of the very townsmen are everywhere mighty neat, built most of them after the newest manner, and extremely convenient ; being purposely contrived for the entertainment of strangers, and therefore beautified by their owners to the utmost of their ability.

“ ‘ The fronts are adorned throughout with rows of elm or lime-trees, in many places artificially

wreathed into verdant porticos, cut into a variety of figures, and close enough wrought to defend those who sit under such hospitable shades from the injuries of the sun and rain. Here sometimes breakfast and supper are taken, as at other times a cheerful glass and a pipe ; for these vegetable canopies in the very heat of the day yield a grateful and refreshing coolness by the fanning breezes they collect from the delicate air of the Downs. The finest of them all is that which shades the paved terrace in the centre of the town, extending quite along before the chief tavern and coffee-house. By the conversation of those who walk there, you would fancy yourself to be this minute on the Exchange, and the next minute at St. James's; one while in an East India factory, and another while with the army in Flanders, or on board the fleet on the ocean ; nor is there any profession, trade, or calling that you can miss of here, either for your instruction or your diversion. Behind the houses are handsome, though not large gardens, generally furnished with pretty walks, and planted with a variety of salads and fruit trees, which in several of them are left free for the lodgers ; such as neglect their gardens find their error in the emptiness of their rooms.

“ ‘ Thus, when you are on the top of the Downs it is one of the loveliest prospects imaginable to

view in the vale' below such an agreeable mixture of trees and buildings, that a stranger is at a loss to know (as it has been observed of my beloved city of Leyden in Holland) whether it be a town in a wood, or a wood in a town. One thing is wanting,—and happy is the situation that wants no more; for in this place, notwithstanding the medicinal waters, and sufficient of sweeter for domestic use, are not to be heard the precipitant murmurs of impetuous cascades.

“ ‘There are no purling streams in our groves, to tempt the shrill notes of the warbling choristers, whose never-ceasing concerts exceed Bononcini and Corelli.

“ ‘The woods are not frequented by the unhappy, that they may listen to the soft whispers of some gentle rivulet to beguile and mitigate their cares. The valleys are not divided by the circling waves and sporting whirlpools of rapid rivers; neither are the flowery meads refreshed by gliding meanders, cool bubbling springs, or stagnant lakes. I leave you to guess whether in these periods I design to show how well read I am in bombast romance, or rather to exhibit the various images under which water naturally delights us in the country.

“ ‘Ewell, an ancient market-town within a short mile, has a most plentiful spring, the head of a

crystal brook, capable, were it there, to furnish a thousand ornaments and conveniences.

“ ‘And I am persuaded, from physical reasons, that the digging of a trench about four or five feet deep for a quarter of a mile along the rivulet over Epsom Court Meadows—from the now uncertain springs in Church Street, would quickly produce a stream that in three-quarters of a mile further should fall in with the other, and give it the more dignified name of Epsom River. But this present defect, for I augurate an approaching remedy, is amply recompensed by every thing besides. The two rival bowling-greens are not to be forgot, on which all the company by turns, after diverting themselves in the morning according to their different fancies, make a gallant appearance every evening, especially on Mondays; music playing most of the day, and dancing sometimes crowning the night.

“ ‘The ladies, to show their innate inclination to variety, are constantly tripping from one green to the other, and the men are not more sure to follow them, than glad of the occasion to excuse their own no less propensity to change.

“ ‘Here the British beauties, like so many animated stars, shine in their brightest lustre, not half so much by their precious jewels and costly apparel as by the more pointed glories of their eyes.

Here every old man wishes himself young again, and the heart of every youth is captivated at once, and divided between a thousand deserving charms.

“ ‘ A fairer circle was never seen at Baiæ or Cumæ of old, nor of late at Carlsbad or Aix-la-Chapelle, than is to be admired on the High Green and in the Long-room on a public day. If the German baths outnumber us in princesses, we outshine them in nymphs and goddesses, to whom their princes would be proud to pay adoration.

“ ‘ But not to dissemble anything, bountiful Nature has likewise provided us with other faces and shapes,—I may add, with another set of dress, speech, and behaviour (not to mention age), ordained to quench the cruel flames, or to damp the inordinate desires which the young, the handsome, and the accomplished might unfeignedly kindle. So necessary is an antidote to love when the disease is so catching and so fatal.

“ ‘ In the raffling-shops are lost more hearts than guineas, though Cupid be no where so liberal as in England. And the greatest order that in such cases can be expected, (however to me it be a rout,) is preserved at the gaming-tables of every kind, where it is very diverting for a stander-by to observe the different humours and passions of both sexes, which discover themselves with less art and reserve at play than on any other occasion.

“There you’ll see a sparkish young fellow of twenty-five sitting right over a blooming beauty of eighteen, but so intent on gain and the dice, that he never exchanges a word or look with her; while a little lower you may smile at an old hunk that loves his money as well as any in the city, yet losing it as fast as he plays, by having his eyes wholly off his cards, and fixed on a green girl of thirteen, that cares as little for any man there as he does for his wife at home.

“The rude, the sullen, the noisy and the affected; the peevish, the covetous, the litigious and the sharpening; the proud, the prodigal, the impatient and the impertinent, become visible foils to the well-bred, prudent, modest and good-humoured in the eyes of all impartial beholders. Our doctors, instead of prescribing the waters for the vapours or the spleen, order their patients to be assiduous at all public meetings, knowing that, if they be not themselves of the number, they’ll find abundant occupation to laugh at bankrupt fortune-hunters, crazy superannuated beaus, married coquets, intriguing prudes, richly dressed waiting-maids, and complimenting footmen. But being convinced, Madam, that you dislike a malicious insinuation, as much as you approve an instructing hint, I abstain from all particular characters, sparing even those who spare none but themselves.

“ ‘ From this account it is plain we are not *quite* in heaven here, though we may justly be said to be in Paradise; a place cohabited by innocence and guilt, by folly and fraud from the beginning.

“ ‘ The judicious Eudoxa will naturally conclude, that such a concourse of all ranks of people must needs fill the shops with most sorts of useful and substantial wares, as well as with finer goods, fancies, and toys. The taverns, the inns, and the coffee-houses, answer the resort of the place; and I must do our coffee-houses the justice to affirm, that for social virtue they are equalled by few, and exceeded by none, though I wish they may be imitated by all. A Tory does not stare and leer when a Whig comes in, nor a Whig look sour and whisper at the sight of a Tory. These distinctions are laid by with the winter suit at London, and a gayer, easier habit worn in the country.

“ ‘ Religion, that was designed to calm, does not ruffle men’s tempers by irreligious wranglings, nor does our moderation appear by rude invectives against persons we do not know, no more than our charity does consist in fixing odious characters on such as unwillingly dissent from us; but if at any times we must needs deal in extremes, then we prefer the quiet good-humoured hypocrite, to the implacable, turbulent zealot of any kind. In plain terms, we are not so fond of any “set of

notions," as to think them more important than the peace of society.

" "You would think yourself in some enchanted camp, to see the peasants ride to every house with the choicest fruits, herbs, roots, and flowers; with all sorts of tame and wild fowl, with the rarest fish and venison, and with every kind of butcher's meat, among which Banstead-down mutton is the most relishing dainty.

" "Thus, to see the fresh and artless damsels of the plain, accompanied either by their amorous swains or aged parents, striking their bargains with the nice court and city ladies, who, like queens in a tragedy, display all their finery on benches before their doors, (where they hourly censure, and are censured,) and to observe how the handsomest of each degree equally admire, envy, and cozen one another, is to me one of the chiefest amusements of the place.

" "The ladies who are too lazy, or too stately, but especially those who sit up late at play, have their provisions brought to their bed-sides, where they conclude the bargain; and then—perhaps after a dish of chocolate—take the other nap, till what they have thus bought is got ready for dinner. Yet these rounds of the higglers, which I would have by no means abolished, are not incompatible with a daily market in the middle of the town, not

only as a further entertainment for the ladies, who love occasions of coming together, but likewise because a greater choice of everything may be had there, and at all hours, than can possibly be had at their doors. Nor would it be more advantageous to the meaner sort for cheapness, than convenient for the neighbouring gentry, on many accounts.

“ ‘ The new fair, during the Easter holidays, and that on the 24th of July, are as yet of little moment, though capable in time to be highly improved.

“ ‘ So much for the town. Nor is my pleasure diminished by excursions out of it ; for no where has Nature indulged herself in grateful variety more than in this sweet canton. The Old Wells, at half-a-mile’s distance, which formerly used to be the meeting place in the forenoon, are not at present so much in vogue ; the waters, they say, being found as good within the village, and all diversions in greater perfection.

“ ‘ The view from the fertile common in which they lie, is, as from every elevation hereabouts, wonderfully delightful ; especially so distinct a prospect of London at so great a distance.

“ ‘ But the fortuitous cure of a leprous shepherd (an origin attributed to these in common with other such wells) appears even hence to be

fabulous—that they have never since had the like effect; though, otherwise, these aluminous waters are experienced to be very beneficial in gently cleansing the body, and in cooling and purifying the blood; the salt that is chemically made of them being famous all over Europe. Yet the cold bath lately erected on the bottom of this pretended miracle, meets with as little encouragement as the old story itself doth with belief; it not being the fashion in this, as in some other countries, to have all salutiferous waters under the inspection of the parson, or the protection of a saint. The hunting of a pig there every Monday morning, when the only (!) knack consists in catching and holding him up by the tail, is infinitely more becoming the boys who perform it, than the spectators that employ them.

““ As for a cold bath, Ewell would by much be the properest place, since, by reason of the spring, the water may not only be changed for every new comer, but a basin likewise made, adapted for swimming, which on such occasions was the practice of the ancients.

““ But to shift our scenes. From the ring, on the most eminent part of the Downs, where I have often counted above sixty coaches on a Sunday evening, and whence the painter must take his view when he represents Epsom, you may dis-

tinctly see nine or ten counties, in whole or in part; besides the imperial city of London, very many considerable towns, and an infinite number of country-seats. You also see the two royal palaces of Windsor and Hampton Court. Within a mile and a half is the place where that other splendid palace of Non-such lately stood,—a fit subject of reflection for those who are inclined to moralize on the frailty, uncertainty, and vicissitude of all things!

“ ‘ The great number of gentlemen and ladies that take the air every evening and morning on horseback, and that range either singly or in separate companies over every hill and dale, is a most entertaining object. You can never miss of it on the fine grounds of the new orbicular race, which may be well termed a rural *cirque*. The four-mile course over the Warren House to Carshalton, a village abounding in delicious springs, as much as we want them, seldom likewise fails to afford me this pleasure; having all the way in my eye, like some *cynosure*, the tufted trees of the old Roman Fortifications,—Burrow, properly situated to crown the Downs,—and once, in my opinion, reigning over all the groves. I except not that of Durdans, famous for love, nor even Ashted Mount, the mansion of the Graces. Sutton and Cheam, if not too low, are yet too dirty; as Walton and

Headley are too windy in winter, too woody and therefore too close in summer.

““This I insert for your information, noblest Cheruscus! to whom I am confident Eudoxa will communicate this letter, since you have wisely resolved, as you do everything, to purchase a summer retreat, cost what it will, somewhere in this neighbourhood. But whether you gently step over my favourite meadows, planted on all sides quite to Woodcot seat, in whose long grove I oftenest converse with myself, or that you walk farther on to Ashted House and Park, the sweetest spot of ground on our British world, or ride still farther to the enchanting prospect of Box Hill, that temple of Nature, no where else to be equalled for affording so surprising and magnificent an idea both of heaven and earth; whether you lose yourself in the aged yew-groves of Mickleham, as the river Moledos hides itself in the swallows beneath, or that you rather try your patience in angling for trouts about Leatherhead; whether you go to some cricket-match, and other prizes of contending villagers, or choose to breathe your horse at a race, and to follow a pack of hounds in the proper season;—whether, I say, you delight in any, or every one of these, Epsom is the place you must like above all others.

““I that love the country entirely, and to par-

take in some measure of most diversions (except gaming), have fixed my residence here; where I continue the whole summer, and whither I withdraw frequently in winter.

“ ‘Nor are these I now named my only inducements; for as I prefer retirement to solitude, and so would have it in my power to be alone or in company at pleasure, I could be no where better fitted: besides everybody meeting his acquaintance on the bowling-greens, in the coffee-houses, or on the Downs, and few visiting others at their houses unless particularly invited, or where friendship hath made all things common. ’Tis otherwise amongst themselves with chance lodgers who come purely for diversion.

“ ‘In two or three hours I can be at London whenever I will, at my ease; and if I have no business in town, I can receive all the public news as well, and almost as soon, at Epsom; several stage-coaches going and returning every day, with town and country wagons more than once a-week, not to mention the ordinary post.

“ ‘There are several very good seats in and about Epsom. That of my Lord Guilford, called Durdans, at the extremity of the village, was built by the Earl of Barclay out of the materials of Nonsuch, a royal palace in this neighbourhood, built by Henry VIII., and given by King Charles II. to

the Duchess of Cleveland, who pulled it down and sold the materials. This house of Durdans is built *à la moderne* of freestone; the front to the garden, and that to the Downs, are very noble; the apartments within are also very regular, and in the garden is the charmingest grove imaginable, and famous for that scene of love between the Lord Gray and his lady's sister, which you have read of. My Lord Baltimore's gardens are also fine; the house is old, but the chapel is the neatest little thing in the world. Sir John Ward's, on Clay Hill, is a delicious palace. The late Sir James Bateman had also a delicate seat at some miles' distance; but what charmed me more than anything hereabouts, is the small and clear river Vandal, abounding with the best trouts, which, rising at Carshalton, environs Sir William Scawen's gardens in a square, and makes a pretty cascade in going out.

“ ‘ Within a mile of Epsom is Aysted, belonging to Mr. Fielding, brother to the Earl of Denbigh, which, for its situation, park, and gardens, is inferior to nothing of its bigness that I have seen in England.’ ”

Thus endeth the “diverting epistle,” writ by our “journey-writer’s” friend to his mistress, “Eudoxa,” which we give literally and verbatim; hoping that, as a specimen of watering-place

economy and small-talk of the last century—as well as from its being a graphic delineation of scenery and manners in the days of the hoop and rapier—it may not prove unacceptable to our readers, or otherwise than germane to our attempted portraiture of the “Bye-Lanes and Downs of England.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Morning of the Derby Day.—Excitement.—Sayings and Doings at Leatherhead.—Rumour and her Reports.—The Hurons of the Ring.—Old Ben Eddison.—His “cut” and Musical powers.—The “old Constitution.”—Our Olla-podrida.

At length the morning of the great Derby day broke grey and softly over the hills and vales and groves of Surrey.

The first pale gleam of dawn, so soothing in its influence to the mind at ease, and provocative of gentle sleep, startled the dozing turfite from his feverish dream, if visions conjured by the disordered fancy, and beheld acutely through eyelids translucent, hot, and quivering as molten glass, may be termed a dream! ay, startled him as the flash of the war-beacon rouses the trembling villagers of the sea-coast. For not at the moment of an expected battle between eager and high-spirited troops could the couch have less attraction, or may earlier risers be met with at every

turn, than on this anxiously looked for, hoped for, and equally dreaded day.

To be *astir*, and “compare notes” with every chance acquaintance, appears to be the only “hedge” to the intense excitement that prevails in every grade alike; to commune with oneself, and be *still* at this nerve-trying juncture, carries torture in the very thought.

Leatherhead was alive long before daylight; a stream of wagons wreathed into moving harbours by boughs of lilac, laburnum, and hawthorn, and filled with joyous farming-lads and lasses, amply provisioned for the annual campaign, being thus early *en route* for the Downs; whilst touts and numberless other worthies, the very scum of the huge caldron, whose only bed had been the fragrant earth, had congregated in noisy groups beneath our hotel window, and effectually rifled our pillow of every remaining charm.

Jocks now took their last “walk;” they seldom use the vulgar word “sweat;” and had their cambric shirts, kid boots with spicy tops, and silken hose airing before the kitchen fire, in readiness for their fastidious toilet.

The accomplished Harry Edwards had yet a couple of pounds to get off, and was away to Ashstead; old Sam Day lay sweltering and soliloquising melodiously beneath several feather beds;

whilst Simmy Templeman and Macdonald sat reeking and sipping hot tea in the bar, swathed in a load of sweaters.

All were on the *qui vive*. The buxom hostess bustled about, preparing breakfast for her clamorous guests; her mate in serving "fog-clearers" to the touts. Ostlers were grooming and saddling hacks, whispering and hissing over their work like a legion of snakes. News was rife and deadly, favourites had gone to the devil, and outsiders had "come with a rush." "Oh! Don't" had cast herself in her stall; "Do-it-again" was done for entirely; and the "Artful Dodger" had been scratched by his owner, old Greenacre, at midnight.

A tiny bit of yellow silk had been discovered by George Edwards, protruding suspiciously from Harry's mattress, whilst the latter was "walking," which, on being brought to light, proved to be Lord Westminster's cap and jacket stowed away! whereupon George, with an awful parenthesis, declared that a "frightful robbery was on foot," as it was evident Harry was to be "put up" on Albemarle, then at fifty to one, and that Cobham, with six to four taken, was to be *roped* by Bill Scott!

He knew the game! and was darned if it was not all cut and dried; "but they should not have *him*, he'd promise them."

Never was there such a commotion in so small a place; and seldom had Rumour—audacious jade! a more willing set of auditors.

These scraps, illustrative of our general theme, are, as we have before prefaced, given without any unnecessary reference to names and dates; when really essential to our narrative, or to the biographical portions of it, both are pretty accurately adhered to.

Dallas had beaten me up before cock-crow, and was evidently greatly excited. He had a heavy book, even for him, and this rendered more so latterly from the dangerous love of backing horses for large sums, rather than from the more cautious professional proceeding of “betting round.” In fact, he had become a *gambler* on the turf, to all intents, and duly reaped the fruits of the desperate calling.

Though I assert thus much from my subsequent knowledge of his affairs and history, I yet, at the time, was in comparative ignorance of the extent to which he was involved, or of the line he had taken in the special Derby we would describe;—and I hoped that, as a stanch partizan of the great northern stud in general, he would be a good winner, should the favourite, Cotherstone, pull through. That he would prove an easy victor, provided fair precautions were taken to neutralize

the infamous attempts on the part of the "Talent" and "nobblers," I, though a mere tyro at the craft, could from the magnificent cut of the animal, joined to his equally splendid performance at Newmarket, scarcely bring myself to doubt.

The Duke also stood his "pony" upon Scott's senior wrangler, as O'Fay termed him; and we all looked for a jolly time of it if he succeeded in carrying off the great prize, so shortly now to be contended for.

Nor were we long ere we received a consolatory and favourable bulletin of the gallant horse's health and safety. He had "passed a good night," spite the prowling hurons of the ring, who, as previously shown, actually attempted to fire his stable a few nights before this, so desperate had they become in their furious, yet I rejoice to say, futile efforts to prevent his winning.

These good tidings we received at the hands of old Ben Eddison of "Wussup," as he pronounced the name of his native town, a true and tried friend of the stable, who rode up on a rugged diminutive brute, displaying the cross between a Scotch bull and a wolf. Old Ben was as characteristic, sturdy, and cunning a specimen of your "half-trader, half-turfite," as ever entered a stable, or stood in a corn or beast market. He had several horses in training at different times, and

contrived, notwithstanding, to maintain "a well-lined breeches pocket," over which he kept incessant watch and ward, being a near-shaving old customer in his dealings, and "Yorkshire" every inch of him.

Occasionally a gleam of involuntary excess would burst through his tactics, as if a lucifer had by accident exploded in his upper works; but this only when he had "thrown in for a stake." He once, even, was seduced to the extent of joining His Grace of Limbs and a few friends to a white-bait dinner at the "Crown and Sceptre," at Greenwich, though he was never known, I believe, to repeat the indiscretion! Ben's account of the feed, and the miraculous "damage," was worth hearing. Otherwise he would bargain for a half-fare by a back cab, or trudge four miles over the fields, up to his hocks in deep, rather than pay a guinea (like a wise fellow) for either horse or trap.

He was famed for an ancient ditty in praise of his roadster, of byegone days I fancy, that he invariably gave out over his "clay" at the "Salutation," at Doncaster, and other congenial dens, after the Scotts had gained a victory, with real Wussup unction and flavour; the air partaking of the rustic-flash and genuine "wopstraw" metre; one none of the shortest or least dreary, as may be imagined.

The hackney, as the song went, was—

“Such a one to bend his knee and tuck his haunches in!”

having moreover

“A h’eye like a’nauk, and a neck like a swan;”

the last word pronounced as with *Van* or *Fan* by the inspired Benjamin, who, usually seated on the right of John Scott, received a hearty, yet dignified approval to the “chant” from the worthy host, and was told to “help himself, give them something to say, and then make a call.”

The Duke of Limbs had also *one* song, entitled the “Old Constitution,” which he trowled from his heart with a loyal, yeomanlike melody and truth, I would willingly hear again, in these canting days of mock patriotism, cotton warp, and humbug.

Old Lacy, too, the breeder of Colwick and other noted animals, was famed for his “Southerly wind and a cloudy sky,” which he gave somewhat in the note of a quaint recitative, with a tone and accent accurately of the “cloth.” Latterly, from time and service, he slightly failed in rendering the shrill halloo! to the spirit-stirring “Gone away!” as well as in the final whoop! when

“Little Nettle has fasten’d her teeth in his brush;”

and the varmint was “fairly ran down.” This caused a simultaneous chorus of shrieks in aid

of the veteran's pipes, more in accordance, probably, with the "open" than an inn parlour.

Old Ben came thus early to communicate his good news of Cotherstone's safety to his friend Mr. George Clark, of Barnby Moor,—a genuine sportsman already made honourable mention of, located like ourselves at the "Bonny Brown Bear," of Leatherhead, and is introduced into our sporting olla podrida as a well known and highly respected member of the turf, notwithstanding the slight dash of caricature all but inseparable from the familiar vein of taking likenesses over the mahogany, in which the homely mess is served to our friends—we trust equally to their amusement and edification.

CHAPTER XIX.

The town of Epsom on the Derby morning.—A Museum of Character.—The last New-comer.—A brood of Carnivoræ.—A Turf California. — Flash Bets. — Angling for Men. — The “People” and their Callings.—Encouragement for Detailers.—Antiquarian notice of Newmarket “Horse Sports.”—Canter to the Downs.

IF at the commencement of the 18th century the town of Epsom—rendered attractive mainly from its springs and the salubrity of its air—could boast the racy mixture of society recorded by the ancient chronicler, from whom we have quoted in our preceding chapter—when the “high green,” “long-rooms,” and “raffling-shops” were in their zenith,—it may, in this the middle of the 19th century, on the morning of the great race, be truly pronounced the national museum of character; so motley and curious is the vast, heterogeneous crowd congregated in its streets; are you but *au fait* enough, or have you but the advantage of an O’Fay for a cicerone, to enable you to dissect the huge body of sportsmen of which it is composed.

For, thanks to Mr. Nicholl and French hats,—there is but slight difference in the outer man to be observed in the mass; all are pretty equally betartaned, bepaletot'd, and bechapeau'd. Your very grazier of the ring has razeéd his top-boots into Wellingtons or Bluchers, and wears a satin waistcoat; having nothing but the “ash plant” in his tell-tale fingers, and cake-and-turnip tinge of complexion, by which he may be known from the pallid, ill-omened billiard-marker, with whom he is in anxious conversation respecting the plot having unfortunately failed to nobble the favourite; and is then only to be distinguished by the connoisseur in a crowd.

But, Jack Aitchbone and Leary Longbut,—dissevered as you would imagine them to be in calling and sympathy,—are freemasons here, and intent at the same game. Both are equally “fly” to the most approved moves, as Corinthian Tom might have expressed himself, “down to every dodge,” and prepared to go any lengths in their profession, for to such a distinction may the pursuit in which they are engaged be fairly said to lay claim. And it is more than probable, that should it come to close or even betting between the field and favourite, these two worthies may make their dissimilarity available in securing “bread and cheese” for life; having agreed to “go” for the *one* or the

other, and divide the *remaining* man's spoil after the settling.

The knots of men gathered in earnest, yet half slangy conversation, irrespective of the many rings formed and broken occasionally in the main street at Epsom, on this momentous occasion, contain, literally, specimens of every rank and calling, every phase and shade of character; and these again, from every county, and most parishes in Great Britain; and fully entitle us to term the display a museum of humanity.

Let us select a batch, and look beneath the paletot for an instant, by way of instruction in moral anatomy,—the one surrounding the tall, fair haired, sanguine youth, whose eye and mouth proclaim his breeding far more intelligibly than the most elaborate puff of Mr. Aristocracy Burke can do.

He is an elder son, has Stock and Exchequer bills, and mortgages and green fields—and is one of the last new-comers on the turf;—all hail to him! Affable and joyous, and full of life and money, our elder son cuts in with any one who pulls him up in his promenade,—knowing his colloquist to be a betting man of some sort, who, or what, he neither knows nor cares; and having, most probably, a “fancy” in the forthcoming race, is generally open to a judicious offer in the way of a bet, and at any time good for a wager “between

horses;" when, the Lord preserve us from his choice!

He is one of the party selected by the debauched old hands to keep a horse in force; is a taker of thousands to ten on the three events, and other wild odds; and to the knot we would untie, or divide with our *couteau de chasse*, *par preference*, is little less than a turf or table California, into whom every man is digging *ad libitum*!

The eight or ten men surrounding our sanguine young gentleman—though, as we have previously remarked, all undeniably got up, and *shining* in hat and vest; carrying gold-headed whips, with the crest of the million duly engraved, not impossibly—comprise a flash lawyer, the tall, sinister-looking, grey-headed man, with the large white cravat folded so as to admit the chin on occasion—a sporting Gammon; a bill discounter from Jermyn Street; two publicans from the country, proprietors of "sweeps;" Mr. Ephraim D'Eusace, of the Berkeley hell; the military "bonnet," introduced at Limner's; Mr. Harry Unwell and his cyclopean jackall; the "Dollar;" our ancient Hebrew friend; Jack Aitchbone, the flash grazier, and the blear-eyed billiard-marker, before alluded to.

Only imagine an excitable young fellow, *possessed of three per cents and acres*, whose rooms and betting-book are open to men of this description,

and say if he is not a mine infinitely preferable, and more easy to work, than any yet discovered in the far distant "diggings," all glowing as are the accounts from the glittering shores of the Pacific?

The zest of the thing, to an acute looker-on, is to hear the flash bets made by these fell *carnivoræ* amongst themselves; and to observe the subtlety and consummate tact with which their approaches are made, so as not to arouse the suspicion of the kindly feeding, plump and sparkling salmon-trout, to which our owner of green fields may not inaptly be likened, on overhauling the company in which we find him. For old Childers, with his double-handed rod and stealthy gait, could not approach the clear and difficult stream of Driffield—where such goodly fish are in perfection, and free from metaphor—with greater wariness, than these accomplished anglers of men display in their fiendish science.

Now the flash old scrivener makes a cast, and artfully throws his fly *and barbed hook*, over the heads of the hellite and the "Dollar," athwart the fancy of the delightful owner of farms and scrip, having his *confrère*—the "stiff melter," ready with hook and landing net—ready to rush in up to the shoulders, should the gaping beauty take the dainty May-fly, dropped so skilfully and so light.

He does *not* rise! (or say, "Done,") and thus escapes for the moment. The military "bonnet," who, probably, had a seat in our youth's drag after breakfasting with him at Long's, then takes the rod, and, after backing "Don't-you-wish-you-may-get-it" for a couple of hundreds with one of the publicans, scientifically hooks his friend — by *allowing him to have half the bet!*

Aitchbone, the grazier, and Mr. Unwell, then lay both the "bonnet" and elder son a point more against the same animal, to a hundred each; and take their fifteen to one to the same sum, about a mare for the Oaks—who sees five to two taken greedily before sun-down—the trial having come off that morning, and the "office" being given to a chosen few to "get on." It is needless to say that the Captain's bets, though booked in due form, are all "flash," and are only laid through his amiable efforts to induce his friend to "rise." Most probably the "Dollar" has a cut at him before the snug little ring breaks up, making use of some insidious ground-bait, as the Rab-bóni paste, or the maggot of Rechab, to tempt a nibble; and only leaves "room" for the marker of billiards to get "a suit of clothes" out of the gentle youth—for these fellows will snap at a "hat," the "fare home," or anything, in fact, from a "pig to a bee-hive"—by his laying him an

“outfit” that “Don’t-you-wish-you-may-get-it” *don’t start, or is last, against winning!*

In addition to these birds of prey, and the patrician turfites of all grades, the betting-men, fair and foul—to whom, in our sketch of Newmarket, as well as in other portions of this narrative, we have adverted—we venture to believe, unmistakeably—there are literally “all sorts and conditions of men” who have large sums staked upon the Derby, and are brought into a focus at Epsom. Men of every craft muster at this mighty rendezvous, from reverend rectors, chirurgeons, colonels, captains, and M.D.’s, to bakers, colliers, jobbers, vintners, cigar-sellers, bacon-factors, tailors, fighting-men and actors: men, all, more or less, with *heavy books*, and all but professionally engaged in betting on the turf, though ostensibly allied to the callings specified; many having retail trades, and the smallest possible establishments. To the sporting amateurs, yeomen and nobles—men who really partake in racing for the love of the sport, though *they* also may occasionally invest their “pony” on any fancied animal, by way of having an interest,—we have, in our wish to portray the *dramatis personæ* of our subject accurately and in detail, drawn the attention of the reader; giving our personal experiences, and some portion of the private history of a valued friend,

to substantiate and, we hope, enhance the value of a sketch from *life*—from whose page only, true instruction may be drawn.

And when we are assured, by the sage and philosophic reviewer, that so far from the dignity of *history* being invaded by allusion to such petty details, it is her *province* to “call into life, warm and pulsing, the popular processions, costumes, manners and circumstances of the past, even to the notice of pedlars, monks, and orange-girls; as equally to depict the traditions, motives, and acts—the domestic and secret, as well as the public and visible influences—the personal as well as the party elements; to paint street scenes and interiors, and gather the sayings and doings of our grandmothers; to give sketches of country towns, watering places, stage-coaches, and other minute touches, *illustrative of a nation's economy*; attention being justly due to the garb, the furniture and equipages; the interior of the shops and dwellings of a people.”* When such a latitude is (wisely) accorded the historian's pen, we not only hope for a lenient reception to our own, and defunct brother “Journey-writer's” gossip, but

* Vide “Bentley's Miscellany” for January 1849, containing a short, but, to our mind, a most able and brilliant notice of Macaulay's “James the Second,” entitled “The Philosophy of History.”

believe that hints may be gathered from our racing narrative, serving to elucidate a share of the national traits thus enumerated, as being of higher import than they would, perchance, seem to the exclusive dealers in "solemn axioms," or the portrayers of stiff and lifeless outlines.

In the curious old volume of travels through England of which we have so frequently made mention, there appears, in addition to the notice of Epsom and its fashionables, an account of Newmarket and its "horse-matches," which, as being written several generations ago, can scarcely fail to be interesting as a record of the manners and tastes of our ancestry; especially in reference to a pastime, or rather a pursuit, then comparatively in its infancy, and now in overgrown, diseased, unwieldy giant-hood.

The tourist of 1724 says:—"Newmarket consists but of one street, in which the sovereign and many of the nobility have their hunting, or rather racing houses. And indeed, when one beholds the vast company of horsemen on the plain at a match, one would be astonished to consider how so small a place could contain such a vast number of people.

"All mankind are here upon an equal level, from the duke to the country peasant. Nobody wears swords, but without distinction are clothed

suitably to the humour and design of the place for horse-sports. And a country grazier lays his money at a horse-match with the same freedom as the greatest lord of them all; for here is no ceremony, but everybody strives to outjockey, as the phrase is, one another.

“It is a great pleasure to rise in the morning, and see the horses aired, or led over the grounds; but a much greater to see the joy and attention in every face on the starting of the matches, which are every day during the season, of one sort or another; and great wagers are laid on the several horses, besides the prizes run for, which are seldom under four hundred pounds, and often above a thousand. However, there be sharpers at this, as well as at other diversions of England; a groom’s riding on the wrong side of the post, or his riding *crimp*, or people’s crossing the horse’s way in his course, makes a stranger risk deep when he lays his money, except he can be let into the *secret*, which you can scarce believe he ever is.

“Never was such a splendid show of fine horses at any review of an army made by the French king, or any other prince in Christendom, as here on these plains on a match-day. And, indeed, one ought to be personally here to have a true taste of the pleasures of a horse-match. No description I am able to make can truly represent to you an

idea of it. The swift running of horses to you may seem insipid, as the races we saw at Bologna in Italy were, where the horses ran through the streets without riders; but here there is something so very noble in the whole pursuit of the courses, that it animates even a by-spectator, or stranger, to share in their pleasure.

“After the matches are over, there is public play in most of the nobility’s houses, as well as at the two coffee-houses, which lasts most part of the night; and thus you are every day diverted during the whole season, which continues all October, and is renewed again in April.

“But, my friend, you must know that the chiefest sharpers at Tunbridge and Epsom are always here likewise; and, therefore, there is no safe play without knowing one’s company very well; for you will see fellows in the habits of grooms, that play for as much money as a lord, and perhaps know more of the matter. In short, *sharp* is the word here; and it is a common proverb all over England—a *Newmarket bite*.

“The horse-matches are intermixed with cock-matches, another mighty diversion in England, in which they exceed all the world.

“A cock-pit is the very model of an amphitheatre of the ancients; the cocks fight in the area as the beasts did formerly among the Romans;

and round the circle above sit the spectators in their several rows. It is wonderful to see the courage of these little creatures, who always hold fighting on till one of them drops and dies on the spot.

“I was at several of these matches, and never saw a cock run away; however, I must own it to be a remnant of the barbarous customs of this island, and too cruel for my entertainment.

“There is always a continued noise amongst the spectators, in laying wagers upon every blow each cock gives; who, by the way, I must tell you, wear *steel spurs* (called, I think, ‘gafflets’) for their surer execution. And this noise runs fluctuating backwards and forwards during each battle, which is a great amusement; and I believe abundance of people get money by taking and laying odds on each stroke, and find their account in the end of the battle; but these are people who must nicely understand it.

“If an Italian, a German, or a Frenchman should by chance come into these cock-pits, without knowing beforehand what is meant by this clamour, he would certainly conclude the assembly to be all mad, by their continued outcries of ‘Six to four!’ ‘Five to one!’ ‘Ten pounds to a crown!’ which is always repeated here, and with great

earnestness,—every spectator taking part with his favourite cock, as if it were a party cause.

“ King George hath been twice at Newmarket races, and visited his University of Cambridge, and was splendidly entertained at his own College of Trinity, and made the University a most royal present.”

Concluding with this bit of antiquarian small-talk, we again mount our hack and canter away to the Downs.

CHAPTER XX.

The muster at the "Post."—The "Dollar" in the Pig's-skin.—Old Crutch and my Lord Chesterfield.—The "Heavies."—The Racing Family.—A parallel between "Prepare to receive Cavalry!" and "They're off!"—Protracted Excitement.—The Race.—The Derby Course.—The wrong Number.—A beaten Man.—Turf Embarrassment.—Debts of Honour.—An Appeal to the Young.—Dabblers on the Turf.—Old Hands.—Luck.—The Odour of the Stable.

"Now thousand tongues are heard in one loud din."

THE DUNCIAD.

IN the racking interval between the break-up of the "people" at Epsom and the actual start for the Derby, the final ring, at the time we write of, was formed on the crest of the Down, round a post or limb of a gibbet, where the motley host of speculators whom we have endeavoured in the course of our narrative to set before the reader, muster, for the most part on horseback, prepared to scurry to the Warren for personal inspection of the horses walking in that picturesque bit of ground, immediately previously to saddling; and then, on their return, to back, or reverse their judgment, with the pencil.

In this equestrian cock-pit—for the clamour and

uproar rending the fragrant air from the stormy arena appear sufficiently parallel to the riot over the "poultry" to permit us to make use of the not inappropriate simile—might have been seen "the plunging Prelate and his pond'rous Grace;" my Lord George, the "bold baker," and Mr. Unwell; Sir Xenophon Sunflower, the Assassin, and the flash grazier; the Dollar, hellite, billiard-marker, and bacon-factor; the ringletted O'Bluster, double-jointed publican, Leatherlungs and Handsome Jack contrasted in the pig's-skin; and, ye Centaurs! what seats were there!

Here your grazier, noble, and yeoman were at home, as might have been seen at a glance, by their naturally elegant bearing in the saddle, as well as by the pace with which they hurried, from time to time, across the field. Not so with your brick-and-mortar bred hero of the Ring; your Dollar, D'Eusace, Counter-Knight, and Scrivener. They are little less than *in extremis* all the time they are thus unusually and uncomfortably exalted, and sigh to be in hell again, for the sake of peace and comfort! But with such game afoot, the veriest tailor in the squad would mount a mis-teached* hippogriff, and risk the chance of a purl, rather than not show at the covert-side.

Bestriding an unhappy, oft-repaired brute, with

* A sporting term for ill-broke or restive.

romantic outlines, and Roman nose to match, the portly Hebrew shoves into the ring, "quite promiscuously," by the side of the sweet gray mare that bears the "last new comer," hoping the delightful youth may again open his mouth in support of "Don't-you-wish-you-may-get-it," when he has, "I will lay it you, my dear," ready to slip on the exit of the first syllable to the outsider's instructive and poetic name. What a contrast do these four animals, men and horse, present; for the graceful, dappled creature, with her silken mane and full and flashing eye, her drooping quarters and gazelle-like pastern, does not vary more materially from the sorry, ill-used, ugly brute by her side, than does the handsome, ingenuous young fellow on her back contrast with the crafty old limb of Judah,—“pure Sephardim,” no doubt, whose anxious hopes for the moment depend upon the youngster's speaking unadvisedly.

At the time we write of, "Old Crutch," too, with his scaffolding under his arm, and disabled limb dangling like a loose girth from his rosinante's side,—a quadruped equalling the Dollar's mount in beauty,—might have been seen side by side with Lord Chesterfield, on his thorough-bred, and addressing him in all the Timbobbinish horrors of his frightful vernacular. My lord was then in the zenith of his good looks and humour, and was,

moreover, so well upon Cotherstone, that he saw graces in Old Crutch's physog, with the charming "thousand to forty" he hoped to draw him of on the Tuesday *prochain*,—that he joked and rattled with the uncouth old cripple in undisguised merriment. With these might have been noticed the elegant form of Lord Wilton, on his roan, shaded again by a round-shouldered knave from Manchester, with ungloved hands and snub nose, who had "potted the crack" for his special line of action. His yeoman Grace of Limbs, fresh and hearty as a summer's gale, mounted on his Blue-eyed Maid, loomed in stalwart manhood by the side of some pallid greek or city trader, having a word of greeting and jollity for all alike, for *he* was there for the sake of sport, and had no anxiety beyond his "pony."

The *Heavies*, as Thornhill of Riddlesworth, Sir Hercules Fitzoutlawe, and poor fatty Sutherland, together with my Lord Miltown, from his not being particularly adapted for an equestrian display, appeared in their several chariots on the outskirts of the ring, an occasional lull in the wordy tumult permitting the Irishman's lisping scream to penetrate the dense and agitated circle, in his praiseworthy efforts to do business. Old Crocky, too, was there, mounted on a subdued wretch of the horse-species, tenanted, according to the Py-

thagorean doctrine, by the evil spirit of some defunct croupier, and ready to "return on the nick," as usual.

In this "mess tossed up of Hockley-hole and White's," in addition to our foregoing inventory, were dukes and butchers, and Copland of the Bays; the elegant D'Orsay, Sir Massey Stanley, and Mr. Wether Mutton; Ginger Stubbs, Bob Croft, Parson Prettyman, and Tom Spring; the "Facer," Billy Bullrush, Horace Pitt, and Sir Mulberry Hawke,—brigaded again with London bloods and provincial blacklegs, all bawling and yelling their individual wishes to *make figures* during the last fleeting moments ere the flash bourse closes, to open to a few of them no more!

* * * * *

When, at the close of red Waterloo, the Old Guard of France was launched by Napoleon in person on the British squares, formed in the hollow of the field, it is fair to suppose that, as they came thundering down the slope in all the terrors of cavalry in charge, they would create a reasonable share of excitement in the breasts of such of our countrymen as on that day had the immortal honour to receive and disperse the serried, veteran host; especially in that thrilling moment when the grim, yet cool old colonel of infantry, measuring, with unerring eye, the distance of the

rushing foe, bade his men be steady, and to "wait for the word." The *contemplation*, at some fifty yards or less, of several thousands of men and horse, dovetailed, in full career, by a kneeling body of foot-soldiers not an eighth part of the weight of the charging squadrons, to whom they have nought but a fleshly barrier and mutual dependence to oppose; a view of this approaching avalanche of steel, and fire, and iron hoof, heralded by the wild hurrah and savage snort, must, one would imagine, bring with it to the sedentary performers in the drama, a portion of that deeply-coveted excitement for which fast men sigh, and die!

But, all-absorbing, or rather, Heaven be praised! all-stimulating to nerve and sense and duty, as the charge of the Imperial Guard proved to our fellows, on the memorable occasion to which we have alluded, for the purpose of making clear our notions as to the cause and effect of legitimate agitation on men's minds, previously to admitting the plea under any pretence, we yet doubt if *that* moment, or any other in the career of action, can exceed the high-wrought pitch of agonizing, yet intoxicating excitement that comes over the mind of the heavily interested spectator of the Derby contest, at that instant when the race-bell swings and tolls over the Downs of Surrey, and the

tempest-breath of the assembled thousands proclaim in his ear that the horses *are off*!

Off! after two years' training, wintering, and incessant care on the part of their owners and trainers, and an equal share of daily anxiety for many, many months, on that of the hundreds who have betted and hedged, and shouted and travelled from meeting to meeting, and lived in all but constant whirl and turmoil, in order that they might stake thus deeply on a result which *now* a couple of minutes will decide!

If "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," as we are told she does,—and are fortunate indeed to require so *telling*,—so I venture to assert, that excitement protracted maketh the mind frantic. For the absorbing interest attending a heavy betting Derby extends from September till May, if not longer; and to an excitable person, deeply involved in its mysteries, is spun out from post to post in irritating fibres of suspense, which, as Dallas confessed to me, seemed as molten *wires* wrapped tightly round his heart and imagination; and laid on, fold over fold, in burning, yet contemptible coils, he had not the needful strength of mind—for it required nothing more, nor *less*, unfortunately—to rid himself of, by quitting the vicious path of life wherein Satan had surely set them as snickles for the souls of men!

And if such be the state of mental agitation *before* the race, how terribly must the minds of such honourable men be shattered, on a reverse occurring they are not able to meet! In proof of the overwhelming intensity of excitement on racing matters, no effort of fiction will be required by those who remember the sad fate of poor Craven, about, or just previous to, the turf era wherein our sketch is taken; a catastrophe which might, one would have thought, have touched even the sensibility of betting men, without reference to the *account* of the self-murdered man; but beyond the all-powerful interest attending the *figures*, the melancholy event was little heeded or commented upon.

Unable to settle on the Derby,—though, as it is said, the Oaks would have brought him entirely round, had his nerve sufficed to suffer him to wait the result of the latter race,—this martyr to turf gambling deliberately shot himself in his own drawing-room, on his return from the Downs, after chatting and *laughing* with his party during their boisterous drive to town, and swallowing thoughts of fire in his endeavour to conceal the fearful emotions that were consuming him. What a drive! and what *laughter*! and what an ending for the scion of an ancient and honourable family!

It is not our intention to attempt any length-

ened description of those "evergreen hills of chalk," on the Derby day, or to relate how many dozens of champagne, creels of lobsters, or quarters of lamb were consumed, panels smashed, or individuals ruined in the *al fresco* orgy; for, as Sam Slick says, "there is a notch at which Dictionary stops;" and, when we essay to contemplate through our mind's eye that scene of scenes about four o'clock P.M., with an idea to its delineation, we confess with honest Sam, that our vocabulary has its limits. But to our personal adventures we return, and beg the courteous reader to jump his complaisant nag into the whins in the inside elbow of Tattenham Corner, whither, after seeing the five-and-twenty three-year-old colts, looking far more like six-year-old horses, take their preliminary canter, and hearing the amusing, dissimilar verdicts passed on each by the anxiously gazing horsemen, formed many deep at this particular point of the course, we retired, as per our annual wont, to see the race contested.

Dallas was with me; and I now learned for the first time, that he was against the favourite, Cotherstone; having, luckless fellow! laid off a heavy sum he stood on that splendid animal on arriving in London, and through confidence in the judgment of Lord George Bentinck, whom he sin-

cerely admired and esteemed, backed Gaper to more money than he "chose to say."

All relish for the race went with this information; for, as I have before stated, nothing could prevent my believing in the invincibility of the son of Touchstone. It was "poundage" on his very looks! He appeared an Eclipse up to twelve stone across a country, when regarded in contrast with the wretched field he had to contend with, and seemed to stride away under poor Bill Scott, as if he had a feather on his back.

Still, opinions varied,—as why should they not? Lord George stood to win 160,000*l.* on his horse! and continued taking five to one about him till the last moment; whilst my friend of the cottage-mansion on the Wharfe, with every luxury the most fastidious taste could desire, "followed suit" with such avidity, that it required a considerable mortgage on his beautiful little estate to free him from the effects of this day's venture, his turf career up to the period under record, having effectually absorbed the handsome fortune in ready money with which we have seen he set out to encounter the world and its fascinations.

Again we find ourselves anticipating; the haste proceeding, probably, from the wish to conclude all allusion to so sad a subject. And yet, is our text in but a momentary advance of the fleet

arbiters of the day, for the tolling bell, the roar of mingled voices—a very chaos of din! and phalanx of horsemen careering across the Downs, unmistakeably announce to us in the whins, that—*they are off!* those three electric words that we have deemed a fitting parallel to the startling command of “Prepare to receive cavalry!”

* * * * *

The Derby course is in the form of a horse-shoe, commencing up hill; and, more trying than all to the forelegs of an inferior horse, having a great portion of the ground *down* one,—with a wide straight run-in; in which, at the distance we stood, the horses, unlike the animals contending in the roped, narrow courses of the country—over which you lean, if so disposed, in close proximity—appear reduced in size and completely “at sea,” when beaten and tailed off. The great breadth of the course at Epsom renders it very difficult for the distant spectator to follow even a conspicuous colour with his eye, and by this reason, gives cause to renewed excitement on this great event, before you can know the winner to a certainty.

The telegraphing the number of the winning-horse in gigantic letters from the weighing-stand, has relieved the galloping throng from a portion of this delirium of suspense; though I fancy

the speed with which men scurry to the booths has scarcely, if at all, been diminished.

We *have* been present when the wrong number has been signalized "through mistake!" (a most abominable one, as must be allowed,) and have seen men ballooning it far to heavenward of the seventh Paradise—but to be brought crashing to the earth when the *right* figure was hoisted. The occupation of Tantalus was cheering compared to the endurance of this cruel jibe of Fortune! To see your savoury pot landed and cooling deliciously on your hearth-stone, and then, on the mere turning your head the while you search for your spoon and platter, to behold it cracking and *boiling over* on a raging furnace through the agency of the fiend! or, on your instantaneous return from behind the neighbouring bluff, to see your "trim-built wherry," ballasted as she was with gold mohurs and virgin ingots, that you had so manfully pulled against wind and stream, and moored, as you thought, securely, turned bottom upwards, and spinning round in the turbid pool!—are surely the vindictive freaks of the blind and fickle goddess; and may be received as *partially* illustrative of the cruel disappointment of the unhappy wight who beholds the glad symbol of his success hoisted to his eye, but the next instant to be displaced by the sure signal of his loss or ruin.

But on the occasion to which we refer in our narrative, there was no telegraph needed at the very corner to pronounce the winner; for, pulling Bill Scott double, Cotherstone—with an inside berth, the race in hand, and closely followed by Gaper, and such of the field as had survived over the hill—came tearing across the gravel road, causing a whirlwind of dust as they passed and descended the slope, and literally “won as he liked.”

At this point of the course, a beaten horse is instantly detected by the experienced eye, equally as is the one with an extra chance immediately discerned. The air of Tattenham Corner has borne away many a heavy sigh, or buoyant burst of hope, as the staggering and defeated, or compact, hard pulling race-horse has passed the anxious gazer in his career.

On the day alluded to in our history, the playful, eddying breeze bore an exclamation from my poor friend Dallas, that I yet, after a powerful antidote to such scenes, and blessed return of mental health, recall with a sensation little short of pain and sorrow. It was the cry of a man stricken at the heart! and, escaping from one usually so silent under punishment, told too acutely how severely, how *mortally* he was hit, and the extent to which he had jeopardised not only his own fortunes and position in society, but

—a torture too afflicting for even *his* nerve—how greatly the home and hopes, and peace of mind of his absent orphan sister were endangered through the result of the two minutes' gallop we had just witnessed over the Downs of Epsom!

In sooth, it was equally sad and humiliating to note the passing gleam of anguish, self-hatred, and passion, which by turns lighted and deformed the so lately handsome features of the stalwart, yet gentle yeoman, and all but unmanned him. Very, very sad, from the terrible consequences he had brought upon himself—and only relative—for the women are the true victims under such heavy visitations! and humiliating to our boasted powers of mind, to contemplate a manly spirit, and hitherto an independent front, agitated as they were by the foul and turbid flood of bitter reflection, that all but overwhelmed the disappointed gambler in the hour of his reverse.

For deeply as we deplore the act of moral *felo-de-se* on the part of our friend—for the self-ruin wrought by his own hand merits no less unmistakable a designation—we have yet no mind to suffer any tinge of false heroism, or injurious extenuation to colour our sketch, so as to distract the attention of our juvenile readers from the fact, that a besetting inclination for a dangerous and vicious course of life alone led to the calamitous,

humiliating climax in his affairs, as recorded in our unvarnished tale.

To be defeated by difficulty, manfully encountered in any of the legitimate walks of life ; or to fail in well-intentioned efforts in the paths of trade or enterprise, is the common, and not dishonourable lot of humanity. To struggle with, and, if needs must, to bow to adversity dispensed by Providence, is the allotted task of the majority ; but, with the discomfiture, to the reasoning Christian mind, there is, or should be, no loss of self-respect, or hindrance to a recommencement of endeavour in the eye of the ever-rallying, march and counter-marching world. But in a turf embarrassment or failure, that all-healing balm of conscience is absorbed by the torrent of self-execration, which, taking its rise in the barrenness of *unworthy motives*, bursts from the rocky path selected by the discarded wooer of chance, and all but forbids his further progress in the life he has for ever embittered and tainted.

For, let me not be misunderstood in my opinions in reference to the laws of money, as they bear on this subject, or be for an instant supposed to underrate the sacred obligation of a bet between gentlemen, or rather, between "man and man," spite the picture I have drawn of a set of individuals, whom a modern writer, apparently quite

au fait to the craft, has not inaptly termed the Anthropophagi, *par excellence*, of society. Yet even to these, if no proof existed of there having been fraudulent dealing in the monetary engagement negotiated in the *breath of honour*, and, in most instances, under the fair canopy of heaven,—nay, if the risk attending such a *bourse* from the flagrant malpractices touched upon in this turf memoir, were encountered knowingly, I maintain that nothing short of utter inability from unforeseen circumstances, can excuse the non-performance of the confidential contract, and that no time or palliative can wipe away the obligation.

The wretch who can look in a fellow-man's eye and make a bet, which, if it comes off against him, he premeditatedly intends not to pay; and the scoundrel who can receive on a settling-day, and walk away without disbursing to the utmost of his power, far less without making a payment,—I would denounce as outcasts too vile for even Anthropophagi to herd with.

Having laid down this as the only line to the unfortunately implicated, I would emphatically beseech my youthful reader—for it is in the hope of offering a friendly chart, and being really of service to one of these, that I write thus explicitly—to reflect seriously, as many lads, embryo men, *can* do, previously to his being *seen for an instant*

on even the outskirts of the Betting Ring, far less entangled in its folds; and to ask himself how, consistent with a position of trust, intellectual or virtuous intercourse, far less a similar connexion in society; or how far conducive to the paths of high and spotless commerce, equally with the higher walks in any of the learned professions or sciences—supposing any of these to be his aim, or, hallowed inspiration! to be the *hope* of his parents and friends,—is the reputation of being even a “sporting man,” infinitely less a “turf,” or “betting” one, from the scenes and characters we have, we trust with neither an exuberance of “fustian or thin prosaic,” set before him in the text?

We assure him that the mere imputation of being thus *inclined*, even with success, is a stain on character amply sufficient to bar the entrance to any of the paths of life we have specified with the rigidly correct; and that a failure on the turf, to the man of honour and sensibility, leaves an indelible taint and bitterness.

To the mere dabbler in turf speculation, the small operator and “backer of horses,” of which class the majority of the ring, or rather its *dependencies*, is composed, should he continue to pursue the *ignis fatuus*,—save, possibly, in a few instances, quite as rare as with the winners at roulette!—there

can be nothing but eventual loss, embarrassment, and misfortune; whilst to the successful, professional turfite, the man who, giving all his attention to the calling, has succeeded in cozening Fortune, and arrived at maturity, I care not who he be, there attaches an *odour of the stable*, and unmistakeable essence of the craft, which must ever render his presence over a virtuous hearth, supposing him to have obtained such admittance, out of place, and ungenial, if it be not deemed ill-omened and repugnant.

With men, and above all, with women of a pure and domestic tone of mind, and inherent love of household morality, and distaste for the "flash," there can be no communion, far less sympathy, with "betting men," rendered questionable, if not depraved as their notions *must* be in the long course of intrigue with their baser brethren, and one-sided traffic, in which we have seen the initiated in turf mysteries matriculate and take honours.

These old hands are coolness and cunning personified, and might give Faust himself a wrinkle in the art of alchymizing society; but to the young and fluttering aspirants for turf favours, the very turmoil of heart and wildness of temperament incidental to a life of incessant locomotion and excitement; the false notions respecting the value of

money, usually engendered by the first unfortunate "win;" the high feeding and whirl of brain, all but inseparable from a turf life, and from whose effects the novice is rarely free when tossing on the restless couch to the reeking hour of "leaving the rooms;" all these, in nine instances out of ten, prove the sure agents of great calamity, if not ruin

For, as "Nimrod" says with infinite truth, "It is quite certain that *luck* has very little to do with *racing*, and the man who trusts to it will find he is leaning on a broken staff. To the owner of a racing stud, who means to act uprightly, nothing but good management can ensure success, and even with this he has fearful odds against him, so many striving for the same prize. His horses must be well-bred, well-reared, well-engaged, well-trained, well-weighted, and well-ridden—nothing else will succeed in the long run."

Still less has *luck* to do with *betting*. The speculator on other people's horses can only succeed by the help of the one or the other of these expedients—namely, great knowledge of horse-flesh and astute observation of public running, deep calculation or *secret fraud*; and that the last-named resource is the base upon which many large fortunes have in our own day been built, no man will be bold enough to deny. How many fine domains

have been shared amongst these hosts of rapacious sharks during the last two hundred years ! And, unless the system be altered, how many more are doomed to fall into the same gulf !

But reverting to the invaluable boon of a good reputation with the honoured middle class of England—people who wince intuitively at the intrusion of any character so harshly prominent as the turfite or adventurer in general, for they are all but synonymous titles—I would in my appeal to the young and not yet compromised reader, assure him gravely that, whether he succeed on the turf or is defeated, ay, whether actively employed or retired, the door of desirable private life will never be confidentially or cordially opened, if indeed it be not closed against him entirely.

In the true country especially, if he inhabit the “moated hall,” or dwell in the “High Street ;” if at a market table or an assize ball, at the covert-side or at a funeral, the professionally employed betting man is a marked and prominent character ; having, doubtlessly, the suffrages of a host of admiring grooms, proprietors of “sweeps,” and all the young aspirants for the glories of the turf, amongst whom he may occasionally make his appearance ; but with every other member of the retired intermediate family, from the, perchance, lettered and amiable squire or rector, to the

village surgeon and neighbouring yeomen, he is looked upon as a stranger on the Green, to whom a portion of involuntary suspicion attaches from his frequent absence from home on sporting forrays, heightened as it is by the plumage of the occasional sinister callers at his gate.

To this the Newmarket cut and *expression of eye*—that “clipt and heel’d” audacious air from which few of the *dramatis personæ* are altogether clear, as beheld amidst the grassy slopes and primitive people of the turfite’s village, when added to the mysterious reputation of winning and losing thousands on a race! and not unfrequent whispers of conspiracy and turf fraud,—all these attributes serve to complete an unenviable individuality and notoriety in a hamlet or country town, far more easy to achieve than to remove.

In illustration of these phases of racing life and character, we have endeavoured to play the part of a faithful limner; touching, as we would with a rosy hue, the mental horizon whereon we review the many “good fellows” and gallant steeds; the verdure-clad bye-lanes and spangled meads, from whence, at starting, we derived such fascination and delight; yet not failing to give to the preponderating Zamiels of the drama their accredited tinge of sable and attributes of demonry as we beheld and experienced them in that magic ring, which

may be fairly said to be "benetted round with villanies;" the balance being truly "a penny-worth of bread to a very large quantity of *sack*!" We would also point out the trap-doors and pitfalls hidden in the apparently smooth and verdant stage, and lead the reader behind the scenes we would portray.

This having partially effected, as we venture to believe, we leave him for the present to make his own "book" and selection in life, beseeching him to bear in mind, that even the herbage of the glittering daisy-spangled turf, though

"Sweet to the taste, may prove in digestion sour."

CHAPTER XXI.

Breathing Time.—An acute Professional.—A brace of Legs at Council.—The Settling.—“Drawing Old Gully.”—The latest edition of Legism.—The poisoning of Blucher.—The Purveyor of Moneys.—Our last Day in Town.—Fanny Ellsler’s Benefit.—Reminiscence of Sidney Smith.—The “Assassin’s” Instructions.—Goodwood.—Dallas relaunched.—A Winter’s Ride across the Country.—The Wharfe in Flood.—The Crisis with our Friend.—His Death.—Conclusion.

BETWEEN the delivery of the verdict for the Derby and the dread, yet comparatively distant, settling-day at “the Corner,” men relieve their overburthened souls by a prolonged and salutary respiration; the losers, almost invariably, being overcome by an involuntary craving to sleep before they have well *paraded their appetite* at dinner, whilst the winners experience quite as earnest a desire to learn and detect the probable candidates for the Levant, and to calculate their actual gains on the great race.

This is no easy matter; for should an old stager or an acute professional receive a shot between wind and water, or be within an ace of exploding from the fact of his very magazine being ignited,

he will give no outward or visible sign of distress. On the contrary, he will hammer away at every thing in the Oaks, champagne it like a winner, and drill his features into the equanimity of the damned, rather than permit any prying into the state of his exchequer or condition.

With one of these cold-blooded performers in the racing drama, the *great coup* is to *draw* any man who may be indebted to him on his meagre "credit side," should the sum be worth running the gauntlet of the yard for, with an air of *sang glacé* rather than *froid*, and to parry his many creditors, in the general hurlyburly that reigns around, with a *millionnaire* waive of his well-furnished hand, or a *nonchalant* "aside" or two of,—“In *one* moment, my good fellow!”—“I’ll be with you directly,” till he has contrived to accomplish his atrocious errand, and succeeded in wriggling himself through the busy crowd, and that “narrow lane” which too often leadeth to destruction, and landed in the delicious atmosphere of Pimlico, when, and when only, he breathes audibly, and mutters to himself,—“I’ll now away privily!”

On the morning of the settling-day to the Derby we have described, two of these accomplished gentry, who had severally “gone for the crack” and the “field;” that is, two of our *dramatis personæ* who had systematically and regularly

backed the one and "potted" the other, the betting having long been within a point of even between them,—having previously come to the righteous understanding to divide the spoil of the certain receiver, sat at breakfast at Evans', in Covent Garden.

They were in private, and had their books and list of winners and losers at their elbow, and were two as perfect specimens of the genus Leg in worsted hose as ever assisted at poisoning a horse or in robbing a friend. They were Lancashire bred, as might have been readily discovered by their grating accent and ruder dialect during their slangy, yet anxious discourse over their meal, in the course of which they laid their plans for a separate entrance into the yard, and the adopting a cool demeanour towards each other during the settling, so as to disguise every thing like an intimacy between themselves, as well as any clue to the "line" they had taken in the speculation.

As we have said, one had laid against the favourite as if he had been "boiled," and the other against the field, as if it had been swept by a monetary simoom.

The former unfortunate, rejoicing under the name of Ratleave, had, of course, "thrown out;" and for the future would be compelled to retire upon his laurels, or, if bent upon further turf

investment, must contrive, as the assassin expressed himself, to "play a back-hand." His companion, on the contrary, had "thrown in," and looked remarkably well upon paper; and could he but draw a fair dividend from his numerous debtors, "something comfortable" was secured by their nefarious co-partnership,—for, at all events, the recipient of the plunder,—we being one who by no means vouch for there being invariably "honour amongst thieves."

This account, of all *pro* and no *con*! the two "Manchester scholars" went through with great gusto, fortifying their inward men for the ordeal in perspective, by the consolatory aid of copious libations of bitter ale and the highly-cayenned fragments of flesh and fowl; the waiter, a near relative of the "fielder," being sworn to deny all admittance or even knowledge of their whereabouts.

The great aim of the receiver-general in the plot was to strengthen the nerve of the "potter of the crack," so as to induce him to enter the "sweating-shop" at all hazards, and do his utmost to "draw oud Gully" of some 1,200*l.* that the latter had betted him at Newmarket against Cotherstone, before he had won his spring races and become such a favourite as to lead to the conspiracy, the result of which we have just related.

This sum was too tempting to be lost without a struggle, and at length overcame the scruples, or rather terrors, of Mr. Ratleave, as he resolved to "face the people" and "try it on."

"Gully is such a downy, fause oud cove, and hits so hard even yet, if he has a mind," remarked he; "I'd rather try any man in the ring sooner nor him. But he's no right to rob me (!) out of 1,200*l.*; he thought it "good" enough when he laid it; and I'm blow'd if I don't draw him or hear him refuse. I'm clean resolved to 'show.'"

"That's right, Ratleave," replied his amiable coadjutor; "don't be done out of thy brass wi' out trying, man. But mind and groom up well, and take some 'rag' (bank notes) in thy hand when thou goest int' yard. Never say die! Thou must buy thysen a new hat, and pluck up that skulking mug of thine before thou *does* show," continued his friend in bitter raillery. "Thou mun try to look a man in the face for once in thy life, if thou canst, and not keep glowering like a lagg'd footpad!"

"It's all d—d fine for thee to slang me now," retorted Ratleave with subdued ferocity.

"Thou chisel'd me in the toss when we threw up who should go agin Cotherstone and who back him. If thou had thrown fair, *I* should have been *in*, and thou wouldst have been in my

shoes. But we have 'gone for the gloves'* and *got 'em!* and must now face the people, or lose a good stake; so let's stop all chaffing, Bill, and be jannack."

The latter word, a highly expressive Lancashire term for a straightforward line of conduct, Mr. Ratleave threw in as a hint to his friend to square up after the settling, and let him get home without delay, hoping to solace his bruised and wounded spirit by means of the golden ointment dispensed at Tattersall's, could he but obtain his share of the pillage anticipated to be brought out of the yard by his *confrère*.

As this was by no means certain, the hang-dog look and downcast eye of the ruffian were not brightened by the coarse badinage of the man who had kept his place in the ring through the fortune of a toss.

However, with new shining silk hats and the full swagger of the calling, in separate cabs, about two of the clock on the awful Tuesday, these worthies wended their way to the Corner, where, as a rigid historian, it is our painful duty to record that the glorious plan for "drawing oud Gully" succeeded beyond the utmost hopes of the sweet pair, that gentleman having "stood it," as they

* "Going for the gloves," in Ring phraseology, implies pre-meditated default or *plunder!* according to the result of the race.

afterwards expressed themselves, in a snug party at the "Bush," "like a lamb." For, standing in his accustomed place with a huge sheaf of notes in his hand, the ex-gladiator and M.P. paid and received thousands on the race, between alternate puffs at his cigar, quite as tranquilly as if reclining in a warm-bath.

The event had come off all right with him,—as when did it not?—though he surveyed Mr. Ratleave with a quiet, slightly suspecting air, as that ill-omened, yet highly credited personage placed himself conspicuously in his way, without attempting anything like a salutation, far less allusion to business, and paid his friend and partner in the Derby game with an ostentatious, yet distant demeanour, a few hundred pounds balance of their account; ticking off the payment, with a Jones-Loyd-like air, in a huge, fully-bound, lock-secured ledger, as if the amount were the merest bagatelle.

It was not in the nature of Mr. Gully to see a creditor near him without paying, if he *meant* it, (he served the Assassin differently in Attila's year, telling him very plainly that he did *not* mean it, excruciatingly, as he flourished his list of debtors to the "estate!") so he said, again looking into Ratleave's eye with his severe, peculiar gaze: "You win of me, Mr. R., I believe, 1,200*l.* to 80*l.*, on Cotherstone, laid in the Craven meeting, fifteen

to one?" (Gully never forgave himself for this precipitancy.)

"That's the bet, Mr. Gully, I *think*," replied Ratleave, turning to the initial page with an indifferent, happy *nonchalance*, and the barely audible expression, "If quite convenient."

"Oh! it's always convenient to me," said old Gully, with a savage smile, intuitively, as he confessed to ourselves, suspecting his man when too late,—“though it's not always pleasant. Here's your money, Sir,” concluded he, handing him two five hundreds and four fifties, in the new, brilliant, *delicious* tissue fabric of the Bank of England, emblazoned with the sable, unmistakeable figures, and delicate fairy-like water-mark of the “large paper.”

These the scoundrel received with a clumsy attempt at a bow, and “Thank'ee, Mr. Gully;” saying to a heavy claimant who stood by, asking in turn, by *his* eye, for payment; “In *one* moment, Mr. D'Arcy! I see a man I *must* draw—you understand?”

And so he cut through and through, and in and out, till he reached the gateway, when, bolting into the friendly canteen opposite, he carefully secured the booty in his fob, took one strong “nip” of *eau de vie* as an encourager, and then quietly, yet quickly made his way into Piccadilly;

to whose fragrant breath and melodious hum, the air and cadence of Paradise, in the estimation of the Levanter, would have lost by the comparison !

The foregoing episode of the Corner—unworthy pencraft ! yet a scrap of stubborn, sturdy fact—is given in confirmation, if such there needed, of our previous assertion, that the ring is “benetted round with villanies ;” an assertion more than corroborated by the fiendish practices of legism, brought to light by the racing chronicles of the hour, and recorded in their latest edition, up to the very moment of our going to press. For, at the late Chester meeting, barely a week passed over at the present writing, we read an account of one of those atrocities of the craft—namely, a race contested by heats ; in which a purse of fifty pounds, subscribed by the ladies, was the prize ; wherein Wakefield, the jockey of Mr. Isaac Day’s Colocynth, displayed his intentions, or rather instructions, so glaringly and disgracefully, that on his arrival at the post he was received by a *shower of hisses* ; being also given to understand, in the nonchalant summary to the week’s orgy, that the horse Blucher—a great favourite, and a highly esteemed animal in the Handicap up to the eleventh hour—was unhesitatingly pronounced by Mr. Ferguson, the talented veterinary surgeon of Manchester, to have been *poisoned*.

The symptoms denoting foul play were such as to disperse every doubt in his mind. The horse had a pulse far *below* the healthy standard, and could scarcely turn in his box, though seen by hundreds to spurn the very earth in his gay and gallant stride but the day before he was pronounced to be "amiss;" and, consequently, scratched when he ought to have been saddling. "Such," says the Sunday Times of May 6, 1849, "are the plain facts of the case. *Further comment is unnecessary!*"

When then, may we ask, *are* the comments and strictures of the press necessary, if the foul and atrocious act of poisoning a race-horse—the property of the public, from the position he held in the market—on the eve of his engagement, is passed over thus mellifluously?

Again we repeat, "Let those who read, learn!"

* * * *

Having, in the preceding chapter, warned the young and uncompromised reader, that, winning or losing, a passion for the turf is the greatest bane to the aspirant for political, professional or civic preferment, as well as an effectual bar to the entrance into desirable private life; if it be not, indeed, the quicksand to everything like a rigidly virtuous reputation; having shown in the present, that the bettors with "Mr. Ratleave" and his

disciples, and the backers of "Bluchers," (frequenters of the race-course, whose name is legion,) must, if they continue to "cut in," be materially injured or ruined in the unequal strife,—we propose to return to our friend Dallas and his affairs, in brief conclusion to our theme, ere we dismiss the subject, and bid our *ami b n vole*, to whose amusement and instruction we have, in good will, essayed to be the caterer, adieu !

The day following the Derby, when a partial calm had succeeded the stormy ebullition of feeling, or rather passion, to which he gave vent, in reply to the severe reproof of conscience received on his self-discomfiture on the Downs, Dallas, without hesitation, employed himself in converting sufficient securities into cash, so as to be enabled to liquidate, in full, every claim against him in the ring ; firmly resolved neither to tamper with his sister's property, over which he had unlimited control, nor yet to suffer any man to brand him as a debtor.

This—by indefatigable exertion, and the all-powerful influence of a "consideration" with the accomplished purveyor of moneys, to whom he applied in his exigency—he effected in the few intervening days between the race and the settling ; and never did a man sit down to a *t te- -t te* dinner with apparently a gayer heart or a more grateful

spirit at having maintained his name from stain or censure, than did the handsome, honourable yeoman, with myself, at the Blenheim, on the evening of the latter day.

And, seriously as he was injured in pecuniary affairs, I arose from table with the sanguine belief, that the chastening he had received would not be without avail, as he *all but* swore to "cut racing," and devote his utmost energies to the task of redeeming his Wharfedale homestead and few fat pastures from the *unworthy* encumbrance with which he had so lately burthened them through its ill-starred "mind, body, and estate sapping" agency.

For myself, I resolved to head homewards without delay; having, in the first six weeks' initiation into the mysteries of the turf, imbibed a surfeit of the sport, which I would willingly allay by a breath of wold air and the tranquil comfort of the farming quarters, from whence I started on my excursion.

Neither the charms of Ascot nor Goodwood could, at this time, *ingenuus puer!* tempt me to remain in the heat and overpowering excitement I experienced; and I only regretted that I failed to induce Dallas to give proof of his determination to retire from the turmoil without further coquetry. Business with his lawyer was his excuse for remaining, as he averred, though he promised to

leave town the earliest possible opportunity, and to live for the future strictly "on the quiet." Well for him would it have been had he kept his word!

However, we spent one last gay day and evening together; dined at Greenwich with our friends, the Duke of Limbs, Gully, poor George Clark, and one or two other congenials; and "assisted" at Fanny Ellsler's benefit at her Majesty's Theatre; the latter portion of our entertainment being yet too fresh in our mind's eye to be totally omitted in our homely memoir of adventure and impression.

Fanny danced *the Minuet de la Cœur, en cavalier*, with Cerito, and excelled her very self in the grace and pathos of her steps. Exquisitely dressed in the high fashion of Louis Quatorze, or our own Bolingbroke, with her hair powdered, *her features in repose*, and a leg freed for the moment from every odious drapery, and displaying all its beauties from knee to point, the cavalier danseuse went through the preliminary graces of the inimitable gavotte, and executed the unequalled, though old-fashioned, minuet in all its rhythm in a style which left a lasting impression on we country beholders. No wonder the "drab-coloured men" of the Havannah went deranged at the sight of Fanny Ellsler's heel and instep, when the hackneyed audience of a London theatre became little less

insane—as they assuredly were on the occasion to which we refer. At this period she excelled all living dancers, in our humble opinion, in the magic swiftness joined to the consummate grace with which her foot *played* across the expansive stage of our largest theatres. It was not mere *dancing* in a confined space, she seemed to *run* over the boards not a jot less fleet or lightly than the witching fingers of Thalberg strayed in a fantasia over the keys of his instrument, and with quite an equal amount of (pantomimic) harmony.

Both effects proceeded from the seat of soul and passion,—the mere toe and finger being alike but comparatively indebted to muscular aid or agency.

At least so think we in rapturous humility, moved by gratitude at having enjoyed luxuries of the eye and ear in our day, which the succeeding generations will doubtlessly deem “slow” and unmelodious (on record), when compared to the “fantastic toes” and “nightingales” of the future; and to which, unfortunately, we cannot say, “*Nous verrons.*”

I must indulge myself with one more reminiscence of the West-end ere I leave it for the eastern corner of our isle; the stone being too white to be omitted from our tessellated pathway to the “waste.” It was picked up in this wise:—

A day or two before departure from town, I had the high honour of an introduction to the late Sidney Smith, and the triste gratification of leaving my favourite hack in his stables at Combe Fleury for his own especial "poking about the country," as the parson expressed himself when making the purchase. And on no occasion do I remember to have felt an involuntary sensation of being, at all events, on not *unholy* ground during an interview with any human being more earnestly than I experienced during my transient, but not yet forgotten one with the great wit, divine, and scholar at his house in Green Street.

The "Assassin" introduced me; and, by way of caution or instruction, on mounting, whispered in my ear as we entered the library to—"Mind and make a waiting race of it, and get the rails if possible, as his governor was an artful old performer, with all his learning, and knew more dodges in a match at 'pattering' than old Sam Chifney himself did either 'across the Flat,' or over the 'Beacon Course.'"

The great reviewer, notwithstanding these formidable attributes, was extremely urbane, kindly, and amusing during our short interview; telling me, I remember perfectly, that the letter he was then writing was to his friend, the lately appointed Bishop of New Zealand, wherein he advised him never to be without a "cold curate" or some such

delicacy on his sideboard in readiness for the chance visits of his country parishioners. This was new on that morning, though old enough at present, and is only to be pardoned in repetition, through the hopes of the lenient reception usually accorded to the infirmities of anecdotage.

On a later occasion, I addressed a note to the then Dean of St. Paul's, to which I never expected a reply, it being a voluntary, if not a familiarity, on my part. But, as with all *truly* great men, occupied as they may be in political or literary life, an acknowledgment came in course of post, courteously and jocularly expressed, which I have never forgiven myself for having been "good-natured" enough to part with to a collector of autographs, on his repeated solicitation for the valuable contribution.

We record this little incident, in a well meant hint to the many reckless offenders against the laws of good breeding, in the special matter of unreplyed-to communication by letter; a breach of manners as unpardonable as the neglect is not unfrequently the cause of unforeseen injury and bitterness of feeling: and, moreover, a transgression seldom or never committed by those who, from the really pressing nature of their engagements, might, with some show of reason, plead in its excuse.

All this is "by the way," as our desultory

scribes say in proffered *amende* for the liberties we take with the enduring, patient (?) reader. We can only trust it may be accepted, and draw our yarn to a conclusion.

For the space of a twelvemonth or more, subsequently to the events etched in our narrative, with the exception of a visit to Doncaster—the tryst of all others for a week's outing, to our fancy—I partook very sparingly of racing-fare; and, consequently, saw but little of my friend Dallas during that time; he having, I grieve to say, discarded his prudential resolve to quit the turf, quite as quickly as he *half* made it on being “hit” as we have seen on the Downs of Epsom; consummating his destiny, as the headlong or profane may argue, by plunging more recklessly than ever into its snares, its blandishments, and its ruin!

Goodwood, which may be termed the goodly haunch on our sporting *carte*, as Epsom may be styled its lordly baron, at which all cut and come again, who can!—Goodwood saw my friend more deeply engaged than ever in the ring, as I heard through “good-natured friends” and mutual acquaintance; at which aristocratic gathering, a temporary brightening in his luck, and a seasonable as well as encouraging haul on the “stakes,” effectually put to flight his incipient qualms and “good resolutions,” and bound him hand and heart in the fatal service beyond redemption.

At this point of our friend's history—but for the practical moral, possibly, to be deduced from its sequel—we would gladly draw a veil; having little relish to describe our second visit to the Wharfe, or portray the sad effects of the short year and a half's turf life on the spirit and person of the once stalwart yeoman; far less inclination have we to relate the changes noticeable in the appearance of his sister as they fell heavily and mournfully on our heart on our arrival at their home.

It was in the depth of a dreary, sluggish thaw, though eked out by the comforts of small rain and a sharp cutting wind, that I obeyed the earnest summons of Miss Dallas to visit her brother during a severe attack of nervous fever, that, as she wrote me, had more than once assailed him since we parted in London. And there, assuredly, never moaned and souged a more perfectly wretched day than the one on which I crossed the large enclosures of the farm, that on my former excursion bloomed with the vernal beauties of young wheat, red clover and trefoil, and headed to the bridle-road leading across the wolds, now hock deep in marl and mire, and rotting snow. The latter balled in my horse's feet, whilst the black and chilly atmosphere, more oppressive to human lungs than the hardest frost, nipped the very soul in its raw and damp embrace.

The dark plantings of spruce and fir which

flanked my route, were shrouded in gloom and vapour.

The few horsemen encountered on the road, carried their heads low on their drenched dreads; whilst their bespattered reeking animals beseeemed the acmé of travel-stain and discomfort. No one thought of, or attempted a greeting as he passed; but, trotting resolutely onwards, each man muffled his mouth in surly silence, hugging his imaginings in the hoped-for luxuries of a blazing fire and consoling dish of tea!

As we neared the Wharfe, the rushing sound of many waters formed a fitting accompaniment to this wintry scene. The deep-tinged river was in flood, and careered on its course in dark and turbid volumes.

Rising on the misty fells of Westmoreland, the Wharfe gathers way in its rapid passage through the heathery moor, and glen, and mossy wild, till, after leaving Barden Tower in its rippling wake, it rushes through the yawning Strid, at Bolton, in resistless fury.

With a fresh on the river at this hideous chasm in the sharp and rugged limestone, the inland, narrow trout stream—for immediately above and below this point, it is nothing more—possesses terrors that Niagara may not excel; for—

“There gath’ring triple force, rapid and deep,
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through.”

We encountered the roused up river at Harewood, where eddyiug furiously, it dashed through the arches of the bridge in savage contrast to the shining streamlet we beheld and noticed at the commencement of our tale. The reader may remember the yeomanlike and pleasing occupation in which we found and described our friend Dallas employed, as we entered his sweet little domain, on our first rendezvous, for the purpose of riding across the country, and seeing a little Newmarket life.

He was then, as we have shown, in the act of bridling in person a strapping colt by Gladiator, and seemed the very *beau ideal* of a manly, contented, English country gentleman, of thew, and sinew, and culture, thus amusing himself on his few unencumbered paternal acres.

The violet, the hawthorn, and primrose adorned the banks of the bye-lane in profusion, as we then rode up to his gate, though they succumbed to the beauties of his matronly, yet blooming sister, Kate.

All was heyday and comparative happiness ; for man's lot is never perfect ! The insinuating poison of the verdant flowery turf, though sipped in unconscious sugared doses, had not then taken effect. The odious "leg" was not *congenial*, though admitted on sufferance. The hyssop of reverse had been tasted, but not heeded.

Now the crisis had arrived, and all, within and without, was truly—winter! When—

“Comes the father of the tempest forth,
Wrapp’d in black glooms!”

* * * *

I found poor Dallas seated before his “snuggery” fire, a shadow of his former self, consumed by alternate fits of melancholy and excitement.

His depression, at times, was too painful to witness unmoved, and had made woful ravage upon his features and person. He was in little cue to play a half-pound trout, poor fellow! far less a “bounding two-year-old,” having scarcely left the house for weeks, or smiled, as his sister said, for months.

He was, nevertheless, deeply intent on a racing calendar! and had a sheet of paper before him covered with imaginary or worthless bets and examples of “book making” when I entered.

The fatal disease had eaten into his very heart’s core and *common sense*, and could only now end with his life, that I plainly saw hung on a tenure, in which no tinge of hope remained.

It seems in the short year and a half’s incessant attendance upon every race meeting between the First Spring and the Houghton, Dallas had contrived, through the agency of ill-luck and *worse handling*, to mortgage every blade of grass he was possessed of, in addition to the former encumbrance

effected on the "Cotherstone Derby;" and steeped in utter recklessness, had finally borrowed of his sister the moiety of her funded fortune, every shilling of which had been sacrificed to the popular passion of betting upon a few horses galloping a mile and three-quarters in their longest race, and very frequently over a course of half the distance!

This great outlay of money, and injustice to his confiding, affectionate sister, had, after all the sacrifice, totally failed to save the name of the *madman* from disgrace, and the brand of a defaulter; for, at the last October meeting at Newmarket, he omitted to liquidate debts in the ring to the amount of several thousand pounds, and returned home to die of self-hatred and remorse.

To the last he hoped and tried to dispose of a distant, but happily not very saleable reversion; intending, as he said, to lodge a couple of thousands in credit at Tattersall's, and make a book to that amount! never ceasing to plume himself upon his ability to bet and retrieve his name and fortunes, spite his all but invariable losses reproving him for his vanity and folly.

To relate the progress of the corroding, deadly malady of poor Dallas, or describe the grief which reigned in the yeoman's orphan home, we shall not attempt.

Suffice it to say, for every hoped-for purpose of good or warning, that after a few weeks' painful

lingering on the threshold of that life he had ruthlessly rifled of every leaf and flower, I saw my friend, at the early age of forty-three, laid below that green grass turf whereon he had been the self-immolated martyr and the victim !

————— “ And whither now are fled
 Those unsolid hopes of happiness ?
 Those restless cares ? those busy bustling days ?
 Those gay-spent festive nights ? those veering thoughts
 Lost between good and ill, that shared thy life ?
 All now are vanish'd ! ”

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Pass a short year, and another season closed. The First and Second Spring ; Chester ; the Derby, Ascot, Liverpool, Goodwood, Doncaster, Newcastle, and York, with other meetings of lesser note, severally came off in their turn.

The Houghton, as usual, “ shut the scene.” The work was done. Horses were vanned to their training quarters, and jockeys once again ventured to swallow a “ merry-thought,” or even a chicken’s pinion, without enduring the conscious agony of gaining an ounce in weight by the indulgence.

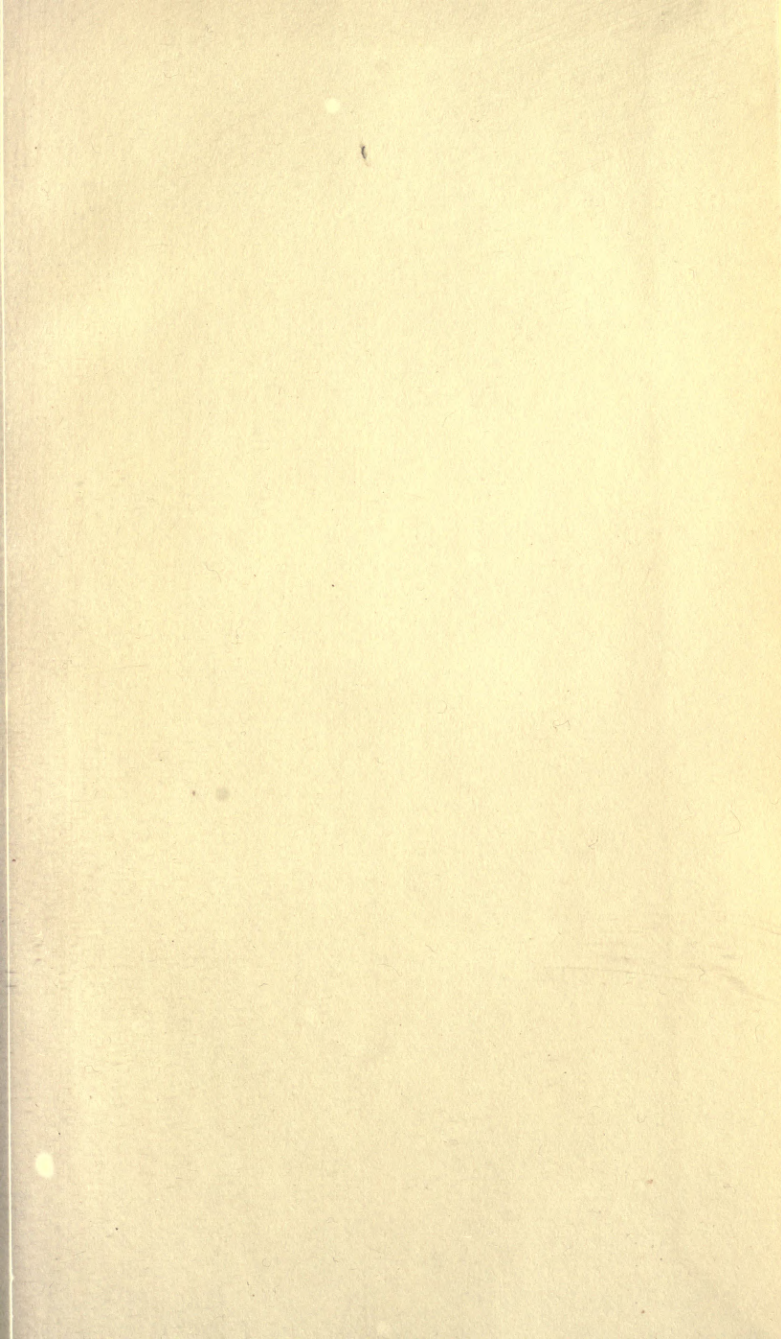
Winter succeeded autumn, and found the author located in the half-marine, half-pastoral hamlet we have described in our rude proem to these sketches. And what a contrast did the village scenes and characters present to the features and denizens—the *mise en scène* of the thronged and exciting

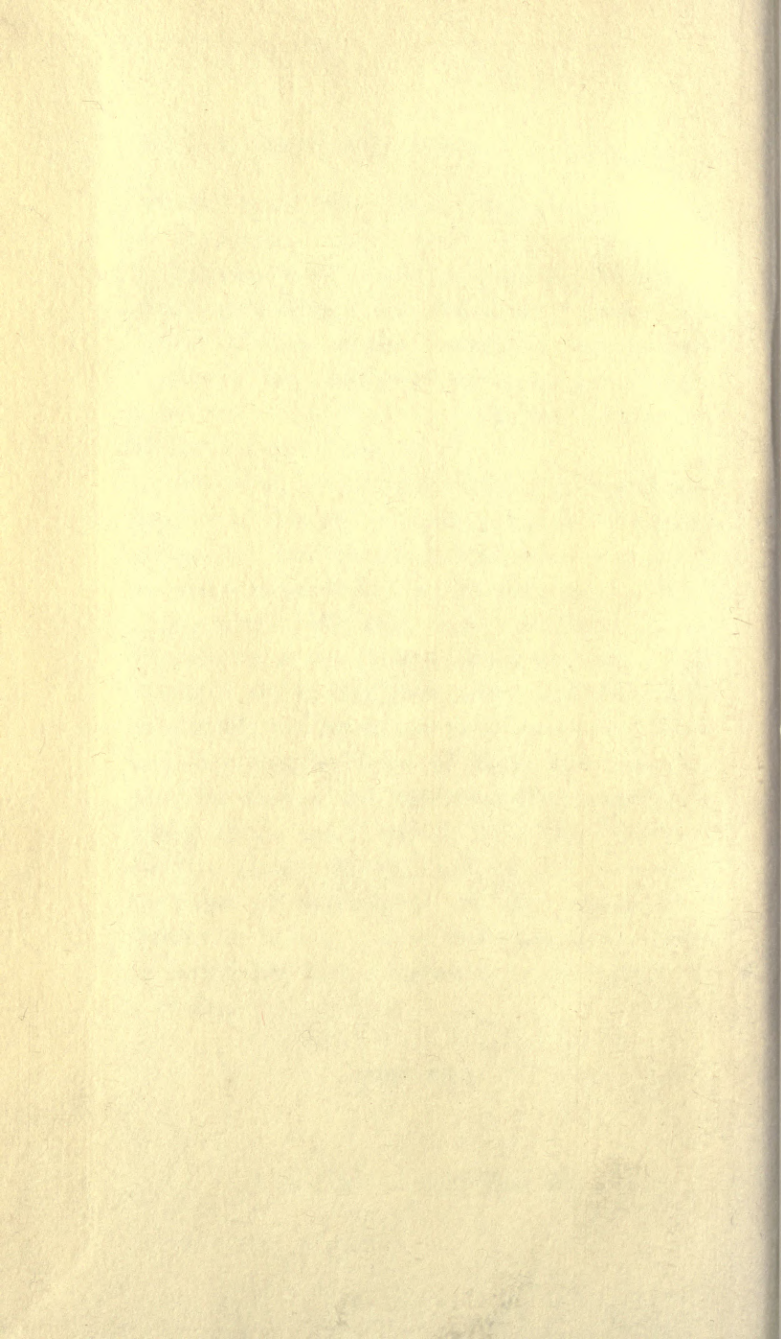
Downs, the reeking rooms, and ring, and fiery crowded *parés* from which they were garnered!

And how grateful and tranquillizing did he find the humble village inn, the lively "garth" and sanded kitchen of the farmstead; not to particularize the cosey comforts of his own snugly fitted den, whose windows opened on the German Ocean and the Wold!

The mind, by degrees, became calm and susceptible of thought and quiet pleasure. We could awake and turn over and slumber away again!—an utter impossibility, as we have shown, in a racing career. We were, moreover, able to ponder on and review the rarified scenes we had passed through; and in this guise shape and offer them as a handy tool for an occasional shot at old Time and his sluggish bevy of blues and vapours; provided always, the sportsman-like, considerate reader *fit the proper cap* to the "Old Double!" charged as she is right and left with the wire-cartridge of earnestness and the dust-shot of facetiæ or badinage, so as to do his slight *devoir* in saving her and ourselves from the vexation of a misfire.

THE END.





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Colton, Robert
The bye-lanes and downs of
England



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